00058928

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018

SEVEN EVENTFUL YEARS IN PARAGUAY.

SEVEN EVENTFUL YEARS IN PARAGUAY.

A Narrative of

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AMONGST THE PARAGUAYANS.

58928
ac.

BY

GEORGE FREDERICK MASTERMAN,

LATE ASSISTANT-SURGEON, PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA, CHIEF MILITARY APOTHECARY, GENERAL HOSPITAL, ASUNCION, PARAGUAY.
FORMERLY OF MEDICAL STAFF OF HER MAJESTY'S 82ND REGIMENT.

WITH A MAP.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCLXIX.

[*The Right of Translation Reserved.*]

00058928

TO

JOHN BALMER, ESQ.,

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF MANY YEARS OF UNVARYING KINDNESS,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

PARAGUAY—ASCENT OF THE RIVER—SCENERY—STORY FROM RUIDIAZ DE GUZMAN—MESTIZOS - - - 1

CHAPTER II.

ASUNCION—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—STREETS—RELIGION - 13

CHAPTER III.

THE PARAGUAYANS—NATIONAL COSTUME—EDUCATION - 20

CHAPTER IV.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PARAGUAY—FRANCIA—CARLOS LOPEZ—STORY OF CARLOS DECOUD—TREATMENT OF NATIVE OFFICIALS - - - - - 28

CHAPTER V.

ELECTION OF DON FRANCISCO LOPEZ AS PRESIDENT—ARRESTS—FETES - - - - - - - 39

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—MANUFACTURES—YERBA MATE 50

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

VISIT TO THE CORDILLERAS—SCENERY—WOODS—A FIESTA AT PARAGUARI - - - - - - - - - 60

CHAPTER VIII.

CAUSES OF THE WAR—GENERAL FLORES—CAPTURE OF THE "MARQUES DE OLINDA"—EXPEDITION TO MATO GROSSO - - - - - - - - - - 83

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF RIACHUELO—CAPITULATION OF ESTIGARRIBIA FALL OF GENERAL ROBLES—THE CORBALANS - - 100

CHAPTER X.

NATIONAL COOKERY AND CHARACTERISTICS—VISIT TO HUMAITA—SCENES IN THE HOSPITAL - - - 117

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLES OF PASO LA PATRIA, TUYUTI, AND CURUPAITY—NEGOTIATIONS AND DIPLOMACY - - - - 134

CHAPTER XII.

ARREST OF DR. RHIND AND MR. SURGEON FOX—MY OWN IMPRISONMENT - - - - - - - - 144

CHAPTER XIII.

PRISON LIFE—RELEASE OF DR. RHIND AND MR. FOX—LIBERATION - - - - - - - - 161

CHAPTER XIV.

CHOLERA—MR. WASHBURN'S LETTER—MISSION OF MR. GOULD—EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE - 173

CHAPTER XV.

GUAIQUI INDIANS—GREGARIOUS SPIDERS—PIQUES—BOMBARDMENT OF ASUNCION—RETREAT TO SAN FERNANDO 205

CHAPTER XVI.

PAGE

EVACUATION OF HUMAITA—ARREST OF SENORES CARRERAS, RODRIGUEZ, AND LEITE-PEREIRA—CHARGES AGAINST MR. WASHBURN, HIS CORRESPONDENCE—ARRIVAL OF THE "WASP" - - - - - - - - 233

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY TO VILLETA—I AM PUT TO THE TORTURE—EXECUTION OF CARRERAS AND BENITEZ - - - 250

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED—ATROCITIES OF LOPEZ—MY RELEASE - - - - - - - - - 293

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. TAYLOR AND CAPTAIN SAGUIER'S NARRATIVES - - 313

CHAPTER XX.

DEFEAT OF LOPEZ AT VALENTINAS—CAPITULATION OF ANGUSTURA—CONCLUSION - - - - - - 338

APPENDIX - - - - - - - - - 345

INTRODUCTION.

In October, 1861, I entered the service of the Republic of Paraguay as Chief Military Apothecary, and reached Asuncion on the Christmas-Eve of that year.

Don Carlos Antonio Lopez was then President, and under his administration there seemed little fear that the peace, which Paraguay had enjoyed for some years, would be interrupted. I was assured by his English agents, moreover, that the country was a civilized and advancing one. Outwardly, perhaps, such was the case; the Paraguayans were polite in their manners, ready in conversation, and the better classes usually well dressed; but it needs more than these to constitute a civilized people. The Paraguayans were advanced, certainly, when compared with the Indians of the Chaco, their neighbours, the Payaguàs and the Guycùrùs; and it would be unfair to judge them or their acts by European standards, by rules only applicable to communities long in the enjoyment of absolute civilization. I say thus much to show that I did not wilfully run into danger, and, on the

other hand, to deprecate too stern a judgment of a people I esteem and pity.

It must be remembered that two classes, related, but distinct, formed the population of Paraguay: the descendants of the Spanish settlers, more or less tainted by admixture with the Guaranis and other Indian tribes, the aboriginal inhabitants of Paraguay, and the descendants of these Indians themselves. Of the latter, necessarily more numerous, the bulk of the people consisted, and they were raised but a step above the savage of the pampas.

The former and superior class was almost exterminated during the first year of the war, and hence one reason of the blind obedience of the rest to the orders of Lopez, an obedience almost as unreasoning as that of an ox to his master, but which has been mistaken in Europe for devotion and patriotism. For, owing to the system adopted by the Jesuits, who first gathered them into communities, and gave them just sufficient knowledge to enable them to feel the immeasurable superiority of their instructors, a system which threw the whole management of their affairs, even to the minutest details of their lives, into the hands of their priestly masters, they have never tried to think or act for themselves, and to obey unquestioningly was almost an instinct with them. Deprived of the aid of the only men who could have successfully resisted the tyranny of Lopez; by education, by habit, by many years of most repressive despotism, trained into the belief that any opposition to the will of their ruler would be the worst of crimes; and never doubting the story that the Brazilians wished

to enslave them, they have fought, against all hope and chance of success, for four long years. And even now, reduced to the one-hundredth part of their original number, they still fight in defence of a man who has repaid their devotion by ingratitude, their obedience by merciless cruelty.

It reduces our admiration of their courage and endurance very materially to learn the truth of this matter. The spectacle of a people fighting valiantly, hopelessly, in defence of their liberty, and dying to the last man rather than yield it up, is one to excite our noblest sympathies. But a band of slaves madly resisting the very men who offer them freedom and independence, and, blind to their own degradation, clinging to the chains which bind them, is one we can only view with mingled pity and indignation.

Lopez has been regarded as a great general, an unselfish patriot. He is neither the one nor the other. The miserable incapacity of the commanders opposed to him, not any military talent of his own, has deferred his destruction so long; and with the Indio-Spanish obstinacy and tenacity, which he possesses in so remarkable a degree, it is very certain that he will never yield, although he knows that his cause is irretrievably lost, so long as he has a man to fight for him. As for his patriotism, the war itself sufficiently disproves its existence.

The same men who would fight for him so devotedly would, of course, make the kind of police a tyrant would chose. The pitiless cruelty with which they executed his orders may also be traced partly to natural ferocity, and partly to the gratification

which men treated with repressive severity feel in trampling upon those superior, either in birth or in fortune, to themselves.

I have retained the Spanish spelling of the names of places and of Guarani words, but I have marked the accented syllable with a grave accent, as Paranà, in all cases; in Spanish words I have, as a rule, only used the accent, and then the acute, when they vary from the usual accentuation of that language; in which, by the way, j (and sometimes g and x) is a guttural aspirate. It must rather astonish a Spaniard to hear how Juan, Juanita, and our old friend Don Quixote are generally miscalled by us.

I may remark that the diphthongs ai and ay should be pronounced exactly like the *i* in thigh, so Paraguay should rhyme with why, and

> "The town of Buenos Ayres
> Built all in the mire is,"

writes a local poet of Hibernian extraction.

It is remarkable that the Indians of South America almost invariably accent the last syllable, as in Tuyutì (toojutē) mud-and-water, a marsh. Tuyucuè (toojuquay) mud-that-was, a dessicated marsh. Tatàmè, a little fire, give me a light. Yaguàetè, (jagwaātā) a big dog, a tiger; whilst those of the North generally place the stress of the voice on the penultimate, *e.g.* Mohìcan, Potòmac, Shamòke, and so on.

The word Paraguay means a fishing-net, or a hide-bag for carrying water, and should be written para-

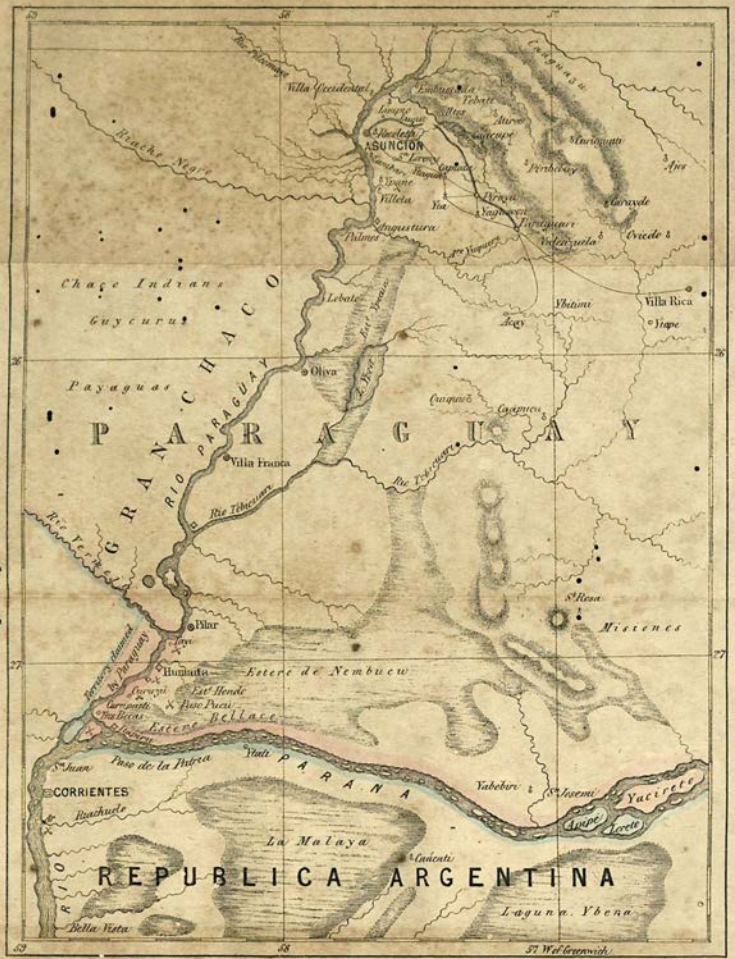
gua-eù. The last syllable, *eù* (*water*) however, cannot be represented by any combination of letters known to the Spaniards; indeed, it is almost unpronounceable by Europeans, so they wrote it as we see. But it was a blunder altogether. The discoverers of the river under Gabot found some natives fishing, and pointed to the river to ask its name; the Indians thought they indicated the net, and replied paragua-eù, and the mistake was not found out till it was too late to alter it.

G. F. M.

CROYDON, *August*, 1869.

ERRATA.

Page	9	line	32	*for*	"gnet"	*read*	great
„	59	„	9	„	"lindo"	„	lindo-
„	84	„	31	„	"judgments"	„	judgment
„	106	„	8	„	"feasts"	„	fiesta
„	124	„	15	„	"lablache"	„	Lablache
„	218	„	17	„	"ante-ater"	„	anteater
„	220	„	24	„	"might"	„	*might*


ASUNCION
Villa Occidental
Villeta
Pilcomayo
Rio Verde
Chaco Indians
Guycurus
GRAN CHACO
RIO PARAGUAY
Lebate
Olivo
Payaguas
Villa Franca
Rio Tebicuary
Rio Tebicuarymi
Rio Yuquiri
Pilar
Humaita
Estero de Nembucu
Estero Bellaco
Paso de la Patria
CORRIENTES
Rio Paraguay
Rio Parana
Rio Uruguay
La Malaya
Laguna Ybera
Bella Vista
Villa Rica
Ytapua
Caaguazu
Caapucu
Misiones
Yabebiri
Yacuete
Corrales
Cerro Leon
Cerro Cora
Cerro Memby
Cerro Corra
Cerro Pora
Cerro Tacuara
Cerro Tarumandi
Cerro Perabebuy
Cerro Ara
Cerro Caraguata
Cerro Ybitimi
Cerro Yaguaron
Cerro Yaguarete
Cerro Acaray

SEVEN YEARS OF ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

PARAGUAY.—ASCENT OF THE RIVER.—SCENERY.—STORY FROM RUIDIAZ DE GUZMAN.—MESTIZOS.

SINCE the commencement of the disastrous war between Brazil, the allied Republics, and President Lopez, public attention has been drawn so much to the district of La Plata, that it is no longer necessary to define exactly the geographical position of Paraguay.

But five years ago, few Europeans had any clearer idea of its locality, than that it was situated somewhere amid the bewildering network of rivers radiating from the Paranà, and close to Brazil.

Now, however, the position of this jealously guarded republic is well known, and the name of Humaità, the Sebastopol of South America, is familiar to all newspaper readers.

I may shortly state, therefore, that Paraguay is a tract of country about four hundred and fifty miles long, by two hundred in average breadth, bluntly

wedge-shaped in form, and almost in the centre of the great southern peninsula. It is bounded on the east and on the south by that river of islands, the Paranà, and on the west by the river Paraguay. Its northern margin is not well defined; for neither a large river nor a continuous mountain chain divides it from the Brazilian province of Mato Grosso, and the question of boundary there is still unsettled.

Paraguay claimed, also, some territory to the south-east of the Paranà, but that clearly belongs to Corrientes; and a considerable part of the Gran Chaco, an almost unexplored district on the west of the Rio Paraguay, apparently a dreary waste of lagoons and marshes traversed by rapid, muddy, and tortuous rivers. The only value of this latter claim lay in the fact, that Paraguay thus commanded the mouth of the river Vermejo, a broad strongly flowing stream, which, rising as it does in Bolivia, may one day become the highway of a large trade, and one of the most important outlets for the produce of that country. At present, not even a canoe floats on its turbid waters.

The south-west of Paraguay, the side from which it is generally approached, is low, flat, and for many a long league marshy and impassable; it is the district of the *esteros*, as these flooded lands are called. Even beyond them the soil, a stiff clay containing much selenite, retains the rain on its surface, and in the wet season immense shallow lakes form, simulating the *esteros* themselves, but drying up in hot weather, and leaving a grey dusty soil, full of cracks, and covered with wiry grass and low shrubs.

When the river is high, the water extends far

and wide beyond its crumbling banks, and were it not for the melancholy palms standing as landmarks above the flood, it would be difficult to trace its former boundaries, or navigate the muddy lakes almost illimitable in extent. These districts are, of course, very unhealthy, but are valuable for grazing purposes. Immense herds of cattle fed there before the war; but except the few soldiers at the river guardias, the solitary herdsmen here and there were the only human beings to be seen.

Above the Tebiquarì, the country is higher and more diversified; a long range of distant hills can be seen, which culminate, a hundred miles above, in the cordillera of Cerro Leon. The landscape also becomes bolder and almost picturesque. Vast woods, broader and denser as we journey to the north, vary, and at length occupy, the entire breadth of the picture, and a dark red sandstone, easily disintegrating into sparkling grains, replaces the grey clay of the *esteros*.

The south-eastern division of the republic, called the Missiònes, the old Jesuit settlements, or "reducciones de los Indios," as they were called, is perhaps the most fertile and valuable in the whole country. Before the war, the richest and oldest families in Paraguay were to be found there. And the climate being cool, the land high, the soil deep and crumbling, the province was celebrated for its salubrity and productiveness. Large churches, comfortable homesteads, and innumerable herds of cattle were then to be seen, where now is but a desolate wilderness, without a single inhabitant.

Of the eastern division, bounded by the Paraná, very little is known; pathless and almost impenetrable forests defy exploration on the land side, whilst the falls and rapids of Curitubà cut off the upper waters of the river from navigation.

The north of Paraguay is hilly, but it has been scarcely explored far enough to enable me to describe it, except near the large town of Concepcion: There, however, gneiss and mountain limestone replace the basalt, sandstone, and clays of the south; and there, if anywhere in Paraguay, the mineral wealth South Americans are always dreaming about should be looked for. But the Government, and the people generally, showed a singular distrust and reticence whenever this subject was mentioned. I received several specimens of copper ore to analyse and report upon, but could never learn where they came from, except that it was "up the river." And when I told them that neither yellow mica nor rhombic iron pyrites contained gold, I was supposed to be intentionally misleading them, with some ulterior purpose. As an example of their want of faith in us, whenever the precious metal was in question, I may relate the following affair, which annoyed me greatly at the time.

In 1866 we were without sulphur in the Hospital, and I wrote to Mr. Charles Twite, the Government mining engineer, who was then searching hopelessly for coal to send me in a few *arrobas* of the above pyrites, which yield sulphur abundantly when heated. He succeeded in getting me about a hundredweight of the mineral, and sent it to the commandant of

the *partido*, with orders to forward it without delay. That functionary, however, finding the box to be very heavy, opened it, and the bright yellow stones at once excited his suspicions. He reported what he had seen to the Minister of War, and when the box arrived in the capital an investigation took place, and a sample of the mineral was sent to an Italian apothecary in the Plaza for examination. He reported that it was only a compound of iron and sulphur, and almost without value. This was not satisfactory; another specimen was sent to him with the information that it certainly contained gold, of which "el señor Boticario Ingles" and Mr. Twite intended to rob the republic. He replied, as before, that it did not contain a particle of gold; and through a mutual acquaintance he informed me of the whole affair. I had commenced the distillation of sulphur from the pyrites, which had, meanwhile, been sent on to me, but I at once ceased working when I heard of the suspicion entertained concerning us, and called upon the Minister of War, to request an explanation. He, Paraguayan-like, had the hardihood to say, that he knew nothing about the investigation he had himself ordered, although a specimen of the mineral lay upon his table as I entered!

But to return. One feature of the rivers of Paraguay, and a very depressing one to the traveller, is the absence of life from their banks. One steams up for league after league against the turbid stream, and no sign of man or his industry, or scarcely, indeed, of any living creature, is visible. Here and there an alligator is basking on a sand bank, and disappears, as

the boat approaches, with a lazy plunge into the water; a few melancholy storks watching with dreamy eyes for the chance of seizing an unwary fish; or a vulture waiting with folded wings for the mangled remains of a capincho, are, perhaps, all one sees in a long day's journey.

There are the high clay banks, if the rivers are falling, or the *lagunas*, if at flood, with the meadow-like pampas beyond, covered with a short dry turf, scarcely green in the foreground, except shortly after rain, grey and then blue, as the plains recede to the horizon, and, save for the shadow of a passing cloud, without one interruption to the gradual change of tint; and as silent and unpeopled as when they first rose from the bottom of the sea.

If, when the Paraguay is ascended, it should be at flood, the view is but of endless swamps covered with *camelotè* and other aquatic plants, or half-drowned trees showing their tops above the water, and only upheld by the twisted cables of lianas which bind them firmly to each other, or else floating in natural rafts, corded and moored by their tangled strands. The tepid water between them is almost hidden by white and blue lilies, or the broad leaves and snowy flowers of their queen, the Victoria Regia. Flocks of small aquatic birds are seen, it is true, fishing amidst the network of creepers and branches, but they give no animation to the scene, and utter no sound, save a low, warning cry of alarm, if we approach them too nearly. It is only at sunset, when the parrots are flying back after a raid on the orange trees, that the death-like silence is broken. Their harsh screams, softened by

distance, as they wing their way far overhead, then sound almost musical, and light and life seem to fade out together, as the red disc disappears and the last straggler passes.

On the Gran Chaco shore, the right bank of the Paraguay, and on both above Humaità for a hundred miles, there are palms in endless succession, not, however, with the tall column-like stems, rising slender and arrowy to the feathery crest of foliage, as one usually pictures that most graceful of trees, but with thick bulging trunks, rough with spines, with a thin ragged crown, and great bunches of last year's dead leaves rustling dry and withered beneath the new growth, till the high winds shall sweep them away.

When the river is very high, it is difficult for a person on it to believe that it is not flowing in a canal raised above the general level of the country; for, no banks being visible, and the water extending without definite margin between the trees, the land appears to slope gradually down *from* it on both sides.

This absence of life and activity is not peculiar to the scenery of the Paraguay; it is the same the whole way from Buenos Ayres. The few sleepy towns on the Paranà scarcely vary its monotony, but rather seem to intensify it. Silent woods are beautiful, but silent towns are melancholy. And of these the deep sandy streets, save for wandering fowls or goats, are almost always still and lifeless; and if by chance a few passers by should be seen, they are only idly strolling without an apparent purpose, or even a pretext of business. The towns themselves have a singular concentration about them, speaking of

the time when they were surrounded with stockades, and their inhabitants crowded together for mutual defence against the Indians of the pampas. Not only so, but they seem to be thoroughly isolated, and were it not for the domes of the churches seen afar on these vast plains, one would come upon them absolutely without warning. There are towns there, of five or ten thousand souls, in the midst of an unpeopled waste, scarcely a road, not a trace of a suburb around them. To me they always looked like some ancient centres of civilization long abandoned to the owls and the fox, rather than the homes of a large, often increasing, but siesta-loving, population.

After leaving Corrientes, a hot, dreary, sandy city, reeking with most villanous smells, there is not a single town for near three hundred miles. Between Humaità and Asuncion are, or were, for the war has left but the names of several of them, only a few villages, a little cluster of huts around a *comandancia*, or perhaps a barn-like church; for all trade being confined to the capital, in order to facilitate the collection of the custom dues, they had no chance of increasing in size beyond the needs of their few inhabitants.

Paraguay was first colonized by the Spaniards in 1536, shortly after the destruction of the first settlement in La Plata, now the site of the present town of Buenos Ayres. For a long time there was but a stockaded fort, dependent upon external supplies for food and other necessaries; for the Indians around them were so warlike and intractable, that all agricultural operations—for which however the Spanish settlers never seem to have had much taste—were out

of the question, and the garrison was several times reduced to great straits for want of provisions.

A native friend of mine lent me for a short time a book entitled "La Historia de la Conquista, por Ruidiaz de Guzman. Conquistador." It had been printed by order of Don Carlos Lopez, the late President of Paraguay, from the original manuscript in his possession. I should have liked to have translated the whole of it, for it gives a most vivid picture of the toils and difficulties of the first settlers; and coming from an eye-witness, these stories are of greater value. In one place he tells a tale which has been quoted by Parish from Azara, but it is so curious that I give it here from the original.

"In the year 1535, they suffered cruel hunger in Buenos Ayres, and since proper food was utterly wanting, they ate toads, snakes, and putrid animals, which they found on the plains; and coming at last to the same extreme famine which the inhabitants of Jerusalem suffered in the time of Titus and Vespasian (when they devoured human flesh), so it came to pass that the miserable people sustained the life of the living by eating the bodies of the dead, and even of executed criminals, leaving nothing but the bones, and there was one man seen eating the corpse of his own brother.

"At last, almost all the people died, and it happened that a Spanish woman, who could no longer bear such terrible suffering, was constrained to leave the town to seek amongst the Indians some means of sustaining life; so she journeyed along the bank and up the river till she reached Punta-gorda in a great wood. It was

then night, and she looked out for a place to lie down in, and spying a cave in the river banks, she entered it, and found herself face to face with a frightful lioness; the terrified woman, nearly dead with fright, fainted away, and when she came to, she laid herself down humbly at the animal's feet. The lioness, although dolorously ill, when she first saw her, sprang forward to tear her in pieces; but her royal nature prevailing, she felt compassion for her, and laying aside the ferocity and fury with which she was about to rend her, she gave food to the poor woman (who had now lost all care for her life) in a caressing manner. The woman then assisted the suffering animal, which shortly afterwards gave birth to two cubs. In their company she remained for several days, being fed by the lioness on the flesh of animals she killed, and gratefully feeling this hospitality, she nursed the little animals. At last, one morning as she was going down to drink of the river, some Indians, who were passing, surprised and carried her off to their village, where one of them took her for his wife.

"Some time afterwards, a captain and his company making an excursion into the neighbouring territory, brought in this same Spanish woman, who through hunger had fled to the Indians. When Francisco Ruiz Galan (the captain) saw her, he ordered her to be cast out into the wilderness, that she might be torn and eaten; his order being carried out, they led off the poor woman, and tied her firmly to a tree, and left her there alone about a league out of the town. At night a great number of wild beasts collected to devour her, and amongst them came the lioness which she

had assisted in her trouble, and, recognising her, she defended her from the other beasts which sought to tear her in pieces; she remained guarding her that night, the next day, and the following night, until at last, on the third day, some soldiers went out by order of the captain to see what had become of the woman, found her alive, and the lioness, with her two cubs, at her feet. Without being attacked, the animals withdrew a certain distance to allow the men to approach, and they, admiring the instinct and humanity of the wild beast, went up, untied the woman, and took her away with them, leaving the lioness roaring furiously to show how she felt the loss of her friend her royal generosity and gratitude being very different to the want even of humanity shown by the men.

"The woman, who thus escaped from the fate intended for her when she was left in the wilderness, I know; she is named Maldonada, but she ought rather to have been called Biendonada.

"However, from the result, we see that she did not deserve such a punishment, since necessity had been her only reason for leaving her own people and going amongst the barbarians. Some attribute this hard sentence to Captain Alvarado; but whoever it might have been from, it was, as I say, of almost unheard-of cruelty."

We gather from this narrative that the Spanish women were not allowed to mix with the natives, although the men very generally did so, and with very lamentable results.

The Spaniards committed two grand mistakes in South America: Enslaving the aborigines, and inter-

marrying with them. The first, a cruel wrong to the Indians; the second, an irreparable injury to themselves, for in place of raising the race they mingled with, they sunk themselves to the lower level. And the folly has brought retributive punishment for the crime.

The endless intestine wars of the turbulent, indolent, and lawless *mestizos*, their wholesale butcheries of each other, which have depopulated whole provinces, are but the result of that primary error. Nor will they cease, I fear, until the whole mixed race has disappeared, until the descendants of the oppressor and the oppressed shall have been alike annihilated by the terrible vengeance demanded for the atrocities of the conquistadores.

Had they only acted as wisely, in that respect, as our colonists did in North America, and had "no dealings with the heathen," how different the result would have been!

CHAPTER II.

ASUNCION.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—STREETS.—RELIGION.

ASUNCION, the capital of Paraguay, is situated in latitude 25° 16′ 29″ south, and longitude 57° 20′ 53″ west. It is built on a gentle slope, which rises from the river for about a mile, and then falls gradually away to the south, but reaches a higher elevation beyond the town in the opposite direction. Before the war, the population was about twenty thousand.

From the river it makes but a poor appearance, owing to the absence of lofty buildings, and as the houses are rarely more than one story—a ground-floor—in height, there is little to be seen from a distance but red-tiled roofs, with here and there a white-washed *mirador* rising above them. There was but one really handsome building, the Palacio, built by Don Francisco Lopez for his own residence, but destined to be never occupied by him. The railway station and the new church are unfinished.

The quay, the first point seen by a traveller there, showed but little appearance of business, and except for a few lounging soldiers or smoking market women, was often nearly deserted, and the ships seemed to be rotting at their moorings, rather than taking in or

discharging cargo. Yet there was a considerable trade carried on in an idle, irregular, shambling way.

The wharves, being built on the outside of a bend which the river makes there, are being gradually abandoned by its waters, the opposite bank is compensatingly eaten away by the current, and the channel will soon be far from the city. A hundred years ago the landing place was more than a mile above its present site. Now it is far from the business part of the town (for the merchants have not retreated with the river), with a sandy waste, a shallow muddy brook, and a dilapidated bridge intervening.

To the right, as one lands, is the Arsenal, a large unfinished building, with a number of rough sheds clustered around it. The engines, machines, and materials all came from England, and the work was directed and principally performed by Englishmen. The chief engineer, Mr. W. Whytehead, was a man of remarkable skill and administrative ability; his death, in the first year of the war, was an irreparable loss to Lopez.

Above it, on a gentle eminence, stands the Hospital, a long low building, with a colonnade of heavy pillars in front, and a red-tiled roof. In a line with it, but overlooking the river, is a brick battery which used to mount eight guns, and is the one attacked by the iron-clads in 1868; lower down is a formidable earth-work. The unfortunate hospital is so placed regarding these defences, that a shot missing either of them was pretty sure to pass through some part of it. At the other extremity of the river-wall is another battery, a brick casemate, well and solidly built. Close to it is the

Aduana or Custom-house, which, like all else in the country, is unfinished, and is, moreover, so hideous that one can only regret that it was ever commenced. The ground on which it is built slopes at an angle of about ten degrees, and, as a Paraguayan sees no beauty in, nor necessity for, level lines, the whole front of the very long building follows the slope of the ground! To make matters worse, there is not a single break or projection to hide the defect, and the piazza, with its twenty-two arches and heavy cornice, looks as if it were sliding into the river.

To an Englishman, who cannot bear to see even a picture hung awry, the indifference which the Paraguayans show in their houses and streets to levels and symmetry is very curious. In a row of windows, one or two would be higher or wider than the rest to a certainty, and in the cornices of rooms, the patterns of wall paper, and pannelled woodwork, the same glaring defect is met with.

On the other hand, the streets themselves are laid out with painful regularity, as regards plan, always crossing each other rectangularly and at equal distances. The squares, or *cuadras*, thus formed, are built upon externally, the centre being occupied by domestic offices and sometimes by gardens.

The better streets near the river are well built; the roadway is but sand, it is true, but there is a pretty good foot pavement for the greater part of their length; the houses have a respectable appearance, and some attempts have been made at architectural display. But the higher part of the town is intersected by several ravines, which have only been filled up

here and there; and in wet weather each becomes a lake, or the bed of a torrent, and then it is often difficult, for several hours, to visit one's opposite neighbour.

With a few exceptions, the houses consist but of a ground-floor, and are generally built of *adobès*, sun-dried bricks, of about the same form and size as Roman tiles. I was greatly struck, when I first entered Asuncion, with the remarkably Pompeii-like appearance of many of the old Spanish houses. The panelled external walls decorated with pilasters in low relief, and coloured a delicate buff or violet, the wide and lofty doorway, not opening into the house, but into a broad vestibule, and showing the pillared courtyard beyond. Even to the roof, covered with semi-cylindrical tiles in two layers, the handsome reception rooms, and the miserable, often windowless bedrooms, the dark and sooty kitchen with its earthern fire-place, the arrangements for an almost out-of-door life, and the absence of those domestic conveniences which make the old Roman dwellings seem to us so comfortless,—all gave me the idea that one sees there the homes of eighteen hundred years ago reproduced with almost perfect exactness. The Moorish *algibe* has taken the place of the Roman *compluvium*: the graceful decorations, the wall paintings are wanting; it is a Pompeian house as the builder left it, and which the artist has never entered. But, like the sonorous tones of the Spanish language, it carries one's thoughts back to those old-world days, and but little aid from the imagination is needed to bring them with almost startling reality again before us.

I have often thought, too, that the debased Romanism practised in Paraguay (and in South America generally) must be very like the old heathen worship, as it would have been seen in some remote district or mountain hamlet of the empire, where rude images would be worshipped, with ruder rites, by rustics who had half forgotten, or never understood, their original meaning.

Religion in Paraguay is Christian only in name; practically it is but a bare idolatry, a fetish worship. The priests are ignorant and immoral, great cock-fighters and gamblers, possessing vast influence over the women, a power which they turn to the basest of purposes, but little respected by the men.*

The favourite idol is the Virgin, an incongruous compound of Venus and Diana, but with scarce a trace of the poetical beauty of her antitypes. A virgin mother with the air of a courtezan, a poor, wooden-looking queen seated on a half moon, crowned with stars, and dressed in tawdry, paltry finery, is the divinity which there is worshipped, and fêted, and grovelled-in-the-dust before, whilst, except in salutations or expletives, the name of our Lord is never heard. I verily believe that, if the words of the catechism did not unconsciously recur to them, they would reply, if asked of the creation, that "La Virgen Maria" made the world and all around it.

Nuestra Señora de Dolores often takes most literally the place of the Paphian Queen; a Paraguayan Phryne, instead of begging a necklace for her Venus, caressingly asks a golden rosary for the image of La Santisima.

* Vide Appendix, p. 355.

But to resume our tour of the town. The public buildings are few in number, and, with the exception of an unfinished church designed by an Italian, very paltry in appearance. The façade of the cathedral, and of the church of San Roquè, is carried up to a great height above the roof, in order to give them an adventitious loftiness, which disappears most ludicrously when viewed from behind. The Cabildo, or town-hall, is a tasteless two-storied building, used for the Beso-manos, levées of the President. A new theatre, designed by the same Italian architect, was half built when I reached the country, and so it still remains; in fact, it would be too large for the population for a century to come, and the architect frankly confessed to Mr. Whytehead that he was unable to roof it. Lopez had a most childlike habit of going into any new scheme with wonderful ardour, but soon getting tired of it, and trying something else. Thus, he had a palace, a new church, a railway, a new arsenal, a new custom-house, a post-office, and a plan for a fine block of government offices and an esplanade, all commenced, and none finished, when, in fact, any one or two of them was quite as much as he could properly manage at once; and the result is, that the hastily conducted front of the railway-station is already crumbling to pieces, the massive-looking cornices of the Aduana were half demolished by a heavy hail-storm, and remain so, and the theatre is a mere wilderness of lofty walls and arches. There was a so-called Public Library, but the books were nearly all theological, and I never heard of any one reading there. Lopez found, however, a most characteristic use for them: he had

the ponderous tomes cut up for rocket and squib cases! I saw them one day serving thus a folio Hebrew Bible, with an interleaved Latin translation—a most South American mode of diffusing useful knowledge.

The windows of the houses, throughout the country, are guarded by strong iron gratings, giving them a most prison-like appearance; and the shutters and doors, with their fastenings, are of ponderous make; for the Paraguayans are adroit thieves and incurable pilferers. I like the old Spanish houses, with their massive walls more than a yard in thickness, lofty rooms, and doorways so wide and high that one could ride in without stooping, and dismount in the sala itself, if so minded. Their heavy roofs, supported by beams of enormous size, the small, deeply recessed windows, the broad piazza, were all thoroughly suited to the climate, excluding the heat, and subduing the light, in a manner that was inexpressibly grateful after riding at mid-day through the streets of glaring white houses or over roads of sparkling sand.

But, unfortunately, one of the results of the ostentation and extravagance introduced by Francisco Lopez was a fondness for a meretricious style of house-building of the most flimsy and pretentious character. The fronts of the houses were carried up to a great height above the eaves; very large windows, with the inevitable *reja* or grating, became the fashion, in order that the furniture and carpet of the *sala* might be readily seen by passers by, and all interior comfort, even stability itself, was sacrificed to obtain a showy front to the street.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARAGUAYANS.—NATIONAL COSTUME.—EDUCATION.

THE Paraguayans are Indio-Spanish in blood, and descended from the several tribes which inhabited the country before the conquest, and of their Spanish invaders. They still present many of the characteristics of both races. It is singular, however, that the language of the conquered—Guarârì—has prevailed, and in the country districts few can be found who understand any other.

The men are generally of middle height, athletic and well made, their skin from dark brown to olive. With their Indian blood they have inherited very small hands and feet, and straight coarse black hair; few have beards or whiskers, and those who had invariably shaved them off. They have but thin mustachios.

The women, when young, are often very pretty; their slender graceful figures, large lustrous eyes, to which long lashes often give an air of oriental languor, and long thick tresses of jetty blackness, produce a style of beauty which harmonizes well with the brilliant flowers and sunny skies of their native land. But also like those flowers they soon fade, and hav-

ing little or no education, no accomplishments to fall back upon, their charms are soon gone for ever. The early age at which they become mothers often hastens this premature decay.

Their complexions are usually dark olive, but I have often seen Paraguayans of pure native descent—that is to say, without any recent admixture of European blood—of remarkable fairness; *rubias* they are termed. I have met with some as fair as ourselves, with blue eyes and yellow hair, descended from Biscayans, I expect.

The dress of the men is similar to that of the *gauchos* of Buenos Ayres. Fringed drawers, a kind of kilt of white cotton; a broad belt, or rather double apron of dressed leather; a white shirt, often handsomely embroidered; and a poncho, which is simply a piece of woollen cloth about two yards square, with a hole in the centre to put the head through. A straw hat, and enormous silver spurs, weighing perhaps two pounds apiece, and worn on the bare feet, complete the costume.

In the capital, all who could afford it wore European dress, and they showed a great weakness for patent-leather boots; that article of dress being a distinctive one, the phrase, *gente calzada*, or the reverse, being often used to indicate the upper or lower classes.

The dress of the women is very simple, but most becoming. A long cotton chemise, called a *tupoi*, cut very low in the neck, with a deep border of embroidery, in black or scarlet wool, to its upper edge, and loose lace sleeves, and a skirt of muslin or silk,

puffed out by stiffly starched petticoats, and fastened round the waist by a broad sash. Except in the capital, very few wore shoes.

They dress their hair in two long plaits, sometimes worn wreath-like around the head, or else simply rolled at the back, and fastened by a large tortoise-shell comb, heavy with gold and jewels. A rose, or a plume of soft silky leaves, worn droopingly, would be sufficient to complete their very pretty head-dress. Large ear-rings of native workmanship, and so long as to rest on the shoulders, one or more massive gold chains around the neck, and rings enough to cover every finger, were added on gala days.

This costume has, however, almost gone out of fashion amongst the wealthier families, and a *peyne-de-oro*, or golden comb, now means a woman of the lower class. The change is to be regretted; for the old dress is remarkably picturesque and suitable to the climate.

I have mentioned how much some of the houses reminded me of those of Pompeii. The resemblance became almost an illusion, if sitting, when night was falling, in a large saloon dusky with shadow, one saw a servant, clad in a *tupoi* falling from her shoulders in snowy folds, the whiter from the broad black scrolls to its edge, bearing a vase-shaped water-jar on her head, and with rounded pendant arms, elastic and silent step, passing through the pillared corridor. One could almost believe that a caryatide had left her heavier burden, and had come, in living flesh, before us.

Children of both sexes generally go quite naked,

verify my statement, and pay me the money. It is scarcely credible, but they were actually more than an hour trying to do the simple sum of dividing so many dollars and rials by twelve. I could scarcely help laughing outright to see them figuring in hopeless perplexity on the official whity-brown paper, whilst to add to the absurdity of the scene some idlers volunteered to assist them, and showed wonderful and intricate modes of calculation, unknown to Cocker; and even the sentry, fired with generous ardour, put down his clumsy flint-lock, and scrawled fearful numerals with the stump of a pen, to explain how he calculated *his* pay, about a dollar a month, when he got it, poor fellow, which was not very often.

I sat with my chair tipped up Paraguayan fashion, listening to the band playing in the Plaza; and when they tendered me wild shots at the amount, which they did occasionally, I told them quietly I wanted so many dollars, and should wait till I got them. At length, when my patience was pretty well exhausted, I saw Dr. Stewart crossing the square, and he was kind enough to come to my help, and assure them that they might trust in my arithmetic, and I received the sum I had claimed.

CHAPTER IV.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PARAGUAY.—FRANCIA.—CARLOS LOPEZ.—STORY OF CARLOS DECOUD.—TREATMENT OF NATIVE OFFICIALS.

WHILST under the rule of the Spanish monarchs, the province of Paraguay included the whole of the territory to the east of the Andes and the south of Brazil. But when the colonists threw off the yoke of Spain, all to the west of the Paraná and the (river) Paraguay was separated under the name of the Republic of Buenos Ayres, or the Argentine Territory; that between the former river and the (river) Uruguay as the Republic of Entre Rios; and the remainder, to the east, as the Republic of Uruguay, or the Banda Oriental; leaving to Paraguay, as then constituted, only the small territory I have defined in the opening chapter.

The Spaniards and *mestizos* of Paraguay proper, were the last to revolt from the mother country, and when the new Republic of La Plata sent an army to "invite them" to co-operate with them for that purpose, or, if they declined, to make them accept freedom by force, the Paraguayans attacked and actually defeated the very men who offered them liberty and

independence. Singularly enough, they have done precisely the same thing during the present war, by defending Lopez to the last, when his destruction would have been of inestimable advantage to them, and would have given them the opportunity of forming a mild and liberal government, in place of a tyranny unparalleled in modern times.

Paraguay, however, a few months afterwards followed in the same path, and having declined to enter into the Argentine Confederation, was, in 1811, declared a free and independent republic. In the following year two consuls were chosen as joint rulers, named Francia and Yegros.

The former was a most remarkable man, of French parentage, but born, I believe, in the province of Cordova. In the university of that town he studied theology and jurisprudence, took the degree of LL.D., a very common one, by the way, in South America, and then made his way to Asuncion, where he practised as a lawyer.

His colleague, Yegros, was illiterate and a fool. Francia soon got rid of him, and two years afterwards, his power being then firmly established, he was named sole Consul, and afterwards Dictator.

At first, he ruled with justice and moderation; he did much to improve the condition of the people, established schools, and reduced, by a very summary process, the streets of the capital to regularity. In the meantime, the neighbouring republics had commenced quarrelling; there was nothing but confusion and bloodshed, plots and revolutions; and in order to prevent such a state of things occurring in

the hitherto peaceful regions he governed, Francia determined to completely isolate Paraguay from the rest of the world. He would allow very few to enter, and none to leave it.

He collected, and drilled personally, an effective army; established forts and *guardias* at short intervals along the frontier rivers, and defeated the Indians of the Chaco, who were getting troublesome. He shut up the country so completely that not a single native could quit it, and the few foreigners who succeeded in getting in, had marvellous difficulty in getting out again. He allowed only a few trading vessels to ascend as high as Nembucù, a town a short distance above the embouchure of the Paraguay; he examined the manifest of their cargoes, selected what he needed, arms and ammunition especially, paid for it in *yerba mate*, and sent them away immediately. I think this was, under the circumstances, a wise measure: and I believe that had the people been of a more advanced type, he would have made an admirable ruler. But he, a talented and self-reliant man, had no patience with their love of talking rather than doing, and their utter inability to think and act for themselves. He found that they could not respect, but only fear, and he adopted, therefore, a most repressive tyranny as his system of government. I am his apologist thus far, for I know how sorely my own patience was tried in Paraguay, in endeavouring to teach men who would make no effort to learn, who could talk well, almost eloquently, and yet seemed to have no power of ratiocination or of acquiring useful knowledge; and, moreover, how

difficult it was to restrain myself from using—perhaps abusing—the power of punishment I held. Francia did not exercise this forbearance, and he has made himself infamous as a most cruel and remorseless tyrant. He raised money by forced contributions from the wealthy, and shot those who appealed against his estimate of their means; but he did not appropriate one farthing of it to his own use, and remained poor, although the whole revenue of the republic passed through his hands. He made the country self-supporting, and want was unknown within it. Too intelligent to fear the sensual and illiterate priests, who administer the offices of the Church, he curbed their power, laughed at their dogmas, and despoiled them of their wealth. He abolished the *diezmo*, an unequal and oppressive tax, and compelled the indolent farmers to adopt a better system of agriculture. He did much good, but was terribly severe and irritable; and, haunted by a constant fear of assassination and revolt, in his later years he became a moody, bitter, and cruel tyrant, absolutely without a friend or a single joyous hour.

Francia ruled alone, and with irresponsible power, for twenty-six years, and died on Christmas-day, 1840, at the age of seventy-eight. He was buried in the Iglesia de la Incarnacion, the oldest church in Asuncion, in a tomb built on the floor of the choir. The next morning the bricks were found scattered about in all directions, and his body had disappeared. What became of it remains a secret; but the priests told to trembling listeners that the evil one had carried him away bodily during the

night. I suspect, however, could the alligators speak, they would clear up the mystery.

The terrible dread his very name inspired did not die with him. A native will never willingly speak of "*el muerto*," as they call him; and to this day will look round fearfully if Francia be mentioned, and only to intimate friends tell, "with bated breath," tales of his cruel deeds and supernatural wisdom.

After a short interregnum, two consuls were again chosen, Don Carlos Lopez and Don Mariano Alonzo, and they entered on their office in May, 1840. Three years afterwards, it is said, Don Carlos offered his colleague the option of death or retirement; he wisely chose the latter, and by an extraordinary congress Don Carlos Lopez was then named the first President of the Republic, on the 13th of March, 1845.

To prevent any misconception, it may be as well to explain that the President nominates the officers, who choose the deputies, who nominate him; so he not only re-elects himself at the end of each nominal ten years of office, but secures their perfect acquiescence in any laws he may lay before them. However, his administration was stained with few deeds of cruelty; he removed most of the restrictions on the free navigation of the river, introduced European workmen, established the arsenal and a line of fortnightly steamers between Asuncion and Buenos Ayres, and, on the whole, he may be regarded as one of the best rulers South America has had.

He had little difficulty in his internal government; for the people had been so thoroughly drilled by Francia into unquestioning obedience, and his office was

looked upon with such reverential awe, that his decrees, however harsh, were obeyed with timorous submission.

He always spoke of the supreme power of the Government as a vague but terrible abstraction, saying, that he was not it, but only represented it, and for that reason received visitors, even of the highest rank, seated and with his hat on. And he never acknowledged a salute, because that sign of respect was not paid to him as an individual, but to *el gobierno supremo*, of which he was but the visible type.

In the year 1859 a conspiracy against him was discovered, or, at least, was said to have been. Many Paraguayans and one British subject, named Canstatt, were arrested. He was, however, soon set at liberty, owing to the energetic action of Mr. Henderson, then Her Majesty's Consul in Asuncion; but the natives were imprisoned for years, and two of them were shot. The story of one of the victims is so tragical that I shall relate it.

I should premise, that it is common to see by the roadside rude wooden crosses, painted black, with a lace scarf wound round them, a low fence to keep off the cattle, and an earthen jar sunk at the foot, in which a candle may be placed, and burn, sheltered from the wind, at night. Foreigners generally imagined that they marked the spot where a murder had been committed, but this is not the case; deeds of violence were rare among the people, and murder was, like the *yerba matè*, almost a monopoly of the Government. They were simply memorials of friends who were sleeping in their peaceful graves in the distant cemetery.

There was one on the road from Asuncion to the Recoleta which often attracted my attention. The lace around it was so delicate, such beautiful and fresh flowers were strewn at its foot, and, pass when I would after dark, the light of a candle was invariably to be seen shining from the buried *cantaro*. But I never found any one tending it. There was a little cottage with a few fenced fields close behind; but I saw no other evidence of life within or without its walls, than an old man labouring occasionally in the fields.

I often wondered who could bring and arrange the flowers so carefully—too beautifully, I was certain, for the old man's handiwork; but more than a year elapsed before the mystery was explained.

I had then some native friends residing near the Recoleta, and sometimes I stayed late. One night a *fiesta* had induced me to remain much longer than usual, and as I approached the cross it must have been near midnight, and I was surprised to see a girl dressed in black kneeling before it. The road was so deep and sandy that my horse's footsteps were completely muffled, and I was riding slowly, so that I had reached almost near enough to hear the words of the prayer she was murmuring, before I was noticed. The girl was half kneeling, half crouching, with averted face and pendant arms, in an attitude of hopeless sorrow, and was sobbing bitterly.

Shocked at the idea of intruding upon, indeed, of witnessing, grief so sacred, I was turning slowly away to take another road, when my horse suddenly swerved, my sword rang sharply against my spur, and with a scream she sprang to her feet in terror.

I shall never forget the beautiful face, beautiful still, in spite of the sorrow which was wearing her life away, which in the bright moonlight was turned to me. Had she not spoken, I should have believed that I had seen a vision of even a sadder world than this. In a few words I expressed my shame and regret for disturbing her. "It is nothing; may God be with you. Adios, Señor," she said in reply, and passed hastily through a gap in the hedge towards the cottage. At some distance I looked back. She had returned, and was again kneeling in the same sad attitude.

The next day I rode over to my friends to ask who the midnight mourner might be. The mocking, incredulous look with which my tale was at first listened to, changed to one of sorrowful pity as I concluded; and the señorita I was questioning said, "Ay de mi! that is a bad omen: you have seen Carmelita; she is mad, poor girl." I begged she would tell me her story, for my curiosity was heightened by the unusual gravity of the light-hearted Paraguaya. "A few years ago," she began, after seating herself beside me, "Carmelita R—— was the prettiest girl in Asuncion, the best dancer and the merriest talker. She had lost her father when a child, but her mother was rich, and she had many suitors, but she favoured only Don Carlos Decoud. He was to have married her in a few weeks, when, in an evil hour, she was seen by Don Francisco Lopez, then a colonel in the army; he fell in love with her, made proposals of the basest character, and was scornfully rejected. He left her, vowing revenge.

"A few days afterwards Carmelita heard, with inde-

scribable terror, that her lover and his brother had been arrested by the police, and thrown into prison; on what charge no one knew; and soon many others shared the same fate. Weeks passed away: one of the prisoners, a countryman of yours, Señor, was set at liberty, and it was then known that a conspiracy had been discovered." The narrator paused, looked round to see that none were watching, and then continued in a lower voice: "The rest remained a long time in prison, and at last two of them were shot. They were executed in the Plaza de San Francisco at daybreak. Carlos was one of them; and, horrible to tell, his body was stripped naked, and thrown into the street before his mother's door! * Carmelita was in the house at the time; she ran out on hearing a noise, and fell senseless on the mangled corpse of her lover. For many weeks, in fever and delirium, she hovered between life and death; but at length she left her bed. Better that she had died! for she was hopelessly insane. She shortly afterwards lost her mother; and, left an orphan, she is supported only by the labour of an aged slave, who cultivates the fields you pass so often. She is never seen by day, and lives only to adorn the cross she erected to the memory of poor Carlos, to pray for the repose of his soul, and for that happy day when death and Our Lady of Sorrows shall dry her tears for ever."

* * * * *

The only other event worth notice during the administration of the late President, is the visit of

* I can vouch for the truth of this part of the story.

the United States exploring expedition in 1854. It was commanded by Captain Page, U.S.N. and under his able management the river Paraguay was thoroughly explored, and the Paranà would have been also, but for an unfortunate misunderstanding about the right to pass through a certain channel under the guns of the fort of Itapirù, which the Paraguayans would allow none but their own vessels to enter. The "Water Witch" was fired upon, and one man killed. At the same time, a trading and cigar-making company established in Asuncion by the U.S. Consul, Mr Hopkins, got into difficulties with the Government. The company was broken up, the *exequatur* of the consul was withdrawn, and for some time hostilities seemed imminent. The affair was, however, amicably settled, but in a way not very honourable to either of the disputants.

In person, his Excellency Don Carlos Lopez was short and extremely stout, with rather good features, but showing strongly the taint of Guycùrù blood he derived from his mother. I never spoke to him, and I fancy that he disliked dealing directly with foreigners. All arrangements with us, as *employés* of the Government, were made by his son Don Francisco. His manners were imperious, and, to his own people, rude and overbearing. The way in which he treated his own officers of state may be judged of by the following incident.

When Mr. Doria, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, went to Paraguay, I think to settle the Canstatt claims, he addressed an official letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. "A. S. Excelencia, Señor Don F. Sanchez,"

etc., as is usual. The next day the minister called upon him privately, and told him in some trepidation that he must not give him the title of Excelencia, lest it should offend the President. Mr. Doria said that it was the usual way of addressing men in his position, and he could not see how "El Excelentisimo" could be offended by it. Señor Sanchez replied, that he feared he could not accept it, and asked him to mention the subject to the President next time he saw him. He did so, and Lopez gruffly answered, "Call him what you please, he will remain but a blockhead still."

Don Carlos Lopez died on the 10th of September, 1862, aged seventy-two years, and was buried with great pomp in the church of La Sma Trinidad, about four miles out of Asuncion.

CHAPTER V.

ELECTION OF DON FRANCISCO LOPEZ AS PRESIDENT.—ARRESTS.—FETES.

Don Francisco Solano Lopezo, the eldest son of the last ruler of Paraguay, had been appointed by him vice-president of the republic, and he at once assumed the functions of his office. Within a month of his father's death, an extraordinary congress of the Díputados del Estado was ordered to assemble, in order to elect a new president ; all knowing perfectly well beforehand who would be selected, or rather accepted, as their future lord and master.

The election was but a farce, the deputies from the ninety-two *partidos* of the republic met in the capital, and sat in the Cabildo, which was surrounded by a strong body of troops, commanded by the very man who asked their votes, and, of course all free action or even discussion was out of the question. One member, it is true, had the temerity to say, that the office of president was declared by the "organic law" of the country not to be hereditary, and that therefore Don Francisco was ineligible: he was listened to in ominous silence. Another suggested that the present time was a good opportunity for modifying the laws

of the country; he was going on to explain how, when he was angrily told to hold his tongue by Lopez himself, who reminded the deputies that they had not met to consider the laws of the country, but to elect a new president. That same night both disappeared, and have not been heard of since. It is almost superfluous to add, that the next day "the citizen Francisco Solano Lopez" was unanimously chosen "Gefe Supremo y General de los Exercitos de la Republica del Paraguay."

He was invested on the 16th of October, 1862, and one of his first acts was to require that his salary should be raised to $50,000. His father had been contented with one-fifth of that amount. One must admit, however, that even this demand was a moderate one; for he had the absolute disposal of the whole revenue of the country in his hands: no budget was ever discussed, no return of the annual receipts and expenditure given, and the only thing of the kind which appeared was a monthly return of imports and exports, and the revenue of the Custom-house. But Lopez always tried to make it appear that he ruled constitutionally, and any one unacquainted with the country, reading the reports of his speeches in the "Semenario," would have regarded him as one of the justest and most liberal of men, and a jealous guardian of his country's liberties.

A series of sumptuous feasts, balls, and spectacles followed his election, and for more than a month endless processions and felicitations, until the merchants and shopkeepers were half ruined, and everybody was heartily tired of them.

The new president was born on the 24th of July, 1826, and was, therefore, thirty-six years of age when elected. Personally, he is not a man of very commanding presence, being but five feet four in height, and extremely stout—latterly most unwieldily so. His face is very flat, with but little nobility of feature, head rather good, but narrow in front, and greatly developed posteriorally. There is a very ominous breadth and solidity in the lower part of his face, a peculiarity derived from his Guycùrù ancestry, and which gives the index to his character—a cruel, sensual face, which the eyes, placed rather too close together, do not improve. His manners when he was pleased were remarkably gracious; but when enraged, and I have twice seen him so, his expression was perfectly ferocious: the savage Indian broke through the thin varnish of civilization, as the Cossack shows in an angry Russian. His address was good, both in public and private, although his articulation was imperfect from the loss of his lower teeth, and he spoke in so low a tone, except on one memorable occasion, which I shall refer to presently, that only those standing near him could catch the purport of what he said. Until he went to Humaita he always received me most graciously, rising, if he were not standing, when I entered, and shaking hands with me—an honour rarely accorded to a native—with great friendliness.

In 1854, he went to France and England as Minister Plenipotentiary, to negotiate a treaty of peace and commerce between them and Paraguay. In Paris he remained for some time, and from thence he im-

ported two novelties—the French uniform for officers, and a mistress for himself; the latter the most fatal step in his life: and as that lady occupied a very promiment place eventually in Paraguayan affairs, and, I believe, by her evil counsels was the remote cause of the terrible war which has utterly depopulated the country, it is necessary to devote a few lines to her.

She is of Irish parentage, but was born in France, and was married to a surgeon in the French army: he still lives, I understand, so I will not give her real name, but that by which she was known in Paraguay—Madame Eloisa Lynch. She was, when I first knew her, a tall, stout, and remarkably handsome woman, and although age and the rearing of many children had then somewhat impaired her beauty, I could well believe the story that when she landed in Asuncion the simple natives thought her charms were of more than earthly brilliancy, and her dress so sumptuous that they had no words to express the admiration they both excited. She had received a somewhat showy education, spoke English, French, and Spanish with equal facility, gave capital dinner parties, and could drink more champagne without being affected by it than any one I have ever met with. A clever, selfish, and most unscrupulous woman, it will be readily understood that the influence she exercised over a man so imperious, yet so weak, so vain, and sensual as Lopez, was immense. With admirable tact, she treated him apparently with the utmost deference and respect, whilst she could really do with him as she pleased, and virtually was the ruler of Paraguay. She had two ambitious projects: the first, to marry him; the

second, to make him "the Napoleon of the New World." The first was a difficult one, for her husband as a Frenchman could not sue for a divorce; but should the second succeed, it would not be very hard, perhaps, to obtain a dispensation, and her equivocal position would be exanged for a secure one. Therefore she gradually and insidiously imbued Lopez with the idea that he was the greatest soldier of the age, and flattered the vain, credulous, and greedy savage into the belief that he was destined to raise Paraguay from obscurity, and make it the dominant power of South America. It was necessary for the realization of this ambitious project that a war on a grand scale should be undertaken; and with neighbours so encroaching as Brazil, so turbulent and lawless as the Argentine Confederation, it was not difficult to find a pretext for hostilities; nor had he long to wait for an opportunity. In the meantime every preparation was made. Even during the lifetime of his father, who said that he would rather lose a fourth of his territory than enter into a war to defend it, he had collected gradually a vast amount of materials and ammunition, and during the first year of his magistracy he formed in Cerro-Leon (a beautiful valley near the cordillera of that name, to the south-east of Asuncion, and about fifty miles from it) a vast camp of instruction, and by June, 1863, the army numbered 80,000 men. These preparations produced a feeling of great uneasiness amongst the foreigners and the more intelligent natives; and some of the latter must have expressed their ideas somewhat too freely, for an extraordinary number of arrests were made at this time by the police. On two occasions, returning to my

quarters late at night, I saw a group of them with fixed bayonets hurrying respectably dressed men to prison—probably never to be seen by their relatives again, and only to be spoken of in terrified whispers. The exact charge against political prisoners, and their sentence, was rarely known; the evidence, the names of the denouncer or witnesses—never; and their family and friends were shunned as if plague-stricken, for to be suspected was to be condemned; and seldom did one fall into disgrace without dragging half his relatives with him. Two priests of the capital were amongst the first to suffer, Padre Corbelàn and Padre Maiz; the former belonged to one of the first families in Paraguay, and the other was a man of unusual talent and attainments. I must except both from the sweeping condemnation I have passed upon the priests; for they were highly respected, and deservedly so. They had, however, spoken disparagingly of the President (all the old Spanish families regarded him with contempt from his low origin* and his Indian blood), had been overheard, and within a few hours found themselves inmates of a dungeon. Father Corbelàn remained for years a prisoner, and was treated with horrible barbarity, perishing at length in the general massacre towards the end of the year 1868. His companion had, it is said, been denounced by a priest named Palacios, who for that, and his dutiful zeal generally, was made Bishop of Paraguay. Maiz remained three years in prison, and was then set at liberty and taken into high favour. He was made chaplain to the army, and afterwards a member of

* His father was a shoemaker in Asuncion.

the terrible tribunal appointed for the trial of those accused of conspiring against Lopez in the above year. In that capacity he condemned the bishop himself, the very man who five years before had thrust him—imprudent but innocent—into a felon's prison. I cannot vouch for the truth of the former part of this story; but if it be well founded, a fearful retribution fell upon Palacios: he was tried, tortured, and found guilty of a crime which he could not have committed. His sacred office, his advanced years, could not save him, and he fell, with a bullet through his heart, on the blood-stained turf of Villeta.

Many other arrests were made, and it was with indescribable anxiety men watched and waited to see what turn affairs would take. To a passing visitor to Asuncion all would appear, however, prosperous and happy. The "Semenario"—the only newspaper of the country, and written under the immediate inspection of Lopez—was filled with glowing accounts of the advancing greatness of Paraguay, and the virtues and wisdom of the "heaven-sent ruler," who was making her the greatest and most enviable of republics. Every *fiesta*, every day remarkable in the history of the country, was seized upon as an opportunity for banquets, balls, and patriotic speeches; and those who could see nothing of the strings, and the hand which moved the puppets, would have said that the Paraguayans were indeed the happiest of people, and Lopez the greatest and most beneficent of rulers.

On the occasion of the first anniversary of his election, a large amount of money was expended in architectural decorations, fireworks, and feasting. A

very handsome triumphal arch was erected in the principal street, and an immense saloon of wood and canvas in the Plaza del Gobierno. The expense was principally borne by the State, but many wealthy natives contributed heavily to it. I have mentioned that the river is gradually receding from Asuncion, and has left to the north of it a series of shallow lagoons, a favourite habitat of the Victoria Regia. When the water is low, a broad sandy shore, called the *ribiera*, stretches for miles between the edge of the lakes and the high banks above.

There an immense circus was built for the bull fights; so large that standing room and seats were found for several thousand people. The arena, some fifty yards in diameter, was open to the sky, but a broad zone of canvas, edged with wreaths of flowers, flags, and palm branches, encircled it, and shaded the spectators from the sun. Opposite the *corral*, the place where the bulls are kept, was a row of boxes draped with scarlet cloth and with muslin curtains, the centre one for the President and officers of state, the others for the *élite* of Asuncion, whilst the rest of the space was thrown open freely to the people, who swarmed and clustered from the barriers to the topmost beam. Viewed from one of the raised boxes, the scene reminded me strongly of a bank of chrysanthemums, and, from the vivid colours presented by a Paraguayan crowd, the comparison is a permissible one. There was that living girdle to the disc of glittering sand, glowing with crimson and green, with gold and azure, the colours thrown out brightly by the snowy *tupois* and *cherifes* in the hot sunlight, which

flashed restlessly from fluttering fans and jewelled hair. The site had been most happily chosen, close to the lagoons, teeming with lilies and bright green *camelote*, where the smooth sand, or smoother turf, extends from the steep banks till it dips almost imperceptibly beneath the water. The *Barranca* on the other side rose like a wall forty or fifty feet high, crowned by the Cathedral, the tottering old Cabildo, and a few houses as ancient, and part of the city could be seen beyond them. Over the lakes the scenery was very beautiful. The broad rapid river winding to the far-distant horizon, fringed with dense woods now high above the water, with a thatched rancho or a handsome quinta at intervals half buried in their shade, and seen through a trembling purple haze, which seemed to enlarge the landscape, and melted it into the softest and sunniest of pictures.

Here then, Asuncion had turned out in high holiday; for, in addition to the bull fights, there were races, music, and the *sortija*, that spirited Moorish game all South Americans enjoy so heartily. Some of my readers may not recognise it under its Spanish name; it is simply tilting at the ring. A gold ring, *sortija*, is suspended by a slender ribbon from an archway, and he who, riding full gallop, can carry it off on the point of his sword, or a painted wand if a civilian, claims it as a prize, and a triumphant flourish from the band salutes his victory. Two butts of wine were also broached, and with plenty of *caña*, the native rum, distributed to all who would take them.

The spectacle within the amphitheatre, apart from the spectators, was a very poor one. The *picadores*

and *matadores* were but herdsmen in their usual dress, picturesque it is true, but not showy enough for an arena. The bulls were very tame, and showed only blind terror. It was a bull sticking, not a bull fight. The greatest amusement was contributed by the *cambà rangàs*, literally black images, grotesque maskers who danced and played absurd antics in the ring. But they were all policemen, and I fancy the money the people threw was more to propitiate than to reward.

The races were a little better; but, according to English ideas, conducted in a very odd style. A line of posts and rails stretching about two hundred yards marked the course. Only two horses started at a time, one on each side of it, and but for the difficulty of getting a good and fair start, each race would have been over in a minute. All the jockeys tried for was some advantage in starting, which, from the shortness of the course, decided the race. They did not wear spurs, and set off by mutual consent, kicking the ribs of their horses with their bare heels; but it was not adjudged a fair start unless both used their whips. So, of course, if one horse went off well, the rider of the other would not raise his heavy double-thonged *latego;* and his opponent, in a very bad temper, and spluttering Guaraní expletives, had to come back to the starting-point. This occurred so often that an hour or more was lost in wrangling and mutual abuse, before one race could be decided. There was little betting or excitement amongst the crowd.

In the Plaza two large marquees were erected, and gaily decorated with evergreens and banners. There,

for two days and nights, the heavy throb of the *gomba* —an immense Indian drum which I could never hear without a shudder—beaten in turn by hundreds of willing hands, sounded incessantly; and as ceaselessly danced the common people, as only savages can dance; whirling, shrieking, and wildly gesticulating, as the huge drum pulsated louder and quicker, till at last they staggered out, trembling in every limb from exhaustion and fierce excitement, only to make room, however, for others eager to take their places. But in that crowd of perhaps ten thousand people, in spite of gleaming eyes and frantic yells, in spite of strong drink for all who would take it, there occurred neither accident nor quarrel, till the last day, when a *peon*, who had been jilted by some coquettish *morenita*, stabbed her and his rival to the heart, and then, throwing away his blood-stained knife, gave himself up unresistingly to the police, to be shot soon afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.—MANUFACTURES.—YERBA MATE.

In spite of their long isolation from the rest of the world, their want of education, generally speaking, and always thinking in a language which has no words to express "thank you" or "if you please," the Paraguayans are remarkably polite in their manners and address.

Francia made a law, that all males should wear a hat of some sort, if it were but a brim (as I have often seen), it would do, "in order," he said "that they might be able to show proper respect to their superiors by taking it off." And a civilian, whatever his social position may be, never passes an officer, even of the lowest rank, without so saluting him. This is the key-note in Paraguay. The military are supreme, and are treated with far more respect than the priests or any civil *employé* of the Government.

In the country, if one asks for a light for a cigar (*tatàmè*), a little fire, or a cup of water (*eumè*), at the door of a house, an invitation to dismount and take a seat invariably follows. A cigar is then offered you, and if the place should belong to a family of the

middle class, but still one which we in England should consider very poor, a *refresco*, a glass of lemonade or sweet liqueur. It is considered rude to decline a cigar, but you are not obliged to smoke it. The habit of smoking is, however, almost universal—men, women, and children of both sexes all indulge in it; the women of the higher classes were, however, getting ashamed of it, and only smoked in secret.

It is somewhat ungenerous to speak of the morals of one's friends, so I will only say that incontinence before marriage is not looked upon there as a serious fault, but I never heard of a faithless wife the whole time I was in the country.

The Paraguayans are excessively fond of dress, and an ostentatious display of it, but they show a singular disregard for domestic comfort. As a *medico*, I saw a good deal of their private life, and the privilege was a saddening one. It was like going behind the scenes during a morning rehearsal. To meet, say, the wife of a colonel at the club ball, dressed in last year's Paris fashion, and then to see her the next day in the midst of her family, clad in a very scanty cotton gown, and without shoes or stockings, sitting in the midst of her slaves with dishevelled hair, and scolding them in uncouth Guaraní, whilst her children, with dirty skins, were tumbling about, with cigars in their mouths, amongst the goats and the poultry, was not one of the least curious, and certainly the least pleasing of sights in Paraguay.

Next to smoking, sipping the infusion of the *yerba matè* was the great excuse for idling time away. Early in the morning and after the *siesta* were the

legitimate hours for indulging in it; but those who had plenty of yerba, and, as usual, little to do, passed half their waking hours *matè* in hand. Yerba is the dried and powdered leaf of the Ilex Paraguayensis, a tree in size and foliage resembling the orange (that is, as the latter grows there, often thirty feet high), and with small white clustered flowers. It belongs to the holly family, but contains a bitter principle similar to, if not identical with, theine, the alkaloid found in tea and coffee. It is taken in a somewhat singular way, the *matè*, a gourd stained black, which would hold three or four ounces of water, is nearly filled with the coarsely powdered *yerba*. The *bombilla*, a silver tube with a bulbous end pierced full of fine holes, is then inserted, the gourd is filled with boiling water, and the infusion sucked through the tube immediately, exactly as one would take a sherry-cobler, except, of course, that it is scalding hot. Some take sugar with it, but a true matè drinker prefers it unsweetened.

When we were invested in the Legation, we used it in the place of tea, and prepared in the same manner, and liked it pretty well. On my way to the United States, afterwards, I fell in with an American who had been cultivating it in Paranà, in the south of Brazil, and was then on his way to New York to introduce it there. He was quite enthusiastic on the subject, and was certain that it had but to be tried to displace at once tea and coffee. I had used it for years, and become fond of it, but I cannot agree with him. I have seen it stated in an English standard scientific work, that the reason why it is taken in

such an unusual way is, that the infusion has a disagreeable colour, and blackens on exposure to the air. This is not the case; the infusion is a greenish brown, and certainly does not blacken until it becomes mouldy. The fact that the leaf is in powder, and that the *bombilla* strains the infusion whilst it conveys it conveniently to the mouth, is sufficient to explain why that mode of taking it is preferred. I have sometimes seen the leg bone of a fowl, with a tuft of cotton wrapped at the end, doing duty as a bombilla. Like tea it is slightly stimulating and astringent, and if Liebig's theory of the action of the former be correct, it would also be indirectly nutritious, by retarding waste of tissue.

Many medicinal plants grow in Paraguay, and the natives have an idea that every herb and flower is a "remedio" for some malady or the other; and as they care little for their own wild flowers, although they highly prize roses, carnations, pansies, and other exotics, they came to the conclusion, whenever they saw me gathering them, that I was collecting simples. One day I was picking some superb scarlet verbenas which were growing by the roadside, when a country girl came up laden with sugar-cane, and after watching me for some minutes said, shyly, "For what disease is that a remedy?" "For none, I believe." "Then why do you gather it?" asked she, with wondering eyes. "Because, like you, it is bright and pretty." "Nai-nah, che carai! Don't tease me, sir," said she, turning away pettishly, for she thought I was laughing at her.

The Paraguayans had most singular ideas about

geography, which was, of course, principally owing to so few of them ever having left their own country, and they could never understand a map. The representation of a large extent of country on a small piece of paper was as inconceivable to them as an abstract quantity is to a rustic. Indeed, drawings generally, except pictures of saints, were scarcely comprehended by them. A priest was once watching me with great attention finishing a view in oil colours of Mount Laïnbarè, in which two small figures appeared in the foreground; he pronounced it "muy linda," very pretty, and then asked in some perplexity what saints they were, and why I had painted them so small. The Paraguay is the standard for position and distance, and all countries were either "arriba o abajo del rio." They imagined that it reached to Europe, and could never realize the existence of another continent with an ocean rolling between. An old native asked me the very frequent question, if I were far from my own land. I told him yes, more than two thousand leagues. "Que barbaridad!" cried he, as if the earth were a cruel mother to separate her children so far. They always confounded London with England; and even Father Romàn, who had quite an extensive library for that part of the world, I should think nearly fifty volumes, and whom I found reading a Spanish translation of the life of Cardinal Wiseman, asked me, with a most puzzled expression of face, if Lòndres were in Inglaterra, or Inglaterra in Lòndres, and if the latter really adjoined France! From their isolation, they had very naturally formed also a very high opinion of the greatness of their

country, and the vast political importance it must possess amongst nations; and their hatred of, and contempt for, foreigners was intensified by the fact of, what seemed to them, the enormous pay we received, and that we had come so far to take service with the government of the republic.

Amongst such a people the arts and sciences would necessarily be in a very primitive condition, those belonging to agriculture and domestic manufactures especially. The rich, loose, sandy soil demands little dressing, and is mefely scratched superficially with the rudest of ploughs, simply the thick bough of a tree, with two diverging branches. It is cut about three feet long, pointed with an axe, and hardened by burning, and the two arms sloping upwards and backwards serve as handles. A couple of oxen are yoked in front by ropes of untanned hide, fastened to a bar lashed to their horns, and the implement is complete. When worn out, it is easily replaced from the nearest tree growing in the right shape. The use of manure is quite unknown; in the capital the horse droppings were carefully collected in the *plazas* and in front of the public buildings, but only to be thrown into the river.

The spinning of the indigenous cotton—probably the most ancient art amongst them—is performed with the distaff, a slender spindle of wood twirled between the finger and thumb of the right hand, as the fibre is drawn out from a tuft held in the left; exactly, I should say, as it was done thousands of years ago. I saw the Tartar peasants in the Crimea spinning in precisely the same way, and they showed also the

same fondness for making towels with borders and ends of elaborate embroidery. But the Tartars chose simple patterns, executed in silk and wool dyed vividly, and the Paraguayans most intricate lace and needle-work, unrelieved by colour. The thread thus manufactured is remarkably fine, even, and strong. It is made into cloth in a style equally patriarchal. Weavers travel about the country, carrying their simple loom on their shoulders, and I have often seen it set up, and the operator busy at work, under an orange tree by the wayside, the warp-roller suspended from a bough, and balanced beneath by stones, which also, hanging from strips of hide, raised the treddles. There, seated perhaps on a horse's scull, he would produce a fabric as beautiful as it was durable. The thick woollen ponchos and saddle-cloths are made even more simply still; the warp is wound over a wooden frame a little larger than the poncho, and a rude boat-shaped shuttle passed amid the threads by hand. They produce in this way most effective patterns, generally in black and white, or a fine blue obtained from the native indigo.

Besides spinning and embroidery, the principal work of the women is cigar making, in which they are great adepts. The cigars, with the exception of those smoked by the makers themselves, are much smaller than those seen in Europe, the "fuertes," are about the diameter of a pencil, and the tobacco is prized in proportion to its strength. One kind, obtained by stripping off the lower leaves of the plant, and only leaving a few of the finest to mature, is called "parà hobì," or spotted leaf, and is worth five or six times the

price of the ordinary. "I have seen alarming symptoms of congestion of the brain produced from its use by those unaccustomed to it.

The sugar-cane grows freely, but like all else is sadly mismanaged. The stools are planted far too close together, in fact, I have seen it growing as densely as corn in England; as a result, the juice is very poor in sugar. It is crushed also in a most ineffective manner. The mill is simply a massive upright frame of timber, with two rollers of hard wood geared together with wooden cogs; the axis of one projects above, and to it is fastened a long pole by strips of hide, and the other end to the horns of a yoke of oxen; they walk round in a circle, and thus turn the rollers. The canes are passed a few at a time between them, and as they have no adjustment, and no other support than the roughly cut holes in which they turn, of course scarcely a third of the juice is expressed. The product is strained through a coarse cloth, and then evaporated in a deep copper pan, set over an open fire made on the ground, and without a chimney. The use of lime for clarifying is quite unknown, and as the juice is generally acid and heated for a long time, nearly all the sugar becomes uncrystallizable, and the result is very delicious, but rather costly, molasses. This is stored in hide bags, tied up as one would a pudding in a cloth. Occasionally they get a good granular brown sugar, but it is quite by accident. Brazilian sugar, in spite of the long river voyage, often of three months, and a duty of 20 per cent., is actually cheaper in Paraguay than that of their own manufacture. The molasses is there called *miel*, which properly means honey, and

this has led Sir Woodbine Parish into the blunder of writing that, "The principal drink of the Paraguayans" (I quote from memory) "is made from honey, which is very plentiful there," which is not the case; honey, "miel de abeja" (which, by the way, is collected and stored there by a true wasp), in Paraguay is very scarce and dear. Much of the treacle is eaten with bread in place of butter, which is little used, except as a "remedio" or as a pomatum; but the greater part is fermented and distilled for *caña*—a vile spirit when unrectified, which it generally is, of a disgusting smell, and often, from the condenser being made of copper, most dangerously impregnated with that metal, in the form of acetate. The natives, who are generally abstemious, drank it sparingly; but the English mechanics in Asuncion, with the usual recklessness and improvidence of their class, consumed it in enormous quantities, and the death of nearly half their number could be traced directly or indirectly to its abuse. The stills were generally made of copper, but I saw in the village of San Lorenzo an earthen one, an example of the very infancy of distillation, and which yielded the tiniest rill of strong waters imaginable. It was simply a red clay jar about four feet high, the top closed by a wooden cover; a tin tube was inserted close to this, and then passed obliquely through a similar jar filled with water. The first contained the wash; it stood on the ground, and a fire was built up around it. The product, which I tasted, was detestable, and I marvelled that any one could drink it.

One kind, called *sustancia*, is rectified with some droll additions: plucked fowls, back-bones of oxen,

and meat are put into the still, "to give the liquor strength," as they say. It is improved, certainly, both in strength and flavour, but was often ammoniacal from the burning of the flesh. I used to make capital spirit for my own use, and had a small still mounted in European fashion, with a proper furnace and chimney, and often tried to induce the natives to follow my plan. They admitted that it was "muy lindo maravilloso," but too much trouble for them. A French distiller, named Lasserre, had a good apparatus, and made money by it; the fuel he saved alone gave him a large profit.

There are many abundant and, to an engineer, most tempting streams suited for driving mills, but there is but one water-wheel in the country, used for working the blast of the smelting furnaces in Ibicuì. Some of the old men told me that the Jusuits had machinery driven in that way, but the very recollection of it has almost passed away. The whole of the corn used for making bread is powdered in wooden mortars by the women; they pound it with thick staves of heavy wood, not made in the usual shape of pestles, two or three working at the same mortar—the stem of a tree hollowed out; they strike in rapid succession, and in such good time that I was reminded of the noise of a fulling mill. Long before daylight in the villages the quick thud, thud is heard on all sides, as the women powder the maize for the day's consumption. The coarse heavy flour thus produced is tossed in the air, that the wind may blow the husk away. Two market women will pound an *almūd*—half a cubic foot of maize—for a medio, about twopence-halfpenny.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO THE CORDILLERAS.—SCENERY.—WOODS.—A FIESTA AT PARAGUARI.

During the year 1864 affairs were outwardly most prosperous in Asuncion, and the numerous fiestas were so extended that it seemed almost one long holiday; but the short day of Paraguayan prosperity was already drawing to its close, and the storm and tempest which were to usher in its long night of utter desolation were at hand. The sufferings of the people, masked by a hollow mirth, or here and there half revealed by a sorrow terrified into silence, had commenced. The prisons were crowded with members of the best families, and the conscription was still sweeping away the young men, the strength of the country, by thousands. It was with a heavy heart that I went to the brilliant balls given every few weeks in honour of Lopez; for I knew how many there, who like myself were compelled to attend, were mourning the loss of those dearest to them, or trying by a fictitious gaiety and simulated devotion to propitiate the tyrant they regarded with equal dread and detestation. Amongst them was one I knew well, Doña Dolores Carisimo, the wife but a few months of Don Bernardo

Joyellanos; she, poor woman, a gentle shy little creature, had to stand with a row of shameless courtezans, marshalled by Mrs. Lynch, and sing a "patriotic hymn" in honour of Lopez, whilst her husband lay a prisoner, loaded with irons, in the Colegio.

Before, however, commencing the description of the painful scenes and episodes of the war, I gladly turn for a moment to speak of some happy days I passed in exploring the boundless forests and glorious panoráma of the cordilleras. I had obtained fifteen days' leave of absence, and a special passport requiring the authorities of each town or village I should pass through to furnish me with horses and everything else I needed. I took my servant with me, and a German who was going out to buy tobacco accompanied us for some distance, and kindly pointed out the route I had better take. We did not start till late in the afternoon, and it was after sunset before we had passed the limits of my usual rides. The roads were good, but we had to change horses every two leagues at the government post-houses, and thus lost so much time that it was quite dark when we reached the town of Capieta, a small place, the houses of *adobès*, thatched with reeds, and arranged on three sides of a square, with the church, a barn-like place with a wooden belfry, on the fourth. We supped with the Comandantè, and I, not liking the close and hot little room he had prepared me, slung my hammock outside, and was soon fast asleep. The bright moonlight awoke me at two a.m., and arousing the men with some difficulty, I had the horses saddled, and after a wash in the brook which brawled through a stony ravine below the town,

rode off as fast as the road, there marshy and intersected with deep narrow gulleys, would permit us.

At the first post-house, my servant, who carried almost all his worldly possessions in a huge bundle rolled in his poncho round his waist, was badly thrown, but, thanks to the huge "fender" he was swathed in, escaped unhurt. Although the hot weather had commenced, the night was deliciously cool, and the full moon, shimmering over tree, rock, and moor, gave ample light to enable us to escape the mishap of a slide into a gully or the treacherous morass, which, covered with bright green vegetation, stretched on each side of the road, which was itself, in many places, but a layer of large trunks of trees laid transversely over the oozy ground. Soon, however, we gained a higher level, and rode by endless fields of mandioc, with its beautiful green and pink foliage, and the darker tobacco plantations, until we reached the town of Itaguà just as the *reveillé* was beating. After a tumbler of wine and a biscuit, we lit our cigars and galloped off again.

At the next post we received the unpleasant news that a flood had carried away part of the old road, and that it would be necessary to make a wide *détour*. For about a league we rode in the bed of a small but rapid stream, which in countries so densely wooded as Paraguay, is often the only practicable road through the forests, where paths are blocked up and overgrown almost as soon as they are made. The water was occasionally up to our saddle-girths, and the trees met so closely overhead that it was like a leafy tunnel. Frequently we had to ride for several

hundred yards crouching down to our horses' necks, to avoid the low boughs and tangled network of creepers and parasites. The air was close and hot, and almost alive with gorgeous butterflies sailing slowly and languidly in the slanting sunlight, which broke here and there through the matted vegetation, and lit up the sombre forest beyond. Several times our horses stopped and started in terror, as a huge alligator plunged into the water before us—I scarcely know why, for they never attack the larger animals; and with more reason, as a boa thicker than my arm glided swiftly away, with the light glittering on his undulating scales as if of burnished silver.

I was glad enough when we emerged on the broad plains of Caäcupè, and about noon reached the town of that name, like all the rest, a hollow square. The plan introduced by the Jesuits in the "Reductions" has been followed universally throughout the country, and when one town has been seen, the rest seem but copies of it. My occupation of sketching the place excited the liveliest curiosity amongst the natives; they crowded in a wide half-circle behind me, peeping timidly over my shoulder, and falling back in great trepidation if I glanced round. I asked one to stand in front, to have his portrait taken, but he looked so desperately frightened that I was obliged to give it up for laughing. The country, after leaving this place, became very hilly and loaded with fine timber. I saw for the first time the Guaiacum and the Copaiba, fine lofty trees, growing *in situ*. By the roadside sweet oranges were to be picked in abundance; my man added about half a bushel to

the load he was already carrying, to eat on the way, and made a capital breakfast off them. As we had diverged from the road, the farmers, whose *ranchos* I passed, supplied me with horses, always politely and willingly, but I had power to take any I pleased.

It was now an hour past noon, and the cordillera we had to cross was still blue in the distance, so I thought it advisable to get breakfast and a siesta before going farther, the nearly vertical sun making the latter a necessity. The next post-house we reached was invitingly clean, and there we had an excellent meal of "asado" (broiled beef) and mandioc, to which ample justice was done. The old sergeant, to whom the place belonged, watched with a most amusing mixture of respect and curiosity the "foreign lieutenant" eating, waiting upon us most assiduously the while. When the meal was finished, his daughter, a very pretty "rubia," brought us water and beautifully embroidered towels for washing, and then cigars. Our host and my companions were soon fast asleep, but I passed the time more to my taste in chatting, under difficulties, with the *rubiacita*. She could not speak Spanish, and I scarcely a word of Guaraní; and we laughed so much that at last we woke up "taitá," who, greatly scandalized, sent her into the house immediately.

The road now lay through the finest camp, which means meadowland in South America, I had ever seen, the grass reaching high above our saddles. Saw a *tujuju*, a white crane with a black head, nearly five feet high. About four p.m. we commenced the ascent of the *Cordillera Oscura*, the dark mountain. It was not nearly so formidable as I expected it would have

been, until near the top, where the slope became so steep that it had been cut into ledges, with trunks of trees thrown across, forming a rude stairway. Our horses clambered up without accident; but though there was not more than a hundred feet of it, I was not sorry when we had reached the top, for it was decidedly unpleasant to look back. The whole height of the pass above the valley may have been 1,500 feet, but it is difficult to estimate, by the eye, the altitude of densely wooded hills.

The view from the summit was glorious: the mountain chain, the distant river, and the far-reaching camp, in one magnificent panorama. At our feet was the beautiful lake of Ipacarai, about four leagues in length by one in breadth, its ripples washing the stems of the palms which crowded the shore, and breaking up the deep shadow from their feathery foliage, which, ever restless, swung in the light breeze. Here and there in a narrow clearing stood a rancho, with its white walls and thatched roof, and beyond rose more palms, then cedras and lofty forest trees, hung with bright-flowered orchids and brown rope-like lianas, wave above wave to the very hill-tops. In the foreground all was a vivid green, fading gradually away with the distance into a soft purple grey, that melted, with scarcely a defined margin, into the cloudy horizon. The pass itself was walled in by tall, channelled *cacti*, bristling with spines, and loaded with delicate pink and white flowers, and euphorbias more formidable still, for their thorny branches poison as well as wound. In place of grass, the wild pine-apple, or *caraguaytà*,

covered the ground, whilst its serrated leaves, of a bright scarlet in the centre, barred all straggling from the road. This latter plant will some day be of great value commercially; its fibre has been used by the natives time out of mind for making fishing-nets and lines, and a coarse, very strong cloth. Captain Page speaks of it in high terms, but in mistake calls it an aloe: it belongs to the Bromeliaceae. Towards the end of the war, the paper on which the "Semenario" was printed was made from it by Mr. von Trienfeldt.

As we were resting at the summit of the cordillera, and enjoying the cool breeze and beautiful view, the guide came to my side, and told the following legend, which I do not give exactly as I heard it.

"Where we now see the great lake, there was, many years ago, a broad and fertile valley; and when the good fathers, the Jesuits, first planted the Cross in Paraguay, they found there a large Indian village, with its fields of corn and mandioc. They preached as usual, but its inhabitants refused to be converted, and, indeed, to have anything to say to them; preferring to eat cassava, to suck matè, smoke cigars, and live in a state of deplorable ignorance, rather than be civilized and christianized; that is to say, taught to worship idols rather than the rising sun, kneel in gaudily painted temples instead of the solemn old woods, where their fathers had prayed and trembled in the presence of a mystery which they could not comprehend nor dared to name, save by the wondering exclamation, "Tūpà, what! what is it?" and to be turned into beasts of burden by their

dear friends the priests. Of course, conduct so unnatural and wicked could but meet with condign punishment. The padres, in pious anger and sorrowful indignation, bitterly cursed the obstinate heathens and departed. The same night the water rose rapidly in the single well which supplied the village, faster and faster till it poured forth in a broad stream. A parrot, belonging to a man who had given a loaf of chēpa to one of their visitors, flew round him, screaming, "Terri-ho! terri-ho!" (begone, begone). He rose and fled in terror before the advancing flood, but the rest of the miserable inhabitants slept soundly in their hammocks, and were never seen again. At sunrise the next morning the blue lake flowed deeply over the guilty town and to the very feet of the fugitive, who had sunk exhausted on the slope of the cordillera. "And is the lagoon still rising?" I asked. "No, mi Teniente. The good fathers sprinkled the margin with holy water: immediately it stopped, and has remained ever since as you see it now."

It was quite dark when I reached the town of Barrero Grande—a large place, and remarkably clean. The *comandantè*, Don Justo Franco, gave me a most hearty welcome, and as usual assured me, with an earnestness which was almost ludicrous, that his house and all he possessed belonged to me, and that he, his wife and children, were my most devoted slaves. I had had a long day's ride, about twenty leagues, and after a capital supper and a cigar I rolled myself in a poncho, and my hammock had scarcely vibrated a dozen times ere I was fast asleep. I was soon awakened, however, by a serenade performed in my honour

by the choir of the village, assisted by the harmony of a clarinet, fife, triangle, and drum. The boys had most painfully shrill voices, and one dreadful fellow planted himself at the keyhole of the door, and shrieked complimentary verses at me through the dusty aperture. It was kindly meant, but I was very tired, and ungratefully fell asleep in the middle of the performance. By sunrise I was bathing in the beautiful stream which runs past the town, and then, after a matè, went out shooting till breakfast-time, and devoted the rest of the day to sketching and botanizing.

I had engaged to deliver a letter for a friend to a farmer near Barrero, and left alone the next day to redeem my promise. I found *near* meant three leagues off amongst the hills. I arrived just in time for supper, and in that remote place they were delighted to receive a visitor. The family consisted of the *estanciero*, his wife, two grown-up daughters, and several younger children. They spoke very little Spanish, but I was soon thoroughly at home with them all. It was too late to return, so I stopped for the night. When I awoke the next morning, rain was falling in torrents, and it continued to do so for three days; the roads wound round the base of the hills, and as long as the storm lasted they would be impassable. However, I passed the time very agreeably, sketched everything about the place, made paper figures for the children, studied Guaranì with the girls, who were greatly interested in teaching me, smoked many cigars, and took endless matès.

At last the weather cleared up, and I returned to Barrero. Don Justo came up eagerly to meet me,

and my servant told me that he had been very uneasy at my long absence. "Holy Virgin!" he was continually repeating, "what can have become of the Englishman?"

The next morning I started across country for Piribebuy, a town which afterwards became notable as the place where Lopez made a stand after the defeat of Lomas Valentinos in December, 1868, and where the miserable remnant of his people was herded together to die from disease and starvation. Don Justo, arrayed in a wonderful uniform, rode out some miles with me, and kindly sent a man forward to secure horses at the next estancia, for the road was far away from the posts. I left without breakfasting, hoping to reach Piribebuy before noon, for it is only seven leagues distant in a direct line. But we lost the road, had to ride many miles out of the way to get fresh horses, and night was falling whilst we were still in the forest. I had ridden fast for eight hours, and fasting also, for, except a few wild oranges, I had eaten nothing that day. At last, getting impatient, and being better mounted than my servant, I pushed on at a gallop in search of a house, where we could get our tired animals exchanged and a guide. I saw presently a large rancho, with several saddled horses outside, and went up without waiting for my man. About a dozen Indian *peons* sat under the wide porch, each armed with a long knife stuck in his girdle, and an ill-looking fellow was smoking in the doorway. I was in private dress, with the exception of a lieutenant's cap, and had left my sword behind me, but had a revolver in my belt. I wished them good evening, which to my

surprise was not returned, and then made the mistake of asking for horses, instead of demanding them. No reply but a growl in Guaranì. I was hungry, tired, and out of temper, so I drew the attention of the men to my pistol, and said sharply, "Bring me three horses." The change of tone was instantly effectual, and by the time my man came up I was again in the saddle, and with a boy for a guide, ready to set off, and in a few minutes more we were galloping through the darkness. The road was detestable, and the night so cloudy that I could only just see the dark lofty wall of trees on each side of it. Our guide, however, kept ahead at full speed, and we followed as best we could, and in about an hour reached the town.

The chief of Piribebuy had never, I should say, seen a foreigner before. He was a very stout man, with a swarthy skin, no nose to speak of, and small black bead-like eyes, which he never took off me for a moment, and every now and then repeated, as if he could never get over such an astounding fact, "Your worship is really an Englishman! Maria Santisima! and in this poor comandancia of mine!"

The town of Piribebuy is large, but very poor, and is built on a bare, rocky hillside, with sterile fields around it: I should think it is one of the most desolate spots in Paraguay. A man in the camp who has but five cows is considered very poor, and none there, the chief told me, save himself, had so many. A beautiful stream runs below it, in a bed of schistose rock, an excellent site for a water-mill. I went to bathe there at daybreak, to the astonishment of the people, who, although they are fond enough of it in the sum-

mer, never think of washing in cold weather. "Que guapo!" (what a plucky fellow!) said one. "Que loco!" (what a madman!) replied his neighbour.

The next stage was to Caragnatai—which means, the river of wild pine-apples. This, a large and then very prosperous village, was the end of my journey; but in order to make as much as possible of my time, I turned to the south, and took a wide circuit of nearly a hundred miles in returning to the capital. I found here an Englishman, named Robert Emery, a brick-maker and tanner. He had been eighteen years in the country, had married a native, and looked quite like one himself.

The road led me, once more, through the woods, and the picturesque beauty of forest scenery was there displayed in its perfection. In England we have yet fine tracts of woodland: many "a monarch of the glade," which was a fine tree centuries ago, yet commands our admiration, and a stroll in the mossy woods is a delight to young and old. But in those illimitable forests of the New World a feeling of awe, almost reverence, mingles with the pleasure with which we view them. They are sublime in their boundless extent, almost oppressive in their hushed stillness. The vast height of the trees is half forgotten, they are so many, so densely crowded; but our attention is arrested by the huge solid trunks, knotted, contorted, and wound with gigantic climbers to the topmost bough; or else crumbling in hoar antiquity, but bright with the tender foliage of the parasites clinging to them still. They are strangely beautiful, are those great cedras and lapachos; but the silence,

unbroken, save by the trembling whistle of the *chicarra*, or the ring of my horse's hoofs, impressed me more.

Soon after leaving the forest the road became very bad, and for more than a league we floundered through mire and water, through the dreary *esteros*, expecting that every plunge would be the last our tired horses could make, and the heat in the open plains was excessive. I was glad enough when we entered the next town, and rested under the massive vaulted corridor of the old Jesuit college of Yaguaron. The town is miserable, but the college, now the residence of the comandante, is a fine place, with large rooms and broad shady cloisters. In the centre of the grassy courtyard stands a stone sun dial, cunningly carved. The church, one of the few remaining built by the Society, looks exteriorly like a huge barn; for the tower has fallen down, and the bells are suspended on a beam in front. The interior is very curious; the builders evidently wished to produce great effects with small means. Massy columns and arches in the choir are represented in profile by thin boards, painted in imitation of stone. The roof is coloured gaudily, red and green, and the rafters are hidden by a matting beautifully woven. The pulpit is supported by a carved figure of a woman in a Roman habit, and decorated with small medallion paintings by no mean hand. Round the walls are large rudely executed pictures, representing scriptural subjects on one side, and from the lives of saints on the other. But the greatest skill and labour had been lavished on the altar and the shrines. The former is a vast structure of carved and gilded wood, with a staircase behind it,

in order to give access to the rows of candlesticks which rise in tiers almost to the roof. Over the west door is a gallery for singers, and an organ. I was greatly surprised to find such an instrument there, and was anxious to examine it, but the key of the gallery had been lost, and the comandantè told me that it had been silent for a century. He was very proud of his old church, but it was in a miserably neglected and almost ruinous state.

The day after, I was amongst the hills again, and recrossed the cordillera by the Paso Ivièe (the bad pass), which fully deserved its name. I had been told that it was too bad for bullock-carts, and therefore expected one of the very worst kind; for those lumbering waggons, with their huge broad wheels, get over roads which we should deem utterly impracticable.

A narrow precipitous ravine, torn by the rains, was the pass, so steep that looking down it from above—down more than a thousand feet—to descend in any other way than the very summary one of rolling to the bottom, seemed out of the question. The out-cropping sandstone, however, denuded of surface soil by the torrents, had assumed the form of a rough flight of steps, sometimes broad, but generally in thin, almost sharp, layers; and down that slope we had to ride as best we could. I confess, I should have liked to dismount, but the guide did not do so, and I followed his example and him; my servant brought up the rear, carrying my gun. I found when we reached the bottom, luckily without mischance, that the Chief of Yaguaron had, unknown to me, loaded both barrels,

and that the hammers were down on the caps: it was a narrow escape; for if the charge had exploded, and missed us, the report would have frightened the horses, and we should probably have all been flung headlong to the bottom.

There was another long ride through rough copses and meadow-land, around the flanks of the cordillera, till we reached its termination in the Cerro Santo Tomàs, a bold square mountain, almost vertical on its western face. It must have once stood out as a bluff rocky headland, when the waves of the Atlantic rolled over the low sandy plains of La Plata.

The cerro is of mica slate, and its name is taken from a little cave or grotto near its summit, in which St. Thomas took up his residence for some time when he made his remarkable journey to America, ages before Christopher Colon pretended to have discovered it, and about which lay-historians are so unaccountably silent. There can be no doubt, however, that the good saint *did* live there; for he left a cross of a very simple character, and which, singularly enough, is put together with nails exactly like those made in Sheffield at the present day—a proof of how little the art of nail making has advanced since he made his trip from Palestine. The grotto is used as a chapel, and on St. Thomas's Day crowds of people climb up the steep path to hear mass there: the rest of the year it is abandoned to the owls and the bats, hermits not being an institution in Paraguay.

Beneath the shade of the cerro is the village of Paraguarì, which was, like Yaguaron, founded by the Jesuits, who built there also a college and a church.

The latter had become ruinous, and was being rebuilt when I saw it; the former had been turned into a residence for the chief (here a man of some importance, as the place is a military station) and for the priest of the partido.

When I left my hammock early the next morning, I found that the sleepy little village was showing unusual signs of life and activity. The owners of the two general shops, representing the commercial element of the district, were busily unpacking divers light wooden cases, and displaying their contents to a merry group of señoritas, accompanied by two or three old ladies in black, who were examining the bright-coloured stuffs and ribbons, holding them at arm's length or half unrolled from their waists, evidently with a view to new dresses. Some *mozos del campo* were with them, wrapped in chocolate-coloured ponchos, and lounging, cigar in mouth, against the door-post, or walking daintily on their toes, since the huge rowels of their silver spurs deprived them of the use of their heels. I stood on the opposite side of the plaza, watching them, and wondering what could have sent the girls dress-hunting so early in the morning. At length, one of them I had taken a cigar with the previous evening beckoned me to join them: I went, and told them of my curiosity. "O señor," cried they all together, "to-morrow Carlos Fernandez gives a fiesta, a ball at his quinta, and we are all going. You will go of course?" "I should be very glad, but I have not been invited." "Que importa! No invitation is necessary: you know them; that is enough." I had had the pleasure of meeting

the sister of Don Carlos, Doña Eusebia Fernandez, several times in the capital, so I promised to stay a day longer, and go with them.

On the morrow the sun rose as brightly as usual; but in the afternoon the wind changed to the south, and a drizzling rain and a heavy mist rolling down from the cerro made the forlorn little village look more miserable than ever; however, that would not deter me, and I went to look up my fair friends. With dejected looks, and sadly disappointed, they told me that it was impossible to go, the weather would not clear up in time; even their brothers, afraid of wetting their finery, could not be persuaded to go; so I determined to set out by myself. The *quinta*, or villa, was about three leagues distant, but the road was said to be easy to find. I found it easy to lose, for after riding about an hour all trace of it had disappeared. The ground was rocky and thinly covered with wiry grass, so that the cart-wheels would make no ruts, whilst horsemen had the whole width of the plain to choose for a path. I soon felt that my journey was likely to be a bootless one, and the fierce gusts of wind sweeping down from the cordillera drove the rain in my face, shut out all view of the cerro, which had hitherto been my landmark, and, except for the direction of the storm, I had lost my bearings altogether. Night was closing in, so I reluctantly determined to return whilst there was light enough to avoid the obstacles in the path.

I had not ridden far, however, when a man came in sight, riding at full speed, his poncho streaming in the wind behind him. "Adonde va usted amigo?"

I shouted. "I am going to the dance," said he. "Will you show me the way?" "Con mucho gusto, Señor;" and off we cantered together. The sky cleared as the sun went down, and it was quite fine when we reached the house.

The quinta consisted of two ranges of rooms, perhaps thirty feet long, and built at about half that distance apart, and the space between them was roofed over, I suppose as a threshing-floor. One end was temporarily closed by a screen of planks and hides, and this formed the ball-room. A rude wooden chandelier hung from the rafters, and the many candles stuck in holders to the walls gave a bright but unsteady light, as the flame swayed in the wind.

A crowd of people stood in the open air, watching the dancers, and snapping their fingers in unison with the tinkling guitars and harps, which formed the orchestra. I dismounted, added my saddle to a heap of others piled on one side of the entrance, turned my horse loose, and then, waiting for a pause in the dance, made my way to Doña Eusebia, a tall graceful girl, dressed in a delicate lace *tupoi* and a bright silk skirt.

The entrance of a stranger checked the music for a moment, and many an anxious look was turned to me, for the sight of an "oficial del gobierno" is an unwelcome one; but my friend at once recognised me, and, holding out both hands in warm welcome, cried, "Ah, Señor Don Federico, this is indeed a surprise; you complete our happiness." And the dance went on again. She introduced me to her brothers, fine handsome fellows, and to her baby niece, in celebra-

tion of whose birthday the fiesta was given. We chatted in the *sala* for a few minutes, and then rejoined the dancers.

The scene was a striking one, and, to an Englishman, perfectly unique. At the moment of our return about twenty couples were performing "El Cielo," a complicated measure, half minuet, half waltz, like many of the Spanish dances performed in figures and with stately steps. The dancers sing, as they move in time with the music, and the spectators join in the chorus at regular intervals.

The five musicians had, if I remember rightly, two harps and three guitars with double metallic strings, and they played a wild melody, which rose and fell fitfully, like the wind amongst the hills, and changed its key with the various meanings of the words they sang. Now wailing sad and low, as they danced slowly and uttered the mournful complaint, "Ay Cielo! ay Cielo! este cruel amor," and then quickening into a triumphal strain as they joyfully sung, "Es mia, es mia, Cielo soy feliz!" when the slow measure was exchanged for a rapid whirl, and with outstretched arm and snapping fingers, a *valse à deux temps* brought the dance to a close, amid the plaudits of the lookers on. We had several other dances, the courtly Montenero, the Media caña, the droll Pishesheshe, where the right foot drawn over the floor produces the sound the name indicates, and so on.

There were many dancers, more than a hundred; and the sight was indeed a pretty one. All the girls were in native costume—the classic *tupoi* and bright-coloured petticoats. It has the advantage of always

being evening dress (but displays their charms, perhaps, rather too freely), and the deep black or scarlet border to the snowy bodice is remarkably effective, and very becoming to their olive skins.

The Paraguayans have inherited from their Indian mothers slender lithe figures and a quick elastic step, making them admirable dancers. It was impossible to watch them moving so lightly, so naturally and unaffectedly, yet with such precision, through the difficult and intricate mazes of the "Cielo" without admiration. They all wore gold combs of native manufacture, and the fingers of some were completely encased in rings, each covering a joint, and set with chrysolites rudely cut. Some had chains and rosaries in many folds round their necks, all of massive gold, and generally representing the whole fortune of the wearers. With the exception of Doña Eusebia and her sisters, none wore shoes, and their bare feet fell noiselessly on the earthen floor. The men wore the usual camp costume—shirts richly embroidered and of spotless whiteness, cherifes, and ponchos wound round the waist, generally crimson or of some other bright colour. One custom looked rather droll; they always put on their hats when they stood up to dance, and held them in their hands when they sat down—a result of their distrust of their neighbour's honesty, perfectly well founded. Two long benches, nearly the whole length of the floor, were occupied by the girls, who sat scarcely saying a word to each other, and waiting with demure looks and downcast eyes until they should be claimed as partners. There was none of that pleasant gossip and buzz of conversation, which we think so necessary

to social enjoyment; they had met to dance, and did nothing else. Presently some more musicians arrived, and in compliment to me they formed a set of quadrilles; but the result was rather bewildering, for within a few yards of us they were still performing the old dances, and two sets of instruments playing different tunes so close to each other were rather destructive of time, and distracting in any attempt to follow the music. So, not daring to try the complicated figures the others were moving through so gracefully, I contented myself with watching them and chatting with my friends.

We had a capital supper in detachments at midnight, and cigars and *caña* were throughout the evening at the service of all. They had commenced dancing at sunset, and kept it up till after daylight, plenty of volunteers relieving the musicians, and the dancers were never tired. Now who were the guests? With the exception of the family and a few from Paraguarì, all were small farmers and herdsmen, with their wives and sisters and daughters, but their behaviour, their easy politeness and consideration for each other, was admirable. Their host was a man of wealth and position, son of General Fernandez. They talked with him and his sisters respectfully, but without the slightest awkwardness or restraint. The girls moved and danced gracefully, and although the only answer I received to anything I said to them was "Dai quai castellano, caballero" (I don't speak Spanish, sir), had I spoken their own language they would have talked freely and well.

How is it, I thought then and often since, that the

same class in England is so hopelessly uncouth and clumsy? Not want of education, in one sense of the word, (for even our rustics are superior to the majority of the Paraguayans in that respect,) but an utter inability to perceive the ungraciousness of their manners would seem to lie at the root of the matter; and so far, *cæteris paribus*, will always be behind a Spaniard or an Italian. For the Paraguayans owe their polished manners to their admixture of Spanish blood: the Indian of the Chaco and the pampas is as thoroughly a savage brute, as the most ardent admirer of the development theory could desire. During the war several of the English mechanics were made warrant officers, and invited to the public balls, but their rudeness, their clumsiness, and their excesses, made me heartily ashamed of my countrymen. The poor Paraguayans they despised so heartily, and insulted so grossly, were beyond expression their superiors in good breeding and good taste.

To return to our *bailè:* we danced until six in the morning, when nearly all the guests departed. Matè was then served, and a number of the farm servants came in dressed as *càmba-ranghàs*—some as tigers, goats, and tapirs, others as demons. I had never seen, even in dreams, a scene so horribly grotesque.

My horse had escaped, but they lent me a better one, and during the forenoon I returned to Paraguarì. I found the air quite cold; indeed, they say that it is the coolest town in Paraguay. The south wind is deflected by the lofty and almost vertical sides of the cerro, and sweeps over the place, thus keeping down the temperature. In the evening I went on to Ità,

a large place, where the greater part of the rude pottery used in the republic is manufactured from a coarse blue clay. In Ità there was living then an Englishman who had been a prisoner many years in the time of Francia; he was over eighty years of age, but looked extremely hearty and well; he died about two years afterwards. I slept, as usual, in the comandancia, and left at three a.m. the next morning, so as to reach Asuncion before noon, when my leave expired.

The result of my trip was, that, more delighted than ever with the beautiful country around me, I gave up all intention of returning to England, little thinking that in a few short months all my hopes would be blasted, and that Paraguay would be the theatre of scenes and sufferings so terrible, that the most guarded description of them will seem exaggerated; and even I, who witnessed them, can scarcely trust my own memory whilst relating them.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAUSES OF THE WAR.—GENERAL FLORES.—CAPTURE OF THE "MARQUES DE OLINDA."—EXPEDITION TO MATO GROSSO.

THOSE who believe that the war between the Allies and Paraguay was one of races, or waged by the free will of the Paraguayans as an expression or consequence of national antipathies, would go far back to explain its causes; indeed, to the foundation of the settlements made by the Spaniards and Portuguese in the New World. And if the war had been one between the Argentines, or the Orientàles and Brazilians, it would be necessary to speak of those old quarrels and outrages which have deluged the great southern peninsula in blood, and engendered an intense and lasting hatred between peoples closely allied in origin and language. But this is not the case, and the Paraguayans, as one of the consequences of their long isolation by Francia, had completely forgotten that the Brazilians were their "natural enemies," and even now they are viewed by them with contempt rather than hatred. The Paraguayans are entitled to our warmest sympathies as a brave, though unfortunate, people; but it must not be forgotten that so far as they are concerned the war

is a most unjust and unprovoked one. I shall be able to show, however, that it is essentially a personal war, waged, on the one hand, by Lopez, for the purpose of acquiring fame and power, and, on the other, by the Allies, with the intention of crushing him, before he gained the dangerous ascendency he coveted. I believe the origin of the war may be traced to the time when Lopez visited France, namely, in the year 1854. He, suddenly emerging from the semi-barbarism of a remote and almost unknown republic, was dazzled by the parade and glitter, the false glory and proud memories of wars and warriors he found around him, and was fired with the ambition of making the brave and devoted people he knew he would be one day called upon to rule, a nation to be feared and courted as the dominant power of South America.

The unhappy influence to which he was soon afterwards subjected, strengthened and gave form to his ambitious schemes, and he was only waiting for irresponsible power to be placed in his hands by the death of his father, to rush into the first war for which he could find a pretext or create one. With neighbours so quarrelsome as those "distracted republics" to the west and the south of him, the latter was scarcely a necessity; he had but to espouse the cause of any one party amongst them to have a war on his hands immediately.

In spite of the sufferings I have endured, in spite of the terrible cruelties I have seen inflicted on others by Lopez, in spite of these and the hard judgments I have passed upon him, I look back to this period

of his life with regret. I can almost pity him. I am certain from what I afterwards saw that he was then as plastic as wax, and if he had only had but one trusted counsellor who would have developed the good that was in him, rather than the evil, he would have made a zealous, but weak ruler; and the material improvements he introduced into Paraguay during the lifetime of his father, would have been followed by others of equal importance and utility. But such a Mentor was not to be found in Paraguay; his position, the isolation which invariably accompanied high rank amongst them, would not admit of it. And the friend he chose abroad, the ambitious and unscrupulous woman he made his chief confidant, proved to be his greatest enemy, and her evil counsel made his desire of military glory, which might have been but a passing whim, the ruling passion of his life.

I have alluded to the disturbed condition of the republics of the Plate; indeed, their normal state may be said to be that of revolution, and for the reason, perhaps, that there they are always talking about liberty, patriotism, and progress, without understanding the first, possessing the second, and indebted for the third to aliens, who advance them in spite of themselves. An Englishman would find any attempt to comprehend the principles and working of political parties there as hopeless as it is unprofitable. There are the Blancos and the Colorados—the whites and the reds; the Crudos and the Cocidos—the raw and the cooked; the Confederados and the Unitarios—the confederates and the unitarians. The latter is not a religious sect, nor does theology enter into any of their disputes; but they

could not detest their adversaries more thoroughly, nor know less of what they are quarrelling about, if the most abstract of questions were at issue. In short, they destroyed the despotic rule of Spain without learning how to govern themselves; they have won liberty, only to misuse it.

As I have said, Lopez had but to espouse the cause of any one of those unhappy factions to plunge the whole eastern side of South America into war and confusion; for his power was so well known, and he was so heartily hated by all, that his adhesion to one was sufficient to arm the rest against him.

To show that I am not exaggerating the state of affairs in the Plate, I need only refer to the "Cruise of the Beagle," in which Darwin states that when he visited Buenos Ayres, about twenty years ago, ten presidents had been installed and expelled in twelve months;* and five revolts and a revolution occurred during the progress of the war itself. And when we consider that insurgent chiefs are generally bribed to lay down their arms and disband their followers by the party in power, we cannot wonder at this state of things. It is but offering a premium for insurrection.

In 1863, the Blancos were in power in Monte Video, the Colorados expelled. The chief of the former was President Berro, and his opponents were only waiting for a favourable moment to oust them and him; for, although crushed for a time, the Colorados had not lost heart, nor forgotten the terrible massacre of Quinteros, when 500 of their party, who had capitulated on honourable terms, were murdered in cold blood.

* I am quoting from memory.

General Flores was then in the presidential chair, a Colorado of the Colorados in principles, but not a bad man, nor a bad ruler. However, he was driven out when only half his term of office had expired, and he took refuge in Buenos Ayres, and entered the military service of that republic, then warring with the Confederados under the leadership of Urquiza.

He remained there almost forgotten until the beginning of the year 1863, when he determined to attack once more his old enemies the Blancos. The time was an opportune one for him; there was a strong feeling against the *de facto* government of Berro, not only on the part of the people he ruled, but in the Plate generally, shared, moreover, by the alien settlers there, and the foreign representatives. It would take too long to explain how and why, but the general insecurity of life and property, and the revolting cruelties practised, almost without check by the authorities, on the estancieros of the remoter districts, may be named as the principal causes. Some shocking outrages had, especially, been committed on the Brazilian frontier, in which it is difficult to say if Portuguese or Spaniards displayed the greater barbarity. Some troops belonging to the republic had, however, distinguished themselves in these deeds of infamy, and the Imperial Government demanded immediate redress and satisfaction, which was refused in language alike intemperate and insulting.

In the meantime Flores had been maturing his plans, and on the 19th of April, 1863, he landed on the left bank of the Rio Uruguay, attended by only two

followers; but his name was a host in itself, and soon thousands of *gauchos* flocked to his standard.

A *gaucho*, I should premise, is a herdsman or shepherd, of a type, however, quite unknown in Europe. A wild race of half-breeds, gifted with wonderful skill in horsemanship, with a great fondness for roving, gambling, and playing the guitar; having a supreme contempt for all laws, social or moral, and a tendency, one may almost say a predilection, to cut the throats of their neighbours, or each other, on the slightest provocation. Such are the *gauchos*, the Ishmaels of the New World, and such formed the army of Flores, and soon outnumbered the national troops by many hundreds; but their general seems to have kept a tight hold on them, and restrained their excesses most effectually.

The day he landed the following proclamation appeared in Buenos Ayres, where his intentions were well known:—

"Soldiers of the Army of Liberty!

"The doors of your native land, which tyranny closed, have been opened, and we are going to deliver our fellow-countrymen from their bondage. We are in arms upon her soil to combat the government of despots, who, always vanquished, applauded and repeated the scandals which caused the hecatomb at Quinteros." And so on, in the usual style of such documents, ending: "Viva la Patria! Viva la Libertad!! Viva las instituciones!!!" and signed, "Venancio Flores, Campamento en marcha."

The government of Uruguay was much alarmed, and that of the Argentine Republic showed great apparent zeal in defence of law and order; forbidding

all disaffected Orientàles to leave the country, but leaving them to show their disaffection for *those* orders by getting out of it how or when they pleased.

In August, 1864, fifteen months after the outbreak of the revolution, Brazil sent its minister Savaiva, whose first note, dated the 18th of May of that year, had met with a very unworthy reception, to press the demands of the Imperial Government for redress of the grievances I have mentioned. He was received with rudeness, and his remonstrances were met by language as undiplómatic as that which characterized the despatches of the preceding year.

The result was an ultimatum from the Brazilian plenipotentiary, under date of August 10, 1864. The Oriental Government declared that whilst the republic was engaged in putting down a revolution in which many Brazilians took part, the demands of Brazil were inopportune, and refused them.

These occurrences were carefully watched by Lopez, who sent an offer of his services as a mediator between the contending parties, which was, however, refused very curtly by both, and treated with contempt and ridicule by the Argentine newspapers. So far he did well, and he did even better when, Brazil having openly espoused the cause of Flores, he directed a protest to the Imperial Government, challenging its right to interfere in the quarrels of the neighbouring powers, and declaring that he would not look calmly on whilst the laws of nations were outraged. This protest shared the fate of the proffered intervention; it was received with shouts of laughter, and its author was recommended by the colorados to attend to the state of his *toldoria*

—his huts, and settle the squabbles of his half-naked squaws at home.

Brazil then made an alliance with Flores, and commenced the "war of liberation" by bombarding the unfortunate little town of Paysandu, and after receiving the submission of its garrison, cutting the throat of the commanding officer. Monte Video itself was then invested by the imperial fleet, upon which President Berro and his ministers at once fled for their lives, and left Flores master of the situation. He, however, refused to accept the presidentship until he had been regularly re-elected; which was done, and he received, at the same time, and in consideration of the anomalous state of the country, extraordinary powers.

Supposing Lopez to have been actuated by honourable motives, there can be no doubt that he was badly treated by all at this juncture, and the Orientales were blind to their own interests in refusing his help. But the fact was, the very name of Paraguay was hateful in the Plate; not a foreigner had ever entered the country who had not been ill-treated. They went there tempted by the chance of making a rapid fortune —some did so, and left only too glad to have escaped; others held on from habit and the difficulty of breaking up their establishments; but sending to their friends down the river dolorous accounts of the inconveniences and hardships they had to submit to, and so on. By them Lopez was looked upon as a haughty tyrant, and his people as ignorant and submissive savages.

Lopez, however, did not declare war against Brazil, and the "Marques de Olinda," a passenger steamer

running between Rio Janeiro and Mato Grosso (a province of the empire on the head waters of the Rio Paraguay), left for the latter place, on her usual monthly trip, in November, 1864. She stopped at Asuncion; but there was evidently something wrong—no communication was allowed with the shore; but after a few hours she went on her way up the river. Lopez was evidently undecided: he had not declared war, and to seize the vessel now would of course be but an act of piracy. On the other hand, the temptation was a strong one: the "Marques de Olinda" was a finer vessel than any he possessed; she had fallen into a trap, and being unarmed would of necessity make no resistance. The same night a gun-boat, the "Tacuari," was sent after her, and she was brought back to the pier of Asuncion. On board was a new governor for Mato Grosso and a heavy sum of money intended for the payment of the troops in the province, unluckily for Lopez, in Treasury notes. The governor was made prisoner, and the vessel was armed and converted into a gun-boat with all speed. An embargo was laid upon the vessels in the river to prevent the news getting down, and twelve days elapsed before any notice of the affair left Paraguay. This notable exploit was the first fatal step in the career of Lopez; it raised a storm of indignation against him in the Plate, and thoroughly alienated the few friends he had there; and his next operation, the invasion of Mato Grosso, where defenceless towns and homesteads were ravaged and burnt with reckless cruelty, although defensible by the ordinary rules of war, was yet but another proof that

no terms could be made with a man capable of such duplicity and such useless barbarity.

The force sent up the river was under the command of General Barrios, brother-in-law of Lopez, and consisted of about 3,000 men; the "Tacuari," and two smaller boats, carrying two 68-pounders smooth bores, and four 32-pounders; and on the 14th of November the vessels anchored below the fort of Coimbra on the Paraguay, in lat. 19° 50′ S. The boats lay some distance from the fort, a small place containing a garrison of about 200 men, and mounting six brass 12-pounders and two thirty-twos; they blazed away at each other for two days, but little damage was done on either side. The troops were then landed, and set to work cutting a road to the fort through the dense undergrowth of cactuses, bromelias, and other thorny plants which surrounded it. Whilst the besiegers were engaged in this work, a small armed steamer, moored above the works, got the range of them, and inflicted heavy loss; and when, at length, they reached the walls, they were received with such a heavy fire of musquetry and hand grenades that they retreated with a loss of 250 men in killed and wounded. In the evening the Paraguayans commenced, what they ought to have done the day before, getting their guns into position on shore. The enemy, however, saved them the trouble of breaching the walls, by escaping in the night on board the small steamer, which left before daylight. They did this so quietly that for some hours the Paraguayans did not find out that the fort was empty. The flight must have been a very hurried one; for they left the guns mounted and un-

spiked, the magazine well furnished, and some valuable private property, especially the most costly case of surgical instruments I have ever seen.

This affair seems to have completely disheartened the Brazilians (and correspondingly elated their enemies), for they offered scarcely a pretence of resistance at Albuquerque, Curumbà, Dorado, and Miranda, which fell successively into the hands of the Paraguayans. At the latter place they retreated without waiting to fire the guns they had loaded. The behaviour of the Brazilian troops was most disgraceful; the only activity they showed was in running away, and as far and as fast as possible. It must be remembered that General Barrios had only small wooden vessels, and smooth-bore guns, and he was at first as cowardly as his foes. He reached Coimbra so intoxicated that he could give no intelligible orders, and many of his officers were in the same state. The men swarmed up to the fort without order or plan; a sergeant and seven men actually did scramble over the wall, but being unsupported were instantly cut to pieces, or I have no doubt the place would have been taken on the first day.

At Curumbà a serious accident occurred: they were shipping powder when, by some accident it exploded, killing about thirty men and Lieut. Herreros, the best officer they had.

The defenceless people were treated with great severity, and the whole country given up to pillage. Some of the rich *estancieros*, who did not yield as much money as Barrios expected, were tied naked on the brass guns and left in the sun for hours; others were

shot or flogged for the same reason. Two sons of the Baron de Villa Maria were executed for trying to escape; their father owed his life to the swiftness of his horse. After a toilsome journey he reached Rio Janeiro in safety, carrying the news that Brazil had lost one of her richest provinces. All the foreigners they could find were brought down as prisoners, after having been stripped of all they possessed: they were principally Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen. I saw many poor fellows working as labourers or begging in the streets, who, a few weeks before, had been wealthy merchants or landowners. The Paraguayans brought down seventy guns, three steamers, five hundred prisoners, and an immense quantity of arms and ammunition.

In the meantime troops were being rapidly concentrated in Cerro Leon and Humaitá, and in the beginning of 1865 Lopez had 100,000 men under his command—fine, athletic, hardy fellows, who, if they had had good officers, would have been second to none in the world. They were at first badly armed, only about one-fifth of the number having percussion guns, about an equal number had old-fashioned flint-locks, and the rest lances and long knives; but the Brazilians were soon kind enough to furnish them gratis with all they needed in this way; in fact, we used to think that the *cambas* were afraid of their own weapons, and threw them away lest they should go off.

It was one of the great mistakes made by Lopez, withdrawing from industrial pursuits so many men at once. The whole population before the war was

about a million, and one-tenth, and that the flower of the males; from producers suddenly became consumers of food; for some time *that* was plentiful enough, so far as beef was concerned, but they got nothing else. Now the Paraguayans, unlike the Argentines and Orientàles, are not exclusively carnivorous; in fact, in the interior they ate little meat, consuming in preference maize, mandiòc, and oranges. These men were all at once sent to Humaità, a damp, malarious place, where they could get scarcely a particle of vegetable food, and during the cold, wet winter; the result was, as might have been predicted, a most intractable form of diarrhœa, pneumonia, and enteric fever. The wretched sheds of hospitals were crowded, and soon became themselves *foci* of disease; and that fine army melted rapidly and ingloriously away: the grave-digger was soon more active than the drill-sergeant.

In the meantime Flores, assisted by his allies the Brazilians, had expelled Berro, and had been nominated "Director Discrecionario" of the Republic of Uruguay, and had, in concert with them, declared war against Paraguay. Not content with these two powerful enemies, Lopez determined to quarrel with the Argentines, and therefore demanded permission to march his troops across the province of Corrientes. This was of course refused, since the Argentines were at peace with Brazil, and Lopez immediately occupied the city of Corrientes, the capital of the province. It is said that he was urged to this step by Mrs. Lynch; for the editor of a paper there—"El Siglo," I think—had published a biography of that lady, of a not

very complimentary character, and she, in her blind rage, persuaded her paramour to this fatal step. Be that as it may, on the 14th of April, 1865, Corrientes, without a struggle, submitted to the Paraguayans. In the harbour lay two small steamers, the "25° de Mayo" and the "Gualaguay." The crew of the former loaded her two guns, but jumped overboard without waiting to discharge them; from the shore they fired a few musket shots, but a shell or two from the invaders silenced them. On board this vessel and her consort the Paraguayans found thirteen Englishmen, engineers and firemen, who were sent to Humaità as prisoners. There they were invited to enter the service of Lopez; two did so, the rest declined, and were put in the *calabozo* of the capital, where they died in a few months from disease and privation.

Three days afterwards, the Argentines declared war, and on the first of the succeeding month the famous "Triple Alianza" was signed by Brazil and the Argentine and Oriental Republics. In the Appendix I give a translation of this document, by which it will be seen that the Allies ostensibly sought only the destruction of Lopez, and the free navigation of the river, guaranteeing at the same time perfect liberty and independence to the Paraguayans.

Two months before, an Extraordinary Congress had met in Asuncion, and Lopez told the members what he had done, and what he intended to do. There was, of course, a great display of patriotism, and the lives of the people and all they possessed were placed in his hands—a somewhat superfluous offer, since he could do as he liked with them already. They gave him the

title of field-marshal, and increased his pay to 60,000 dollars a year. Another "patriotic" movement commenced about this time, that the women should "offer," for his acceptance, one-tenth part of all the jewellery they had. Woe to her who did not pay it, either in kind or in money, to the uttermost farthing! These "offerings," on various pretexts, were constantly being collected: at one time, it was a statue to his late father that produced about 30,000 dollars; then a gold sword, then a gold box to put it in, jewels to ornament it—none but diamonds were accepted, chrysolites were not good enough, nevertheless they were not returned to their owners; a gold wreath for his heroic brow; this was late in the war, when he was trembling in a bomb-proof, which he never quitted by day. And in addition to this, the poor creatures were obliged to sing patriotic songs, and come in troops before him, decked out in tawdry finery for the delectation of his eyes and ears. I saw many of these painful exhibitions, where members of the best families in Paraguay had to mix with the rabble; and, not daring to show their grief—the use of mourning had been forbidden—sing and dance for the amusement of the mean, selfish tyrant; mean enough to despoil the market girls of their chains and ear-rings and pocket trinkets, collected by the police in the name of patriotism and liberty.

On the 8th of June, 1865, he left for Humaitá, to assume personally the command of the army, and took with him the whole of the gold coin left in the treasury, in addition to the "offerings" which had then been made to him. Three days afterwards was

fought the battle of Riachuelo, the first of a long series of partial defeats and disasters, almost any one of which might have been decisive, but for cowardice or blundering on the part of the enemy.

To show that I am speaking advisedly, I quote the following from a despatch of Mr. Gould's to Lord Stanley, dated Sept. 10, 1867:—

"When Lopez commenced the war he was at the head of a fine army. . . . Since then he must have lost, in one way or the other, upwards of 100,000 men, for 80,000 have died from disease alone.

"It is only owing to the dilatory manner of proceeding of the Allies, and their want of energy, that he is still able to prolong his resistance. Had their fleet taken up in time a position between Paso de la Patria and Itapirù, after the surrender of a part of his troops at Uruguayana, none of the 25,000 men with which he invaded the Argentine province of Corrientes would have been able to recross the Paranà into Paraguay.

"On the 24th of May, 1866, he was repulsed with such fearful loss that the Allies might have entered his entrenched camp the next day with the greatest ease. It took him three days to reorganize any considerable force, as he himself acknowledges. His losses on that occasion amounted to between 12,000 and 15,000 men.

"On the 2nd of September, when the Allies took Curùzù, had they marched at once on Curupaity, they would have easily advanced with but comparatively slight resistance. They lost a fortnight, during which he strongly entrenched himself, and were eventually repulsed with immense slaughter. . . . They

have remained stationary for more than six weeks, while by pushing forward a few thousand men on their extreme right, they would entirely cut off his communications with the interior, and very soon compel him to surrender at discretion."

I shall presently give a short account of these operations. I am getting in advance of my narrative, but it cannot be too soon nor too strongly impressed upon the reader, that it was the wretched mismanagement of Caxias alone which prolonged the war. We sometimes thought that it was done intentionally, in order to make it one of utter extermination.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF RIACHUELO.—CAPITULATION OF ESTIGARRIBIA.—FALL OF GEN. ROBLES.—THE CORBALANS.

By June, 1865, the Brazilians had commenced hostilities by blockading the river with nine large vessels, two of them plated; they had not ventured to enter the mouth of the Rio Paraguay, which was only guarded by the fort of Itapirù, mounting three 32-pounders, but lay in the Paranà, about three leagues below Corrientes, off a small stream called Riachuelo, that is, the little river.

Lopez determined to attack them there, anticipating an easy victory. Indeed, his only fear seemed to be that they would run away before he could get at them. To prevent their escaping he had, however, sent forward a small force by land, under the command of Colonel Bruguez; and a battery of rifled 12-pounders, six or eight in number, was established at Bella Vista, an advantageous point some miles below them.

With the same end in view, Captain Meza, who commanded the Paraguayan fleet, was ordered to run past the enemy without firing, and then turn back and capture or drive them before him up the river. This precaution did not seem an unnecessary one after the miserable cowardice shown by the Brazilians in

Mato Grosso, and I am quite sure they would much rather have cut their cables than fought, if the attacking force had been less disproportionate.

The Paraguayan fleet consisted of eight wooden and iron river steamers, four of them of from 300 to 600 tons each, the rest of about the size and build of the passenger boats running between London Bridge and Westminster. They were as follows: Tacuari, six guns; Marques de Olinda, four guns; Igurey, five guns; Paraguarì, four guns; Salto de Guirà four guns; Jejùi, two guns; Ypòra, one gun; Perabebè, one gun; and five *chatas*, flat-bottomed boats, each carrying a 68-pounder, and the most formidable part of the fleet. The guns of the steamers were principally 14-pounders, but there were two 32-pounders amongst them, one of which, however, was disabled after firing a single shot.

The Brazilian fleet consisted of nine large vessels, two of them plated, and carrying about sixty guns, several of them 70-pounder rifled Whitworths, and two 120-pounders. They were fully manned, and had strong and lofty nettings stretched as a precaution against boarding.

On the morning of the 11th of June, Captain Meza with his little fleet steamed down the river, and shortly before noon was abreast of his formidable antagonists. He could move but slowly, for the *chatas* being in to wretarded the steamers very much; yet the preliminary manœuvre was performed without much damage being sustained. In truth, the Brazilians were then in such a desperate panic, for they were amazed to see the little vessels going steadily on

after receiving their fire, that, had a Dundonald been in the place of Meza, the whole of their fleet might have been captured; but he, poor old man, was quite unfit for his post. Indeed, I was assured by the English engineer of his boat, that he lost his head completely as soon as the firing began, and did not issue a single order afterwards. An excellent plan was suggested to him by Mr. Watts, the engineer of the "Salto de Guirà;" namely, to sink two of his smaller vessels below the fleet, and then attack it with the heavy guns of the *chatas*, until there was time to get a battery established on shore above the Brazilian position. There can be no doubt that it would have been a successful one; but Meza was then too bewildered to understand anything, and the golden opportunity was lost. Most of the officers were intoxicated, the men fought as they pleased, or as they could, and the movements of the vessels were really directed by the English engineers on board of them.

After firing in a disorderly way for some time, and inflicting considerable damage on the Brazilians, the Paraguayans came up again, still towing the *chatas*, and desperate efforts were made by the men to board their gigantic opponents. The "Tacuari" ran alongside the plated "Paranahyba." The top of her paddle-box was on a level with the rail of the latter; a sergeant and about a dozen men cut through the boarding netting with their long knives, and leaped upon the deck. It was cleared without striking a blow! The crew, officers and all, ran below without staying to see how few were their enemies, or perceiving that their boat, having forged ahead,

had left them without support. The vessel would have been taken if the delighted Paraguayans had only secured the hatches; but the sergeant, in his exultation, amused himself by marching up and down the deck, beating the *réveillé* on a drum which he found there. The sound seemed to act as an invocation. A crowd of marines, with fixed bayonets, suddenly rushed up the hatchways, and with daring heroism charged the invaders. They, seeing that discretion would then counsel a retreat, jumped overboard, and swam to the shore. This very sergeant was under my care some time afterwards, and I have often heard him tell the story, and of the shouts of laughter with which his companions saluted the terrified *cambas*, as they tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get below.

This temporary success was the only one of the day; the Brazilians ceased firing, and ran full speed into the light vessels of the Paraguayans, and crushed all they could reach with ease.

The "Tacuäri" had passed before this manœuvre was tried, and the "Igurey," although towing the disabled "Ypòra," managed to escape. The "Yberà," fortunately for her crew, had not passed the enemy's fleet, owing to her machinery temporarily giving way, and three of her consorts joining her, they slowly steamed up the river.

The Brazilians were only too glad to see their daring little adversaries disappearing in the distance, and made no attempt to stop or follow them. The story of the rest is soon told. The "Marques de Olinda," a fine, handsomely fitted vessel, having water-tight

compartments did not sink, but, falling on her side, drifted down with the current, and grounded at length, a worthless wreck, off the Chaco shore. The "Salto de Guira" went down immediately, but the water was so shallow that part of her deck remained above it. Her commander was then lying mortally wounded on the cabin table, the rest of the officers had been killed, and her partly submerged deck was covered with dead and dying men. The "Belmonte," which had crushed her, was bearing down again, when Mr. Gibson, her English engineer, mounted on the bridge, and shouted to her crew not to fire. An officer came forward, and told him to haul down his flag; he obeyed, and boats were sent by the Brazilians to take off the wounded, the few others were told to remain where they were. The "Paraguari" grounded in shallow water, and then catching fire all but her hull and machinery was destroyed. The "Jejui" was completely smashed. The Paraguayans admitted a loss of 750 men, but they really lost double that number, and two of the English engineers perished. The Brazilian loss was very heavy, 500 to 800 in men, and their vessels were severely handled. The "Belmonte" was riddled with balls; she afterwards ran ashore, and was abandoned by the Brazilians. I am, however, not quite certain if it were she or the "Icquitinhouba," but one of the two grounded, and could not be got off at the time, and a battery having been established close to where she lay, by General Bruguez, the Brazilians left her without firing the magazine, or even spiking the guns, and the latter were carried off by the Paraguayans soon afterwards.

Such was the end of the battle of Riachuelo, and it is not too much to say, that that battle of four hours and a half really decided the war, for it gave the Allies the command of the river. If those nine vessels had been captured, I am certain that Lopez would have been victorious, for he would have instantly appeared before Buenos Ayres or Monte Video, and, by threatening a bombardment, compelled them to make terms with him. The fort of Martin Garcia would not have deterred or stopped a man who had dared to attack such a fleet with a force so disproportionate.

Mr. Gibson remained on the wreck of the "Salto" till night; and then, as no help was sent to him, he set to work with the few Paraguayans who remained, constructed a raft, got them on it, and then drifting down in the darkness, landed on the Chaco shore. With great difficulty they made their way up by land to Paso la Patria, a good-natured *estanciero* having supplied them with food when they were nearly perishing for want of it, and thence to Humaitá. There he was at once put into prison as a traitor for hauling down his flag, in place of being rewarded for saving the lives of the remnant of the crew by his presence of mind. He remained in irons about three months, and was then set at liberty, but died soon afterwards.

Captain Meza was severely wounded, a musket ball passed through his shoulder and left lung. He arrived in Humaitá in a dying state. Lopez sent to tell him, for his comfort, that if he survived he should shoot him for cowardice. He never rallied, and died, I think, the next day.

On the day of the battle I called upon General

Barrios, a brother-in-law of Lopez, who had just been gazetted Minister for War and Marine, to congratulate him on his appointment. Whilst I was having a cigar with him a telegram came in, announcing that a great victory had been gained. This was about eleven a.m., and it must have been sent off before the battle began. He was greatly elated, and preparations were made for a ball and feasts in the evening ; but as no confirmation of the message was received, they were suspended, and the next morning some inkling of the truth was known, and those who had relatives in the fleet were sad with anxious foreboding.

I should have mentioned before that an electric telegraph had been erected between the capital and Humaità, by two German engineers, Mr. von Trienfeldt and Mr. Fischer.

My friends in Humaità gave me a graphic description of the anxiety felt there whilst the battle was known to be going on. Early in the afternoon a boat, one of the reserve, came up, bringing the news of a complete victory, and arrangements were commenced for receiving the conquerors. But hour after hour passed away, and their anticipations of a serious disaster became almost a certainty; but the truth was not generally known till the next morning, when the half-sinking ships came in. At daybreak it was very cold, a dense fog overshadowed the river, and the men clustered about the batteries and the capstans for tightening the chains, were shivering in the damp air, as with gloomy faces they tried to peer through the dull grey curtain before them. Presently the masts of the steamers were seen, with cut cordage and disordered rigging hanging

from the splintered yards. An eager crowd hurried down the slippery stairs, much whispering went on, for it was as much as a man's life was worth to spread bad news, and then the dead and wounded were brought on shore. The tide had turned, such easy prizes as the "Marques de Olinda" and the riverine towns were to be gained no more, and from that day forward, although there were occasional slight successes, and the Allies paid a full price for the blood they shed, it was evident that the sun of Lopez was setting, amid storm and tempest, for ever. It was not so much the loss of the four ships, but the loss of an opportunity which could never occur again, of capturing fine vessels and heavy guns, which made the defeat of Riachuelo so serious.

I mentioned that a battery had been posted at Bella Vista, another was established by Major Cabral, at Cuevos, six leagues below it. The Brazilians remained a month at Riachuelo repairing damages, and then ran the gauntlet of the batteries. All the men, except those at the wheel, kept below, but their loss was heavy, it is said. As soon as they had gone, the Paraguayans came down, tried to get off the stranded ironclad, but not succeeding, carried off her guns and engines; the battery of Col. Bruguez had prevented the Brazilians doing so. They also raised the shell of the "Paraguarì," which had been built in England for Lopez only a few months before, at a cost of £50,000, and towed it up to Asuncion, with the intention of refitting it, which was, however, never done.

About half the army was concentrated in Argentine territory by this time, under the command of General Roblès, and in August a corps of twelve thousand

men was detached, under the orders of General Estigarribia, and composed of the finest troops Lopez possessed, and well armed, the majority with Enfield rifles. His intention was to march them to Monte Video itself, through Argentine, Brazilian, and Orientàle territory. And, if audacity could always command success, Lopez ought certainly to have succeeded in the enterprise.

This small force, unprotected on its line of march, with no means even of guarding its rear or keeping up communications with head-quarters, and unprovided with food, beyond a small herd of cattle, enough for a few days' consumption, and then depending upon what could be found on the road, was to fight its way if attacked, or, at the best, march through an enemy's country for a distance of nearly eight hundred miles, when I doubt if a man amongst them could understand a map or knew whither their road would lead them.

But the fate of the expedition was soon decided. Near San Borja, on the left of the Rio Uruguay, in Brazilian territory, they were met by the Imperial troops, commanded by the Emperor in person. It is possible that Lopez, knowing that troops were being massed there, but under-rating their strength, had sent Estigarribia with a small force, expecting to easily rout them, and that the "march to the sea" was but an idle flourish of trumpets. But, on either supposition, there was already no hope for Estigarribia; his men were in a starving state, and whether conquerors or conquered, the result would be the same. The town was occupied by the Paraguayans, and some

attempt made to entrench it; but on a flag of truce being sent in, negotiations were commenced, and they capitulated on the 17th of September.

Some of the prisoners of war made their escape, and after weeks of wandering found their way back to Humaità, and brought the news of this fresh disaster, but, for a fortnight after it was generally known, no notice of it appeared in the "Semenario," and even then it was dangerous to speak of it.

Lopez was furious; for days no one dared to speak to him, and the name of Estigarribia could only be uttered in the most cautious of whispers. And when at length the "Semenario" spoke of his capitulation, it was only to revile him as the most infamous of traitors. It was declared that he had been bought with Brazilian gold; that his army had superabundance of food, that the men were burning to attack their foes, but he prevented them; and so on, in wearying reiteration of miserable falsehoods and groundless calumnies.

The fidelity of General Roblès was then suspected, perhaps on good grounds, for he was a bad, cruel man, and bribes were the weapons the Brazilians were most used to fighting with. But the story of letters from them being found hidden under stones near his quarters, and directed to him, is itself a very suspicious one. I doubt the man, but I doubt the evidence still more. However, it was deemed sufficient by Lopez, and he was arrested.

General Barrios was sent to bring him back to Humaità, and he treated his fallen comrade, and once intimate friend, with every indignity. He made him,

a fat, clumsy man, walk two leagues in the sun, at his horse's heels, to the place of embarkation.

On his arrival at Humaità he was put in irons, tried, condemned, and, four months afterwards, shot. This long interval between condemnation and execution must not be regarded as an indication of mercy; indeed, practically it was the reverse of humane; it is but the old Spanish style of treating criminals. Prisoners were put to the question *fort et dure*, to make them confess their own guilt, or frequently to feign themselves guilty, and then tortured again to induce them to give up the names of their accomplices. So, in Paraguay, men who had been condemned to death were kept in irons for months, in the hope that they would implicate some one as yet unsuspected. It is needless to add, that numbers of innocent people were accused in this way by wretched creatures suffering every misery, and yet clinging frantically to any means of prolonging life. Roblès was not shot till the 8th of January, 1866.

Shortly after the disaster in Uruguay, I spent three weeks in Humaità, and, on the occasion of some national holiday, I attended a *beso manos*, a levée of the President's, when he delivered a speech, which few who heard it are likely to forget. The bishop addressed him, not, as was customary, the minister for war, and after the usual string of fulsome compliments, he spoke, hesitatingly, of the desertion and treason of Estigarribia and Roblès. Lopez heard him, impatiently, to the end, and hardly waiting to acknowledge the beginning of the bishop's speech, burst out in a torrent of invective and passionate complaint, concluding

in a loud tone, very different to his ordinary delivery: "I am working for my country, for the good and honour of you all, and none help me. I stand alone—I have confidence in none of you—I cannot trust one amongst you." And then striding forward, and raising his clenched hand, white with tension, he cried, "Cuidado! But take care! Hitherto I have pardoned offences, taken pleasure in pardoning, but now, from this day, I pardon no one." And the expression of his face gave double power to his words.

As I looked round on the wide circle of officers, bowing low as he left the room, I saw many a blanched face amongst them, for they knew that he would keep his word.

He then commenced a system of punishing the relatives of all real or supposed deserters, which soon spread misery and ruin widely through the country. Hundreds of perfectly innocent people, principally women, suffered thus vicariously for the faults or misfortunes of their sons, husbands, or brothers.

There was one family, one of the first punished for a fault committed by a member of it hundreds of miles away, I was very intimate with. It consisted of a widow and several children. She was named Doña Oliva Corbalàn, of pure Spanish blood, and very proud of it, somewhat haughty to strangers, but genial and kind-hearted to her friends, pious, but not bigoted, generous and charitable to a fault. As they lived generally in their handsome *quinta* some distance from the city, the señora had gone to the expense of getting out a carriage from England, but the grim old president sent to tell her that he and his

family were alone to enjoy that luxury, it was not for "republicanas," and she had to put it down.

Her brother was the Padre Corbalàn I mentioned in chapter v., for it is one of the curious customs of the country that married ladies retain and widows resume their maiden names; her husband was named Garçia, and so were her children called, but she Corbalàn, as before her marriage. During his lifetime she would have been addressed as Señora Doña Oliva Corbalàn de Garcia.

When her brother was arrested, she purchased a large house in the capital, which had been built for Mrs. Lynch, who declined to occupy it, however, because the shrieks of the prisoners being punished in the *calabozo* behind it disturbed her. Its position was its recommendation to the señora, because, by sitting constantly in a balcony at the back, she could sometimes catch a glimpse of her unfortunate brother, and assure herself that he still lived.

She had five sons; Jaime (*pron. khimè*) the eldest, an idle dissipated fellow, lived in the city; the next was being educated in Paris; and the younger bright-eyed delicate boys of eight, ten, and twelve years of age respectively, were at home with her. There were also four daughters, two of them grown up, pretty, gentle girls. Shortly after the war commenced, Jaime, then about twenty-two, was sent as a common sailor on board the "Tacuari," and Fraylan, the next, into the army.

About six months later a sister of Doña Oliva's, then recently a widow, was arrested for having, it was said, spoken disrespectfully of Lopez. I knew her well, a quiet timid woman, who would, I am sure, have done

nothing of the kind. She was condemned, of course, and was put in a little room at the rear of the Ministerio de Hacienda, which Mr. Skinner had been using as a dog-kennel for some time, and there she, a young delicate woman, remained for six weeks, with a sentry standing day and night at the open door.

During the year 1866 Lopez was very busy laying torpedos in the river, which were made by an American, who had suggested the plan to him. When this man died, the work was continued by a Polish refugee, named Mischkoffsky, who had settled in the country, and married a cousin of the President. He used to take the torpedos down the river in a canoe, rowed by four boys, and Jaime Corbalàn was ordered to assist him. One of the boys, named Gonzales, was a nephew of the Minister of Agriculture.

One morning in September of that year, Mischkoffsky started as usual with a torpedo; he had not gone far down the river when he found that something had been forgotten, so he told Jaime to put him on shore and await his return. Waiting, however, only until his superior was out of sight, he told the boys to row on; and as they were below the batteries, escape was easy, and they gave themselves up to the Brazilians, torpedo and all.

The engineer, when he came back, searched in vain for the missing canoe, and then, returning to Humaità, reported what had happened. He was at once arrested, charged with having connived at the desertion, put in double irons, afterwards reduced to the ranks—he had held the rank of captain—was sent to the front, and soon afterwards killed.

I was greatly distressed when this news reached Asuncion, for I knew that the relatives of the deserters would be severely punished, and they were nearly all friends of mine; nor were they long left in suspense. Two days afterwards Señora Corbalàn was in the hands of the police, the whole of her large real and personal property was confiscated, and she and her daughters were exiled to the village of Caàguazù, an Indian settlement in the great forest of that name, a hundred and fifty miles from their once happy home. They were stripped of all they possessed, even to the ear-rings and ornaments of the children, and to the dresses they were wearing. Some cast-off clothes were thrown to them, and barefoot they made that long and weary journey. I have since heard that Doña Oliva is dead, her eldest daughter insane, the rest penniless orphans. The third son had already been killed. His brothers were at once sent to the front; one died from cholera, the other, a shy little fellow, a great favourite of mine, perished on the battle-field. One of my colleagues saw him brought to the rear mortally wounded; the poor child knew him, but could not speak, and, turning as he heard his voice, died, with the glad smile of recognition on his lips.

The families of the others fared the same. The mother and sisters of Gonzales were sent to a *guardia* in the Gran Chaco, a pestilential swamp where only the heron and the rattlesnake can thrive: they soon died.

His uncle, the minister, a white-haired old gentleman, was tortured in the *cepo de uruguayana*, and,

after months of imprisonment in irons, sent to fight as a common soldier.

Before these events, several other desertions had occurred, and the relatives of the culprits were allowed to shield themselves by publishing anathemas against them in the "Semenario," and disowning all relationship with them. I have a number of these miserable letters lying before me. In one, a mother bitterly curses her son; in another, a man heaps imprecations on the head of his brother; a wife disclaims and vituperates her husband, who had not, by the way, deserted at all, but died a prisoner of war in Corrientes. I saw this lady a few days after the letter appeared, and, as I knew her intimately, ventured to ask her how she could have written it. "To save my children," said she, the merriest little woman I have ever met with. "It is all false; you know that I love my husband dearly; but, señor, what would you?" I do not know if I can present a more shocking picture of the state of affairs in Paraguay than one such letter reveals. And yet this "Semenario," every article in which was submitted to Lopez before printing, and filled with such free expressions of popular opinion as the above letters, has been received in Europe as a just exponent of the Paraguayan question; "communications to the editor," signed by English workmen, in its pages have been accepted as proofs that no British subjects wished to leave that house of bondage, and it has been quoted as a record of popular sentiments!

Another victim, who suffered later in the same year, was Señor Acuña, a tall white-haired man about

seventy-two years of age. He had been for many years postmaster in Asuncion, and from his kindly and courteous manners was a general favourite. He was born in the province of Tucuman, but had lived long in Paraguay, and had married a native woman. He fell into disgrace, I know not why, except that one of his daughters was the wife of the ex-consul of Brazil; but to avoid all offence to the Government, he had not spoken to her since the war began. He was thrown into prison, and shortly afterwards his wife, an aged women, shared the same fate, but not the cell of her husband. They remained in solitary confinement seven months, and were released in a dying state. They expired, within a few days of each other, shortly after they were set at liberty. I was glad to hear of it; for after such suffering, and at such an advanced age, death would be but a welcome guest.

CHAPTER X.

NATIONAL COOKERY AND CHARACTERISTICS.—VISIT TO HUMAITA.—SCENES IN THE HOSPITAL.

As a relief to these painful narratives, I recall a few reminiscences of my happier years in Asuncion.

As soon as I had mastered Spanish I was named Professor of Materia Medica and Chemistry, and had a class of about forty *practicantès* (medical students) to teach. But it was disheartening work; they seemed to remember so little, and would never think for themselves, never try to go through any process of reasoning. And their prejudices, the old wretched nonsense they had learnt from their grandmothers, always stood in the way. If they once got a wrong idea into their heads, nothing could remove it. They were like the Indians of Central America, who, having confounded *envierno* (winter) with *infierno* (hell) could never after be persuaded by the Jesuits that the latter was hot!

Soon after the blockade, our stock of medicines was almost exhausted, and my efforts were principally directed to finding native substitutes for them. There was plenty of astringents amongst the mimosas, carminatives enough, euphorbial purgatives, and I made

absorbent mixtures in a roundabout way from the mountain limestone; for quinine we gave arsenic, calomel we manufactured; but opium, which we needed more than all, was not to be replaced. I had planted a quantity of poppy plants, but they were all destroyed by the cattle one unlucky night. The caster-oil plant grows wild everywhere in the country; it is called in Guaranì *mbaicibò*, but, singularly enough, the natives, although they used its seeds as a violent and dangerous purgative, had no idea that the oil, which they got at a high price from Buenos Ayres, could be made from it.

I have not yet, I think, said anything about the way in which we lived there, or what we ate. Fermented bread is very little used: it could be bought in Asuncion, but the natives prefer *chépa*, which is made from mandioc or cassava starch, known in England as Brazilian arrowroot, and in a manufactured form as tapioca. The starch is kneaded with new cheese, melted fat, salt, water, and a little coriander seed, and baked in one of the earthen ovens, resembling huge ant-hills, seen at the rear of every house. It is usually formed into long cylindrical rolls; but for presents they make it all sorts of grotesque and sometimes not very decent shapes. It is white, rather close, and when new very pleasantly tasted, but it will not keep. If a little bone-earth were added, it would be just such a bread as a chemist would devise, a perfect food.

Maize is extensively used, the golden yellow cakes made from its coarse flour are very nice. The seeds of the Victoria Regia, there called *abatì-irupé*, or

water-maize, are sometimes used in the same way; they make capital crisp cakes.

The ordinary cookery is simple and good; they broil steaks to perfection, or rather roast them in front of a fire made on the ground; and mandioc is an excellent accompaniment, though not equal to good potatoes, which, by the way, are tubers hardly larger than chestnuts in their native country.

Their grand dishes, however, I do not like, with the exception of *carne con cuero*, beef roasted or baked in a piece of its own hide big enough to enwrap it, which is delicious. Their *pastéles* and so on always reminded me unpleasantly of that "Banquet in the style of the Ancients," described in "Peregrine Pickle." There is one abominable mess they are very fond of, which must have been esteemed in England in the time of Charles the Second, namely, *fœtal* calf, for Shadwell, in his "Woman Captain," amongst other strange luxuries speaks of

"Fawns out of their dams' bellies ript."

They are very fond of preserves, *dulces*, as they call them, and make excellent guava jam (not jelly) and candied fruits.

They use an excessive quantity of fat in their cookery, and it was not very agreeable to see the cook melting down a candle preparatory to frying a cutlet; but it must be remembered that it would have been made of fresh suet. They use it also as a pomatum. During the fêtes I have often come upon a pretty "*peynita de oro*," a grisette (we have no word in English to translate it) seated on the door-step to catch

the last of the fading sunlight, and dressing her long rippled tresses with the aid of a looking-glass propped up by a stone, a comb in one hand and—ought I to tell it?—a candle in the other, and passing them alternately through her glossy wealth of hair, before plaiting it into a coronet, black as a raven's wing; the rose, massive ear-rings, and jewelled *peynè*, lying on the threshold beside her. It was pleasant to catch a glance from the pair of roguish eyes, raised quickly from the sloping mirror as I passed. In their toilettes, a rose, placed over the left ear, was never forgotten. I have sometimes seen two or three fire-flies tied to it.

They are all, gentle and simple, extremely fond of flowers, and one could never be sure of retaining a blossom with propriety for many minutes. If you should have a bouquet on your table, and visitors call, some at least of the flowers must be offered and accepted; and should you ride off with some, and make a second visit, they must be lost, or at least, exchanged, before you leave. If they should be more than ordinarily beautiful, the gift may be regarded as more than a compliment. One day I was presented with some lovely camellias by a señorita, whom I afterwards saw a wife, a mother, and a widow within a year, and not wishing to lose them, I tied them to my saddle-bow before paying the next visit. As I was bidding Doña Juanita adieu, however, she unluckily caught sight of my treasure, and with many apologies for my forgetfulness, I begged her of course to do me the favour to accept them. She admired them very much, asked me carelessly who gave them to me, and then with the sunniest of faces again wished

me good-bye. I rode off; but finding that I had dropped a glove, returned and ran hastily into the house, and there I saw my lately smiling friend tearing up the unfortunate flowers into the smallest of pieces, and stamping on them, with an expression of face far from angelic.

I had a photographic apparatus with me, and, wishing to get the portraits of some of the Payaguà Indians, I asked the *cicique*, the chief, who used to sell me ostrich feathers, carved gourds, etc., to let me take his, but he replied that he was not going to have his ugly face copied for white men to laugh at, and stalked angrily away. But not to be beaten, I went down to Captain Meza, who was then captain of the port, and asked him if he could send me up two or three of them. He was greatly amused at the idea of taking the portraits of Indians, but promised me as many as I liked. On the morrow he sent a few soldiers to the Chaco, and brought over the entire tribe, men, women, and children; and to make sure that they did not run away, rode up himself at the head of them.

I took several portraits easily enough; for they stood as fixedly as if they had been carved out of wood, and were desperately frightened at the camera. Amongst them was an old woman, said to be more than a hundred years old, a dreadful old woman, with a scarcely human face, long white hair hanging down to her waist, and withered, fleshless limbs. I have never seen such an object as she looked, upside down, in the focusing-glass.

When I had finished, I gave them two bottles of

rum. There was a general fight, and the old woman to whom I had handed one of the bottles, took too much, I fear, before she parted with it; for whilst the others were quarrelling over the residue, she kissed my hands rapturously, and then, to my horror and confusion, threw off her blanket, and danced round and round the camera in a state of absolute nudity.

Shortly after the capitulation of Estigarribia I went down to Humaitá to inspect the hospital and field boticas, but I saw very little of the formidable batteries which have made it so famous. It is a dreary place, flat and marshy, the soil a retentive clay, so that a heavy rain-fall makes a lake of it. On all sides stretch the dismal *esteros*, with narrow, bad roads winding through them. A little raised above the general surface would be a few neglected fields, a grove of ragged old orange trees, and a poor rancho; nothing else between the low parapet on the land side and the distant hills, a blue line on the horizon. Within the works there were long ranges of barracks, mere sheds built of *adobès* and thatched with reeds, a single-storied brick house, where the President resided, he at one end, the Bishop at the other, and Mrs. Lynch between them, and a few squares of tiled rooms for the officers. The church was rather a favourable specimen of native architecture, gaily painted outside, and with a double row of life-sized wooden saints within. The tower had been built so badly that they dared not suspend the bells within it, so they hung from a beam outside. The batteries were hidden by a belt of trees from the lines, and none but those having business there were allowed

to go near them. They were principally earthworks, but there was one brick casemate, called the London Battery. They mounted then about 200 guns, mostly thirty-twos.

On the land side there was only a single parapet and ditch, with re-entering angles, commanded by field-pieces, mounted *en barbette*, and bastions at long intervals, with four heavier guns in each. But when Mr. Gould, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, visited it in September, 1867, it had been greatly strengthened, and was a most formidable place. He reports as follows:

"The river-side batteries of Humaità at present mount only forty-six guns, namely, one 80-pounder, four 68-pounders, eight 32-pounders, the rest are of different calibres. The battery of Curapaity, towards the river, mounts thirty 32-pounders (this was an outwork to the south-west of Humaità).

"The centre is defended by about a hundred guns. On the left are 117 guns, including four 68-pounders, one 40-pounder rifled Whitworth (recovered from the wreck of the Brazilian iron-clad after the battle of Riachuelo), one 13-in mortar; fourteen 32-pounders, and many rifled 12-pounders.

"Humaità, on the land side, is protected by three lines of earthworks, on the innermost of which eighty-seven guns are mounted. Total on the left, 204 guns. The grand total is, therefore, 380 guns."

The hospitals were placed far from the barracks, and in the rear of the batteries, so that they were tolerably certain to come in for a good share of the shot aimed at them, and such proved to be the case; casualties in the wards were very frequent, and on one occasion a

single ball killed thirteen men as they lay in their beds.

I heard in the marshes surrounding three sides of the fortress the "blacksmith" frog for the first time. The noise it makes is most extraordinary, exactly imitating the sound made by hammering a thin plate of iron. The batrachians of the tropics are as noisy as they are hideous, and they have a most singular way of expressing their feelings. I have often stopped in the *esteros* to listen to them croaking in chorus. One would commence in a loud solemn tone, and then hundreds would join in, until the very ground seemed to vibrate with the deep guttural bass of the marshy choir. There would succeed a moment's silence, and then some lablache, in a yellow waistcoat, would growl out his awful solo, and the chorus would swell and boom until the noise was almost deafening. On the evenings succeeding a storm, when the frogs were always noisiest, the marshes would be glittering with the smaller fire-fly (*lampyris occidentalis*), which emits a yellow intermittent light of great brilliancy; and as it was never seen but over wet ground, the noise and the light served as beacons and bell-buoys, as it were, and often warned me of bad places in the road when riding home at night.

On these still, humid evenings, when the air is almost saturated with moisture, their activity and brightness is most remarkable. In the latter, however, they are greatly exceeded by the large fire-fly, or *lucerna* (*pyrophorus luminosus*), which gives a steady green light of great beauty, which it can brighten or almost extinguish at pleasure. I regret that I did not examine

this phenomenon more closely. Under the microscope the illuminators have the appearance of conglomerate glands, a number of pear-shaped sacs traversed by large tracheæ with several branches. And I should say that the amount of light is regulated by the graduated admission of air through these tubes; it is certainly not a vital process, for I ascertained that it continued to be evolved long after death, and even after the organ had been separated.

There is another light-bearer of even greater beauty, the *larva* of a beetle, a grey ungainly worm by day, but at night a bracelet for Titania herself, a double chain of living emeralds, with a clasp of a single ruby.

To return to the fortress: I had intended to have stopped for a week, but was detained nearly three, and for a reason so absurd, that I cannot recall it without laughing.

President Lopez had ordered from Paris a peep show, such as one sees at fairs in England, but on a very grand scale, and a phantasmagoria lantern. They arrived safely shortly before the river was blockaded, but unfortunately the printed directions for setting them up were mislaid, so his Excellency ordered Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) Thompson and me to arrange and exhibit them. We were not very well pleased with such a task, but of course obeyed.

When ready for display, Lopez, accompanied by the bishop and three or four generals, made the tour of the exhibition to the sound of martial music, and attended by us as showmen. We had great difficulty in preserving our gravity; the childish delight and

misconceptions of our fat patron were so absurd, as he stood on tiptoe to gaze through the bulls-eyes at "The Bay of Naples by moonlight" or a "Chasseur d'Afrique engaging ten Arabs at once."

The magic-lantern scene was more ridiculous still; a wide passage, or *zaguan*, connecting two courtyards, was closed with curtains at one end and by the screen at the other; the machine was placed within, and chairs arranged in a semi-circle for the great man and his *suite*, whilst the soldiers for whose amusement the exhibition was principally intended, it was said, found standing room without.

Many of the slides represented battle scenes from the recent Franco-Italian campaign, but we took the liberty of rechristening some of them thus: "Battle of Copenhagen, between the Persians and the Dutch." "Ah! that was a terrible affair," said Lopez, patronizingly, to the bishop. "The field of Trafalgar after the battle, Mamelukes removing the wounded." "What Christian humanity, sire!" softly observed the bishop. And so we went on. "Capture of the Jungfrau in the final charge at Magenta," cried Thompson, with an unsteady voice, and kicking my shins under the table; and "Death of General Orders at the moment of victory," was the title of the next, which sounded very imposing in Spanish, and closed the series. Then came the comic slides, when the bishop was very nearly the death of us. There was light enough reflected from the screen to see him distinctly, and his contortions, as he tried with handkerchief stuffed into his mouth to stifle his laughter, were excruciatingly diverting. He dared not laugh out, yet his delight at

the figures, especially at one, where the nose of a dwarf gradually reached portentous dimensions, was utterly beyond his control.

This was very well for one night; but we had succeeded so well that the performance was to be continued till further orders, and that was no joke; however, I was taken ill a few days afterwards, and was allowed to return to the capital.

I kept my bed for nearly a week after my arrival there. Whilst I was still ill, Mr. Atherton, an English merchant, who had been grossly misused by Lopez, and robbed of a large sum of money, on the pretext that he had had dealings of an illegal character with Don Carlos Sagier, a Paraguayan deserter, died suddenly, not without strong suspicions of poison.

Mons. Cochelet, the French consul, took up his case very strongly, as he had previously that of some of the arsenal men, who had been ill-treated by the police, and he incurred the lasting hatred of Lopez in consequence. This gentleman is entitled to the warmest gratitude of the Englishmen in Paraguay, for the disinterested zeal and activity he showed whenever his official position enabled him to serve them. Her Majesty has no consul in that country.

Shortly before, Mr. Whytehead, the chief engineer, died, to the deep regret of his friends, and the serious loss of the Paraguayans. He was a man of remarkable skill, and had raised the arsenal to a state of great efficiency.

When I returned to Asuncion, a great many wounded had been sent to the hospital. The poor fellows were crowded two in a bed and between them in the wards,

and hundreds of others were lying outside under the colonnades, in the miserably cold and wet winter weather. There was only Dr. Rhind and Mr. Fox to attend them, for the native assistant surgeons could not be trusted to act by themselves; indeed, how could they; for excepting a little instruction from the latter gentleman in anatomy, and some teaching from me in Materia Medica, they had learnt absolutely nothing. So I wrote to Dr. Stewart, the surgeon-major, offering to do what I could to help them. He mentioned the subject to Lopez, who at once appointed me *Cirujano del 2^do^ clase*, that is, Assistant-military-surgeon; and I commenced my duties by amputating a leg above the knee, ten minutes after my commission reached me.

The sick were sent to Cerro-Leon, and generally but to die. It was not medicine, but proper food, they wanted; and dysenteric patients fed exclusively upon boiled meat were not very likely to recover. This was represented to Lopez; but he only said with a sneer, "If you have no better advice, as a medico, to give than that, do not come to me again." There were also severe epidemics of measles, pneumonia, small-pox, and cholera, the latter of the Asiatic type. The mortality from each was appalling; before any serious battle was fought on land, the Paraguayans had lost 50,000 men in the hospitals! They came up, poor fellows, in the half-crippled steamers, from the front, after a journey of three or four days, and as a rule did not get a morsel of food on the way; by they, we must understand half or a third of those who were put on board, the rest had died and been thrown overboard. The condition in which they arrived was shocking be-

yond expression, and I saw their sufferings with an indignant pity, which frequently overpowered me completely. Almost or quite naked, with their wounds untended, dirty and famished, and so emaciated that when dead they dried up without decomposition, they were carried up from the pier to the hospitals; and then had to lie, perhaps for a week, or till they died, on the ground; but one never heard a word of complaint: they bore all with a silent heroism, which won them our heartiest sympathies.

The General Hospital is built on a low hill to the west of the town, and was constructed, I believe, by Francia. It was, at least, used as a cavalry barrack, and part of it as a residence by him, during his days of gloomy tyranny; and my quarters were the very rooms, distinguished by wooden ceilings, which he occupied. It is a large building of a single floor, but rather lofty, and forming two complete and one unfinished squares. In front is along piazza of heavy stucco columns, in the centre is a chapel, at one end a guard-room, and at the other the officers' quarters. The wards are mostly large lofty rooms, but badly lighted.

My day's work was as follows: Before breakfast I went over to the *Botica*, or Dispensary, where I usually heard a sound of tinkling guitars and shuffling feet, rapidly exchanged for vigorous pounding in empty mortars when the assistants heard me unlocking the door of my office. I had become too well accustomed to the native indisposition to work to notice *that*, so I arranged their duties for the day, examined any preparations which were being made

under my personal superintendence, and signed the requisitions awaiting that formality. When I had breakfasted, I commenced the tour of the wards. At my door I found, if the weather were fine, a group of laughing and smoking señoritas, the lady nurses, who were anxious to show their patriotism by tending the wounded, or, in other words, had been ordered by the police to do so. I had set my face strongly against this movement from the first: it was most disagreeable work for the poor girls; we did not need them, and excepting that they amused the wounded, they did no good; and their flirtations, carried on with the medical students and pet patients, wasted much valuable time, and led to several lamentable scandals. Therefore I declined their services with many thanks, a rapid shake of their hands, and the advice, "Do whatever you please, but pray do not touch the wounded." It will not be imagined that I object to good female hospital nurses; they are of course incomparably better than men; but I do object to amateurs in that capacity, and to pretty girls of sixteen being so employed, very strongly. So I leave them to the polite attention of my colleagues, and enter Ward, No. 1.

It is a lofty room, about a hundred feet long and twenty-five wide, the roof of palm trunks and bamboos under the massive tiles, black with the smoke and dirt of fifty years; the floor of tiles, damp and uneven. The low narrow windows are all on one side of it, and the ends are in gloomy shadow. The whole space is filled with rough bedsteads, rude wooden frames with a netting of strips of hide stretched across them. They are placed as closely as possible, only leaving a

narrow pathway between them; for, although the hospital should have but three hundred men in it, nearly thrice that number are now crowded within its walls.

As I enter, in each narrow bed lies a wounded man, some on bags of sacking stuffed with moss, others on the bare thongs, which emboss themselves deeply in their flesh, if they have any. Most of them are nearly naked, save for the bandages over their wounds and shattered limbs, or else a poor thin rag of a sheet is all they have. There are no blankets, although the weather is cold and damp. The air is so close and fetid, for the poor shivering wretches *will* close the shutters of the unglazed windows at night, that a stranger can hardly breathe it, and yet it is full of visitors, almost all women.

Around one bed is an entire family of them, talking eagerly to a wounded son or brother, his lately dim eyes now flashing back the happiness beaming from theirs; for has not the doctor told him that he will be a cripple for life, and will never be taken away from them more? They are very affectionate, are these poor savages, and to leave home is the greatest of misfortunes to them. A little farther on, a thoughtful mother has brought the well-thumbed guitar with its slender tinkling strings, and her son has raised himself on her arm, and is rattling out the "Media Caña," which his sister and a boyish *practicante* are gaily dancing; his attention divided between admiration of his pretty partner and fear lest I should surprise him there; and an old man, with fluttering pulse which will soon beat no more, on the bed beside them,

nods his head feebly to the half-heard, but unforgotten melody. Nearer the window a priest with bowed head is listening to a whispered confession. Let the absolution be quickly given, O Padre! no penance can be needed; he has passed through a very purgatory of suffering already.

Farther yet, in the shadow of a recess, is a still sadder group. A wife in tearless agony is supporting the head of her dying husband. The chill hue of death is whitening his pinched features; it needs no practised eye to tell her there is no hope now. The little present of chèpa and cigars, she has journeyed so far on foot to bring him, has fallen unheeded on the ground, and she is muttering Ave Marias with frantic haste, as she tries to force a piece of orange between his clenched teeth. But they cannot stay his fleeting spirit, and the little tired child, who has fallen into so deep a sleep beside him, will wake an orphan.

I picture no imaginary scene. Day after day the actors changed, some few restored to health, some to a life of crippled helplessness, others, and they more numerous than all, passed to the bare cemetery on the hill; but the same sad drama went on: not a bed was untenanted for many hours.

I am waiting at the door, watching the dancers with some amusement, till the idle *practicantè* catches sight of me, and hurriedly commences a pretence of doing something, and then, with a sheepish face, brings me the list of those who have entered since yesterday. And a general chorus of "Buenos dias mi padre, we are all quite well this morning," greets me from the patients.

And now I commence my daily work. The newcomers are first examined carefully, and then the rest, passing quickly between the lines of beds, only pausing by those severely wounded; for, with three hundred or more on my hands, I can spare little time to each.

Here and there a man holds out his arm, and begs me to feel his pulse. They seemed to regard it as a sort of charm, and always thanked me gratefully if I acceded. But they are very quiet and patient; a groan or cry is rarely heard, although I am making no idle rounds. If to the frequent question, "Shall I get better?" I could give no hopeful answer; they would but reply, "Esta bien" (it is well), in a tone of sad, but uncomplaining resignation.

The morning soon passes. I rest from noon till two o'clock, and then to work again. In the afternoon I perform such operations as cannot be done in the wards, or assist Dr. Rhind, my skilful and kind-hearted colleague, with his. It is often long after sunset before the last case in done with, and I have little chance of an undisturbed night's rest, for I do the night duty of the whole hospital.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLES OF PASO LA PATRIA, TUYUTI, AND CURUPAITY. —NEGOTIATIONS AND DIPLOMACY.

SUCH was my daily life for some months, and in narrating it I have passed over the invasion of Paraguay by the Allies, which did not take place till the 17th of April, 1866, or about seventeen months after the first blow was struck by Lopez by the seizure of the "Marques de Olinda."

I may mention here, that the inexhaustible stock of powder Lopez seemed to have was, although very great, reduced by an unfortunate accident shortly after my return from Humaitá. In addition to an immense quantity collected by his father, and two thousand barrels which arrived a few days before the blockade of the river, he captured a good deal in Mato Grosso. But there was a reserve store of about twenty tons of saltpetre and sulphur for the manufacture of more in a magazine near my quarters. One evening, by some accident, it ignited, and as the combustible and the supporter of combustion were warehoused in the same building, the fury and rapidity of the conflagration may be imagined. It raged and roared like a volcano for two hours; and not a pound of the whole

was saved. He afterwards tried to make gunpowder with nitrate of soda, which is found sparingly in Paraguay; but, of course, unsuccessfully.

The triple alliance having been signed, and much time lost, the Allies at last took the offensive in Corrientes, and, as they were nearly ten to one on that occasion, performed prodigies of valour, and drove the Paraguayans out of the town; but the main *corps d'armée* was allowed to retreat without molestation to Paso la Patria, when it could have been cut off with the utmost ease. In October, 1865, the army of Lopez was concentrated in Paso Pucù (*the long pass*), a strip of dry land bounded by the impassable *estero* of Nembucù on the east, and the river Paraguay on the west.

The allied forces encamped on the northern frontier of Corrientes, opposite Paso la Patria. They numbered sixty-two thousand men of all arms; namely, 40,000 Brazilians, 18,000 Argentines, and 4,000 Orientàles, with two hundred guns. They remained there inactive six months.

Six iron-clads, carrying heavy rifled guns, had been added to the fleet; but they dared not pass the little fort of Itapirù, mounting three guns, I believe, 32-pounders, but certainly not heavier than 68-pounders. The monitors exchanged shots with it at a long range for three months, and the result was, the dismounting of one gun.

Lopez, like the lord of Shurland, got tired of the din, and ordered an attack on the batteries established on the island of Cerrito, opposite the embouchure of the Rio Paraguay to end it. He intended to fall upon them at night, the Paraguayans were to drop down the

stream silently in large flat boats, and surprise the sleeping garrison.

There is little doubt that such a scheme would have succeeded, but, fortunately for their intended victims, the Paraguayans are the most dilatory of men, "*Espera hasta mañana,*" (Do nothing to-day which can be done to-morrow,) is the motto of the country, not, however, that they are ahead of other South Americans in that respect. It was broad daylight when they reached the island, and they fell into a trap. They were allowed to land, and then the batteries opened upon them; the iron-clads steamed round the point of the island, sent their boats to the bottom, and thus cut off all chance of escape. The whole of the Paraguayans, some five hundred men, were cut to pieces.

This took place on the 10th of April, 1866; and a week afterwards the allied army crossed the Paranà, and encamped on its banks, having the Estero Bellaco, as the southern border of the great marsh of Nembucù is called, on their right, and the river itself on the left. There an entrenched camp was formed, defended by batteries of great strength.

The Paraguayans attacked them in force, on the 24th of May, and carried, in the furious rush in which they threw themselves upon them, the most formidable of the defences; but, undisciplined, and commanded by officers who knew little of their duty, who drove them on, never led them, they then got into confusion, and, seized with an inexplicable panic, fled, a disorderly mob. They suffered fearfully in their flight; the guns which they had captured, but had not attempted to disable, were turned upon them, and nearly fif-

teen thousand dead and dying strewed the plain in front.

That battle of Tuyutì (the marshes) may be said to have annihilated the Spanish race in Paraguay. In the front ranks were the males of all the best families in the country, and they were killed almost to a man; hundreds of families, in the capital especially, had not a husband, father, son, or brother left. Old men who had been left in Humaità, Indians, and boys now filled the narrowed ranks of the national army.

The Allies seemed to have accepted this victory with trembling gratitude; they made no attempt to follow up their success, only too thankful that they had not been swept into the Paranà, and hoped that Lopez would now sue for peace. But he was not a man to be disheartened, even by so crushing a defeat, and at once set to work fortifying his position, and in all haste collected the few men who had hitherto escaped the conscription. He drew a triple line of parapets, and stockaded ditches across the narrow strip of land he held between the Rio Paraguay and the marshes, which protected his left; and threw up a strong earthwork at Curùzù, on his extreme right, overlooking the river.

It took the Allies four months to recover their breath after the battle of Tuyutì; but at length making an advance, and assisted by the destructive fire of their iron-clads, they captured Curùzù, after a severe struggle, on the 2nd of September, and again sat down to congratulate themselves, to rest and be thankful.

They gave Lopez a fortnight to reorganize his forces and strengthen the already formidable lines of Curupaity, which would have been formidable to the best troops in the world, and much more so to men commanded by a general so utterly incompetent as Caxias. Now he had not his usual excuse of want of information to offer; for the Paraguayan position was not only examined in the ordinary way, but a balloon was called into requisition, and from that aërial point of vantage the lines were repeatedly reconnoitred.

However, on the 22nd of September, the Allies assaulted, and were repulsed with great slaughter. It was the story of Tuyuti over again, only changing sides. They carried the first two lines, but at the third wavered, turned, and fled, and were terribly cut up before they could get out of range.

If Lopez could have left the shelter of his works, he might then have finished the war; but he dared not trust such an army as he then had in the open field. His best men had all perished, his forces had melted to a fourth of their original strength, although the conscription had been sending recruits faster than he could find arms on the battle-field for them. All within the ages of ten and sixty years had been taken; the teeth of the rake, as Mons. Cochelet used to say, were set closer at every sweep, and nearly *two hundred thousand* males had been drawn from a population of less than a million! And of this multitude scarcely twenty-five thousand remained; 80,000 men had perished in the hospitals from disease, or rather from bad and scanty food and want of the commonest necessaries of life; 12,000 were lost through the un-

fortunate expedition of Estigarribia; the rest had perished in battle, or had been taken prisoners. The Allies tried to utilize the latter by forming a Paraguayan Legion, incorporated with the Argentine forces; and it is stated, I fear truthfully, that they shot many who did not "volunteer" to fight against their own people. Be that as it may, the result was a very unsatisfactory one: they took every opportunity of deserting; for, as I have said, love of home and of country is a passion with them. In a skirmish near Estero Bellaco, the advanced guard consisted of 700 Paraguayans, a portion of the forces of Estigarribia, and they went over to a man, taking their arms with them, directly they caught sight of their own flag. Lopez repaid their devotion by shooting all the more respectable amongst them, for not returning sooner.

Although hard and obstinate fighting had been the rule, diplomacy was not forgotten. The Brazilians had tried theirs, characteristically, by offering large rewards to deserters, and Lopez retaliated by putting their captured officers to the front to persuade their men to run away. A wretched sneaking little Brazilian lieutenant, who had distinguished himself in this way, and was set at liberty in the capital to watch Mr. Washburn as a reward for his services, told me, with many contortions of countenance, how his eloquence was stimulated on these occasions by a bayonet in the ·ar. "Habla, hombre! speak up, man! shout to the cambàs!" the delighted Paraguayans used to cry to the unhappy wretch on the parapet before them, prodding his legs at every word.

In September, 1866, after the capture of Curùzù,

Lopez tried negotiations of a more regular character, and proposed a personal conference between himself and the allied generals, which was acceded to, and the meeting, which promised the happiest results, took place on the 2nd of that month. But no good came of it. Lopez consented to treat on the basis that the Allies should withdraw from Paraguay, he doing the same from Mato Grosso, and that the question of boundaries should be settled by arbitration. These were at once rejected, the Brazilians insisting, as a *sine qua non*, that Lopez should resign the presidentship, and leave Paraguay. The next day he said that the people would not allow him to accept such terms, that he could not abandon a country which he loved so dearly, and similar balderdash, revolting to truth and common sense, and the conference was broken up. After the disaster of Curupaity, of course any hope of an arrangement was impossible; the pride of the Brazilians was too deeply wounded.

The "Semenario" was filled for weeks afterwards with patriotic addresses and laudations of the President, praising him especially for the generosity and humanity he had shown in offering terms of peace to his demoralized and perishing enemies, and declaring that they (the Paraguayans) should all die ere he should leave their fatherland, of which he was the glory and the saviour. Unwittingly they spoke the truth.

These addresses served as a pretext for demanding fresh contributions, and the women were stripped of the little jewelry they still possessed, for making the massive gold covers of an album, containing the signatures of those whose sentiments were supposed to

be recorded in them. When finished, six of the most prominent men left in the capital went down to the Paso Pucù to present it, and their fate must have encouraged the others. Two of them were shot for "want of patriotism" within a week of their arrival, one was left in irons, one died from cholera, and two returned.

The Allies were so disheartened by the repulse from Curupaity that they confined themselves to a strict blockade of the river, and a feeble and badly directed fire from the iron-clads, until the 15th of August, 1867, when ten monitors passed the batteries of that place, and anchored about a mile below Humaità; which they did not venture to pass in turn, until after the usual six months' rest and consideration.

In the August of the year an American, named Manlove, and late a Confederate major of cavalry, presented himself to Lopez as a volunteer; but he met with a chilling reception, for his history had preceded him. Lopez, it seems, had friends in the camp of the Allies; for newspapers were pretty regularly conveyed to him, and one printed in Buenos Ayres spoke of Major Manlove as a crack shot in the Argentine service, who was going to pick off Paraguayan officers. He laid, however, an ingenious scheme before Lopez, which, if adopted, might even then have changed very materially the aspect of the war. He asked a commission to fit out privateers in the States to prey upon the Allies, attacking in preference merchant vessels. He did not ask money, or only sufficient to take him home *viâ* Bolivia and Panamà, and one or more Paraguayan officers might accompany him as

subordinate commanders. He stated that he had two monitors ready, and they would start as soon as he had letters of marque to distinguish him from unauthorized pirates.

Lopez, however, would not trust him; he was looked upon as a spy, kept in prison for some time, then liberated and sent to the capital, where he received pay for a few months from the Government; but in 1868 he was again arrested, and either died, or was shot, towards the close of that year.

A general distrust of those around him, even of those who were most strongly bound to him by ties of self-interest, was a distinguishing feature in the character of Lopez, and one which materially hastened, if it did not occasion, his downfall. If, before beginning the war, he had frankly stated to the chief engineer, Mr. Whytehead, and to Surgeon-Major Stewart, that such an event would take place, and asked their aid, I am certain that he would have received most valuable and zealous help; the country, strongly entrenched by nature, might have been made almost impregnable by the skill and ever-ready resources of Mr. Whytehead, especially against an enemy so contemptible as Brazil; and the terrible mortality which almost destroyed the army before it took the field, would have been prevented if the aid of the medical officers had been sought, and their advice taken.

But "the gods first blind those they would destroy," and the punishment of his crimes seemed but the shadow of them. Yet he never appeared to lose an opportunity for striking a blow, and, with the

cheerful aid of his English mechanics, made the most of his limited resources.

One of the oldest defences of Humaità was a chain stretched across the river many years before by Don Carlos Lopez. When hostilities commenced, two others were added, and the three were supported by lighters, and strained taut by capstans on shore. These lighters also served as floating prisons, and in one of them Padre Corbelàn was immured. Rows of piles were also added; but the latter generally failed from the necessity of fishing them when the river was high. A large number of torpedos were laid down, some of most formidable dimensions; but the greater number were exploded by drift wood brought down by the floods, or perhaps by inquisitive alligators.

When the war commenced, the heaviest guns in Paraguay were 68-pounder smooth bores; but some excellent rifled guns were made in the arsenal by the English workmen, especially two 150-pounder Whitworths, cast from the metal of the church bells. The Brazilians furnished them with shot; but thousands of pounds' worth of costly machinery was melted down for missiles nevertheless.

An attempt was also made to plate the "Igurey" with railway iron, but the hull was not strong enough to support the armour.

CHAPTER XII.

ARREST OF DR. RHIND AND MR. SURGEON FOX.—MY OWN IMPRISONMENT.

Our work meanwhile went on as usual. The hospital was ever over-crowded, in spite of the fearful mortality, which our utmost efforts seemed powerless to check. My own health was giving way, through the excessive strain upon my bodily and mental powers, and for several days at a time I had to keep my bed from utter exhaustion. In addition to my hospital duties, I had lately taken charge of the English women, the wives of the mechanics, and their children. The costliness and scarcity of food was beginning to tell upon them, and many were seriously ill.

The month of October had commenced, and we were looking forward with anxiety to the probable effect of the hot weather on the inmates of the already pestilential wards, little thinking that we should soon have to leave them, almost unaided, to their fate. On the 8th of that month I had been out for a short ride, a luxury I could then rarely indulge in, and on my return found Dr. Rhind in a state of considerable uneasiness. A telegram had been received from Paso Pücü, ordering him and Mr. Fox to visit

the Lady Presidenta together at seven p.m. The order arrived only shortly before that hour, and Dr. Rhind went immediately in search of his colleague, but could not find him until half-past eight o'clock. They then went down to the palace; but the old lady was in a very bad humour, and refused to see them. The next morning they went again, but with the same result. Shortly afterwards an order came from Surgeon-Major Stewart, written by command of the President, requiring them to state severally why they were absent from duty, and what they were doing the previous afternoon. They did so, but the answer of Mr. Fox was considered so unsatisfactory that Lopez sent an order to Mayor-de-Plaza Gomez to put them both under arrest. Poor Rhind, who was consumptive and then very ill and weak, came to me in great distress, and told me that the mayor had sent for him, and added, "I am certain they are going to put me in prison. I cannot bear it. I shall never come out alive." I tried to cheer him up, not very successfully, for I was as anxious as he, and feared the worst.

All day I worked as usual, but my thoughts were with my absent friend. In the evening his adjutant came up to tell me that he was a prisoner, and that I was to take charge of the Hospital General, which then contained eight hundred wounded. Whilst Teniente Ortellado, an old native practitioner, completely ignorant of surgery, and indeed of almost all else, was left in charge of the Estanco and San Francisco hospitals. Altogether, more than fifteen hundred wounded, including convalescents, were left to the care of us and a few *practicantès*, native medical

students. The next morning I received an open note from Mr. Fox, asking me to go down to see him and take charge of his keys. I went immediately, saw the Mayor-de-Plaza, who told me very gruffly that they were "*incomunicable*," that is, not permitted to be seen. I begged him to endeavour to obtain an exception in my favour, and he promised to do so. Dr. Rhind had accidentally taken with him a knife of mine that I wanted for an operation; I availed myself of this as an excuse to send, through the Minister of War, a letter (open, of course, and in Spanish), asking for it, but really to assure him that I would send him all he needed, and serve him in any possible way.

A fortnight passed away; I worked literally day and night, for I had a presentiment that I should soon follow my colleagues, and was anxious to leave as little to be done as possible; and I performed more serious operations in that time than I had ever hoped to have had the good fortune to meet with in the whole of my life. It was fortunate for me that I had so much to engross my attention; for when I saw the misery around me, and reflected how much of it would have been relieved but for the arrest of my friends, I was scarcely able to restrain the expression of my indignation, any exhibition of which would have been as dangerous to them as to me. I was always thinking of poor Rhind, however, and of the wretchedness he must be enduring.

On the morning of the 22nd, my friend Mons. Laurent-Cochelet, the French consul, sent me a packet of letters, which had been brought through the lines by the Imperial Chargé d'Affaires to Paso Pucù,

and which he had brought up with him to Asuncion. Two were for me, the rest for Dr. Rhind. I was delighted with my own, for two years had elapsed since I had last heard from home, and also with the thought of how cheered and amused the doctor would be if he could only get his. So I buckled on my sword, and went down directly to the Mayoria. The great man was engaged, the adjutant said; I must wait. I waited for two hours in the sun, vexed at the loss of so much valuable time, and then found that he was simply engaged watching the game of *sortijà*. He was seated with the chief of police and another officer, when I went up to him, and asked if he had yet received an answer to my application, through him, for permission to visit my friend. "No," said he; "why are you so anxious to see him?" "Because I hear he is ill, and he is, I know, anxious to see me." I then went on to say that I had received, through the French consul, a packet of letters from his family for him, and was most desirous to deliver them personally. I knew that unless I did so, he would not receive them. "Give those letters to me," the mayor said, sternly. "Señor," I replied, quietly, "I cannot do that, they are private letters, unless I get an order from him to do so." "Terriho," (go,) said he, in an angry tone, "and do not trouble me again." I told him that it was the last favour I should ask of him, and went. But the danger of my position scarcely occurred to me.

In the evening I rode over to the consulate, to tell M. Cochelet what had happened; he was at dinner, and saying that I would return later, I went on to visit

a native friend. On the road an officer met me, and, with great politeness, said the Mayor-de-Plaza wished to see me, and that I was to take the letters. I went directly, thinking that permission had arrived for visiting Dr. Rhind, but soon found how grievously I had been mistaken. As soon as Gomez saw me he shouted, "I order you under arrest." "Indeed," said I, coolly; "why? and until when?" "That you will know to-morrow. Have you the letters?" I assented. "Take care of them." A squad of men, with fixed bayonets, came to the door, and I was marched off between them, through the guard-room, across the great courtyard, and through a narrow passage into a cell, on the floor of which a candle was burning. And then the full horror of my position burst upon me: I was a prisoner.

I sat down on the *cartrè* and asked the officer, who brought me in, for a cigar, which he gave me. I told him I was hungry, not having dined, and he promised that some food should be sent for.

I then, as far as the dim light of the candle allowed me, examined my dungeon. It was about twelve feet by eight, the walls of rough *adobès;* from a heavy column in the centre of the wall sprung two arches, and above them the roof at a considerable height, palm trunks, and tiles laid in earth. The floor was of mud, full of hollows, cold and wet. The only furniture, a *cartrè*, that is, a hide stretched on a wooden frame, and a broken chair. I had been up all the night before with a difficult surgical case; and when I had eaten my supper, I threw myself on the rude bed, in my clothes, and was soon soundly sleeping.

I was awakened, in the morning, by the band playing the *réveillé*, as usual, at four o'clock. I lay awake some hours: I could hear that it was raining heavily outside, but no daylight appeared. In truth, as I soon found, my prison was so situated that, except in bright weather, I should live almost in darkness. The large door was wide open; but as it looked only into a long arched passage connecting the two courtyards of the Colegio, (for I was within the old Jesuit college,) all the light I could get would be that reflected from the wall. There had once been a window, but it was now most jealously blocked up; the ledge, however, remained, and made me a very useful shelf.

About ten in the morning a sergeant came in, and ordered me to follow him. I did so, and was taken to a small room, in the front of the building. I found there Capt. Silva, an alferez, a sergeant, and Señor Ortellado, a notary. By the latter I was sworn on a sword, and then examined very tediously for several hours. Written questions were read to me; my answers were taken down on loose sheets, and then copied on stamped paper. I was first asked a number of formal questions about my name, age, birthplace, religion, and so on, and then if I knew why I had been arrested. No. Did I not know that it was the first duty of a soldier to obey his superiors? Yes, certainly; but I was not a soldier, my rank being honorary. Was I in the service of the republic? Yes, but without a contract, and in a non-military capacity. Did I not know that it was forbidden by law to deliver letters which had not passed through the post-office? No, I had never seen or heard of such a law, nor had I even infringed

it, since I had not delivered the letters. Would send them there, if permitted, and would, of course, pay the postage. He then asked me if I had the letters, and ordered me to give them up. I demurred, questioning their right to deprive me of them, as they had not shown me by what authority they were acting. Capt. Silva told the sergeant to put a set of *grillos* (fetters) on the table. Taking the hint, for, of course, resistance was out of the question, I gave up the letters. I was then examined, at great length, about my private correspondence, the people I wrote to, where they lived, and so on. Why did I refuse to obey the orders of the Mayor-de-Plaza? Because I considered that he had no right to deprive me of private letters, and because, if I had done so, he would not have given them to the owner; for he had already taken one letter of mine, with a distinct promise that he would deliver it to Dr. Rhind, and had not done so. How did I know that? Because it urgently needed an answer, which he had not sent, and his servant, who saw him every day, told me that he had not had it.

I was sent back to my prison until the evening, when, the said servant having been examined, and denying that he had said anything to me about the letter (he was afraid to speak the truth), I was called again.

Ortellado said I was a liar, and asked me how I dared give false evidence. I replied that Englishmen were not in the habit of lying, that I was not a Paraguayan, and that my word was surely more credible than that of a servant. But, not wishing to involve the man in any difficulty, for that would inconvenience

Dr. Rhind himself, I said that as he spoke but little Spanish, and I still less Guaraní, I might have mistaken him.

On returning to my cell, I found it had been improved by the arrival of some bedding from my quarters, with a wash-hand basin, a water jar, and a chair; but it was still a most wretched place, and miserably cold.

Near the threshold, but in the passage, stood, day and night, a sentry, armed with musket and bayonet, and relieved every two hours; a more effectual guard than bolts or bars. He stood facing me, and about eight feet from my bed; and from nine o'clock at night, until the *réveillé* sounded the next morning, every quarter of an hour he shouted, "*Sentinela alerta!*" at the top of his voice, to show that he was not sleeping. This startling cry was taken up in succession by the others, in the chain of sentries, within and without the prison, and by the time the last had finished the first began again. It was terrible! To be thus awakened by a sudden yell, all hope of sound and peaceful sleep destroyed, and the painful consciousness that one was a prisoner perpetually forced on the attention, was a cruel torture. Never shall I be able to efface it from my memory.

Often have I passed the whole night pacing wearily up and down the short length of my prison, or lying with my fingers firmly pressed up my ears, lest I should fall asleep but to be awakened by that dreaded cry. For months I only slept every third night.

To return to my examination. The next day I was called to hear the evidence read over to me from

beginning to end. When it was being taken, I noticed that Capt. Silva and the notary frequently left the room with the papers, and I now found why they had done so. My replies, nominally copied from the loose sheets, had been grossly distorted; all that tended to exculpate me was omitted; and they had inserted a fictitious confession of guilt, that I had asked pardon for my offences, and that I had stated that I was willing to bear any punishment awarded me!

I need scarcely say that I had neither confessed nor said anything of the kind, for it was contrary to the whole tenor of my replies, and to the truth.

I protested in the strongest language against these misstatements and the unworthy treatment I was enduring after my long and zealous services; that instead of fairly examining me, they had only sought to find me guilty, had refused to listen to my explanations, and had falsified my answers.

I told them that I was aware that ignorance of a law did not excuse its evasion, and not only did I not know that there was such a law regarding letters, but I had not even broken it. I had not delivered the letters to Dr. Rhind, and I considered that I had a perfect right to receive them from M. Cochelet; for they had been sent to him under a flag of truce with despatches by the French secretary of legation, and brought from Paso Pucù by the consul himself; and under such circumstances I considered that they could not be charged postage, nor need they have been sent to the office; if, however, they ought to have been, it was clear that the consul ought to have sent them, and not I.

Moreover, I had received many letters, official and private, from Humaità and Paso Pucù, many forwarded by the Mayor-de-Plaza himself, others by the captain of the port, and none of them had ever passed through the post-office or been stamped. I knew perfectly well, when I made this defence, that it was useless, in so far as preventing my condemnation was concerned; but I hoped that one of them—Capt. Silva especially, who seemed greatly struck by my argument—would report it to Lopez, and that the injustice with which I was being treated would be brought home to him. For, up to that time, I had received no ill-treatment from him, and thought that, as an Englishman, and one who had faithfully served him many years, I should be soon set at liberty. Without a reply Ortellado told me to sign the depositions. I declined to do so, saying that they knew that they were falsified and unjust to me. He called my attention to the irons again, and at the same time assured me that if I would give them no further trouble I should be set at liberty in a few days. Seeing that it was useless to resist, and dreading the severities to which I should have been exposed had I been put in irons—deprived of bed and chair, and with only a hide on the ground to sit or lie upon—I reluctantly signed the papers. I have much pleasure in adding, that Capt. Silva treated me with uniform politeness and consideration, evidently obeying the instructions he had received unwillingly. He promptly checked the insolence with which the ensign was treating me, said how pleased he had been with my kindness to the sick, gave me some cigars, and shook hands with me warmly as I

left,—never to see him again. He died from cholera, poor fellow, shortly afterwards.

And now the weary monotonous life of a prisoner was before me. At first I regarded it with a dread and horror that did not allow me to think what it might be and how long it should last; but I never gave way to despair: I tried to view it as a phase of my life, that, like sickness or a broken limb, must needs be borne. I prayed God to give me strength and patience to bear it, and in His own good time to restore me to liberty. My prayer was granted, and except when incipient delirium from low fever and nervous exhaustion made me almost frantic for a few hours, I suffered with a patience and calmness that was surprising to myself.

I gradually became accustomed to the dim light reflected from the wall of the passage, and in clear weather could see to read for several hours a day. But when the sky was overcast, and until the sun was high, I was in a gloom so deep that to any one entering from without it would have seemed total darkness. My greatest fear was that the damp would affect my health; for the mud floor was beneath the level of the courtyard, and the walls, the beams, and even my mattress on its under side, were covered with fungoid growths, green and slimy with mouldiness. the cell was miserably cold, but they would not let me have a blanket from my quarters, and I had only a tattered piece of red baize, which had long done duty as a table-cover, in place of it. My companions in misfortune were lodged in the *patio* beyond me. Mr. Fox had quite a cheerful room outside, he

told me afterwards, where he could see the señoritas going to church, and sometimes even a handkerchief waved towards him. Dr. Rhind was nearer to me, but in more lightsome quarters. He heard from a sentry of my imprisonment, and one Sunday morning he chanted Jackson's "Te Deum" right through, to let me know of his whereabouts. Next to my prison was an open corridor, where a great many *presos* were confined in chains, which all day long clanked dismally, and often in the night I heard them clash suddenly when the prisoners were startled in their sleep by the cry of the sentries. Now and then I caught sight of them through a chink in the thick boards which covered the window, and sometimes they passed to the great quadrangle through the passage in front of my door. They were of all ages, some very old men, others but boys, but all reduced to the last stage of emaciation, mere brown skin and bone. All had one pair of heavy fetters riveted on their ankles, rough with callosities and cicatrices of old wounds; several two; and one man bore on his skeleton-like legs three heavy bars, which swung backwards and forwards as he slowly shuffled along. Yet these sufferers were not half so wretched as one would have thought; they used to laugh and sing, and have clattering, staggering races in their narrow den. One of them—I think it must have been he with the triple *grillos*, for he had such a droll face—used to tell endless stories (I could faintly hear the murmur of the words through the thick walls), which were received with bursts of laughter and a rattling of fetters which reminded me of that terrible scene in "Les Misérables,"

where the "chain" in their mad desperation make the early morning hideous with shouts and clashing irons. They were allowed to do this by the sentries, who enjoyed the stories and jokes as much as they, and gave them notice when an officer was coming. One day, however, they were all so interested in some story of great facetiousness that they did not hear the usual "*charquè*" (look out!) and the grim old comandantè himself came upon them whilst they were all screaming with laughter at the climax. They were silent in a moment! A hushed stillness succeeded to the uproar, and I could almost feel that they were pale with terror. My own heart stopped, and then beat violently, for I feared that they would be cruelly punished. The comandantè said not a word, but walked back, and soon returned with a squad of soldiers. The unfortunate story-teller was thrown on the ground, and flogged severely; his yells made the place ring again: and two or three of his most vehement applauders shared the same fate. They were as still as mice for a week afterwards. Every week or so, one and another of them would be taken out to the *patio* to be flogged. These were sad days for me, I dreaded their coming, and did not recover my equanimity for many hours afterwards.

I think the fact of hearing, without being able to see the infliction of the punishments, made them more terrible. To hear the dull, heavy thud of the stick wielded by those stalwart, pitiless corporals, and to know that it was descending on living flesh quivering in agony, made me faint and sick with horror. As a surgeon I was, they told me, one of the coolest of

operators, and yet these sounds used to unnerve me completely the whole day through. I then little thought that I should one day have to suffer a worse punishment!

I was not quite alone in my dungeon, but my companions were of a class I would have gladly dispensed with. Centipedes, scorpions, and toads, the latter so big, so cold and hideous, that the strongest minded of women might have screamed at them without a blush. Personally, I do not object to toads, and often laughed heartily enough at the fright I have given my native friends, who believe in the old-world error that they are venomous, by tenderly handling specimens I could scarcely put in my hat for obesity. But to put the naked foot upon one in searching for a slipper in the dark is not agreeable, and the extraordinary sounds they emit in the dead of night do not tend to make them pleasant companions. The first I have named, however, were far worse: to centipedes and scorpions I have an intense aversion, and the fact of catching three fine examples of the latter interesting creatures *on my bed*, in one week, did not reduce it. I found, moreover, that I was not alone in my dread of them. One afternoon I saw a dozen or more cockroaches hurrying in evident terror out of a hole in the wall; they tumbled out in the most reckless way in the very best lighted part of the place; and I despatched them savagely as fast as they sprawled on the floor—for next to a centipede, I think I detest a cockroach, one of the plagues of South America—wondering greatly what would follow, expecting a snake, when out came a pair of large scorpions, male

and female, with stings erect, and looking the most vicious beasts imaginable. I inserted my cigar deftly into the hole to bar their retreat, and then watched their proceedings. They stopped for a moment near the edge of it, and then hastily and in some amazement searched in a wide circle round it for the routed cockroaches. Not finding their prey, they in turn became frightened, and tried to escape, but Retributive Justice, represented by my slipper, descended and crushed them to atoms.

I was surprised to see that a spider, which had established herself in a hole in a post near my bed, was more than a match for them, and how readily the strong, jointed, sting-bearing tail was bound down, helpless and motionless. Several small scorpions, and one large one, were destroyed by my watchful ally. She afterwards took to laying; and, wishing to test the fecundity of spiders, I several times removed the ball of eggs (almost as large as herself) as soon as it was finished, and six times was it replaced in a few weeks. Her relatives were numerous in my gloomy lodging. In fact, looking at the condition of the massive beams and rafters overhead (a long chink under the eaves permitting a straggling gleam of daylight to fall upon them, and show me how thickly they were draped with the dingiest of cobwebs) and the rough walls covered with a thread-bare tapestry of their weaving, I could almost say that I lived in one huge cobweb, with a most thriving and industrious family of spinners around me. But they did not all spin, like the great hairy *nyandè*, a spider which looks more than a match for a linnet; there were several which depended

upon their address and agility for securing a meal. No provident stayers at home, but perpetual diners-out, were these Bedouins of the Araneae; and they fell upon their prey so suddenly, that they seemed to have leaped into existence at the very spot where they were first seen. One especially, a grey, flattened spider, with a body as large and scarcely thicker than a shilling, and with striped limbs, also compressed vertically, moved with a celerity which was really marvellous, and could shoot into cracks so narrow that it seemed to sink into the wall itself. I found, however, that by bringing my finger down slowly and perpendicularly I could pinion it, and one very large one, which I thus caught several times in the same long afternoon, at length ceased to struggle, and let me stroke it, I think, with positive pleasure. Its apparently rough body, which I imagined to be covered with cartilaginous plates, was really as soft as velvet, the attachments of the septa which preserved its curiously compressed form caused the illusion. But the proceedings of a smaller kind, not larger indeed than a grain of rape-seed, amused me the most. They wove little silky webs over every minute depression in the wall, with an oval opening on each side, through which they sprang out if anything touched the threads. They used, when game was scarce, to run around the outside of their nests, and make visits to, or rather precipitate descents upon, each other; one starting out of its hole, and the intruder taking its place, to be rapidly ejected in turn. This diversion they would keep up for hours at a time. I fancy it was a sort of spidery flirtation with serious intentions, but whether

of a matrimonial or cibational character, I never ascertained.

I lived in constant dread of being bitten or stung by some of the venomous creatures around me; but except those of the genus *cimex*, not one during those many months molested me. The place was too damp for fleas to exist in, so I escaped one of the plagues of the torrid zone.

I often wondered why I had been arrested; for the affair of the letters was, I knew, but a pretext. It was only after my return to England that I learnt, from Dr. Stewart, the true reason.

I have mentioned that strong suspicious were entertained that Mr. Atherton had been poisoned. How the rumour that such was the case originated, I cannot tell; but I got the credit of it, and Lopez was only waiting for some decent pretext to punish me for my supposed fault.

The intimate terms on which I lived with the Corbalàns and the French consul was also an offence in his eyes, and had prejudiced him against me.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRISON LIFE.—RELEASE OF DR. RHIND AND MR. FOX.—LIBERATION.

At first I saw no one but the sergeant and a felon who brought me my daily meals. They never spoke to me; and when I asked for anything I needed, they intimated compliance or the reverse by a nod or a shake of the head. One day, about a month after my arrest, a soldier came in place of the convict, a fact I ascertained by the absence of the clank of irons as he entered, for it was too dark then to see much of their dress or faces. The next day the same man made his appearance, and the weather being then fine and bright, I recognised, to my great joy, my old servant Tomàs. He was greatly affected at the sight of me; the plates clattered together as he set them out on my bed, which served as a table as well; and in a husky whisper he asked, "Como está usted, mi señor?" "Quite well, Tomàs, thank you." I should have added more, and longed—oh, how eagerly!—to ask about my friends; but the sergeant growlingly told him to begone, and not talk to me. He came, however, every day afterwards, often groping his way in with outstretched hand, after leaving the bright sunlight,

whilst I, accustomed to the darkness, could see the mice playing fearlessly in the farthest corner. We were sometimes allowed to speak a few words, or rather he might answer me, never venturing a question himself; the sergeant, meanwhile, standing with a drawn sword between us, to prevent any closer communication.

He was a faithful servant, and greatly attached to me, always speaking of me as "taità" (his father), and, except in the case of sugar—which no Indian can resist pilfering—honest enough; he took great care of my personal property, and was furiously indignant because the comandante used to ride my horse.

Shortly afterwards another boon was accorded me. Major Gomez came to inspect me officially, and I begged him to let me have books occasionally and wine. The long days would be greatly shortened if I could only study, or even pore aimlessly over a well-known page, and I was getting so weak and emaciated that wine was imperatively necessary. He granted both. I had plenty of books and a fair stock of wine, and I got them, grudgingly at first, afterwards without difficulty. I used then to lie in bed till noon; for my nights were generally sleepless, and it was only in the morning that I could hope for a few hours' unconsciousness. Singularly enough, my dreams were never, or very rarely, of the scenes around me. I half heard the noise of relieving the guards, and the busy hum and hammering in the workshops above me; but they took other shapes, and called up strange associations, usually of my former life; and, far away home, I often awoke laughing at some droll absurdity my

vagrant fancy had conjured up. And then, how blankly terrible the weary day and restless night would seem before me! Breakfast arrived about eight o'clock; but I kept in bed, and read, if there was sufficient light, till twelve, devoting the morning to the steady and methodical study of the Bible, which I read through in its entirety three times, and the Psalms and part of the Prophets very often. Then I had a "tub" under difficulties, for my bath was too big, and would have used too much water; and I had only a basin—luckily not a French one—and a *cantarillo*, a globular water-jar with two necks, holding but a small supply. This operation was, as in the case of my two friends, an endless source of wonderment to the sentries and passers-by. A prisoner washing! Why, they would have as soon thought of bathing when sick, when the most ignorant of them knew perfectly well that it would be certain death to wet but the finger-tips under such circumstances! By the way, when I was coming up the river the first time in the Paraguayan steamer, I found but one basin and two towels for all the thirty passengers—and even those I had to myself. The others looked on, first speculating if I were suffering from some malady necessitating frequent ablutions, but at length coming to the conclusion that I must be a very dirty animal, since I needed so much washing.

To return. This took some time; then I had dinner, a native family I had been intimate with most generously and courageously cooking for me, and doing me a thousand other little acts of kindness; and then I smoked two cigars, and read again till dusk.

When tired of reading, and during the long interval between the close of my day and the arrival of the lanthorn, which announced the beginning of the outer night, I used to pace from end to end of my prison, and I formed thus a broad beaten path. The sentries were greatly amused at my restlessness, for a native would never think of making any exertion merely to pass time away; if he could not get a cigar, he would lie down, and sleep like a dormouse: so they cried out to passers-by, "*Mirè que quarti*, what a racoon that fellow is! never still; he prowls about half the night."

Whilst walking thus backwards and forwards, I amused myself by delivering, in silence, peripatetic lectures on social and scientific subjects to an imaginary audience, alternately in Spanish and in English. But I found that this mental exercise excited me too much, so much so, that even when the much-hoped-for third night had come I was unable to sleep, and lay wearily tossing from side to side, and listening every quarter during those long hours for the dreaded "sentinela alerta" of the sentries, not half so wakeful as I. So I gave up my ghostly professorship, finding that the best plan to obtain sleep was to walk slowly, and let my thoughts ramble as they would. But when the low fever I was suffering from (when I had been a prisoner some six months) had greatly weakened me, even with this precaution I could get no rest, and used to pace the whole night away, weary and worn out, but unable to remain still a moment.

Sometimes, when I saw the pale moonlight shining on the wall of the passage, and silvering one side of

the wide *patio*—I could catch a glimpse of it through the chink in the window-shutter—and the old cloisters beyond, scarce seen in the black shadow, I felt as if my mind must give way; the contrast was so great, so painful, between the calm beauty of the scene without, and the sordid wretchedness within.

My colleagues were imprisoned for three months, and then, early one morning, set at liberty. Both had suffered greatly. The health of Mr. Fox was most seriously injured. Dr. Rhind's disease had made great progress, and he never recovered from the shock his arrest occasioned him; he lived, however, more than twelve months afterwards, and died peaceably in his own house. To say that he lived universally esteemed, and died deeply regretted, would seem but the repetition of a hackneyed phrase; but, in his case, it expresses the simple truth: he was a man who won friends without an effort, and never lost one he had gained. My servant came with a radiant face to tell me the news, hoping that my own release would follow, little thinking that I had eight months more to suffer.

In the inner courtyard were several political prisoners, all men well known to me. One, an Argentine, named Capdavila, I saw pass my door several times; he had been a merchant of some wealth in Asuncion, and when war was declared against the Confederation he remained, hoping, as a quiet and inoffensive man, to escape persecution; but he was soon sent down to Humaitá as a prisoner, simply from his nationality. His wife, however, bribed Mrs. Lynch to intercede for him, and he, with one or two others, was set at liberty. Pitying his countrymen who were still in captivity, he

sent them food and clothes several times; but this act of charity was construed into an offence against Lopez, and he was sent to the Colegio, and put in irons. About a month afterwards I saw the poor old man marched off (to the Policia, I suppose), and return with two pairs of *grillos* on his legs; they took away also his hide *cartrè*, and left him to lie on the bare ground. Three weeks afterwards he passed slowly and feebly, and returned some hours later with three bars. He caught sight of me as he went by, and in raising his hat stumbled and fell. He was brutally kicked till he scrambled up again. His cup of misery was not yet full: after a shorter interval he was once more marched out, and, as several hours passed away, I made sure that he had been set at liberty, but to my grief and horror he returned late at night in a far worse plight than before. He still wore three bars, and so thick and long that he staggered under their weight, and was more than half an hour crossing the *patio* inch by inch, and at length he crawled by my door on his hands and knees. Yet he did not die for several months afterwards!

This was not the worst. I often saw respectably dressed men taken into that dreaded courtyard, followed by a group of ruffianly policemen; and, knowing what was coming, I closed my ears with my fingers, or buried my head beneath the bedclothes to exclude the agonizing shrieks and groans which after a shorter or longer time would tell of the hellish deeds of the *verdugos*. Sometimes I heard blows, but frequently the cries of the victim alone told how they were torturing him. One afternoon a poor fellow was *estacado*—horizontally crucified just beneath my win-

dow. Never shall I forget what I endured that day in listening to his moans and occasional frantic yells and prayers for mercy, and in picturing to myself what he was suffering. After hours of such torments I would see them sometimes led, sometimes carried, back again pale and bleeding, a piteous spectacle.

It may be asked, Did I never form any plans of escape? Often enough, but I knew it was hopeless to try them. And as I had, as is usual there, not been told my sentence, I thought that every day would be, perhaps, my last, and that on the morrow I should be free. At first sight, escape seemed easy enough: the door of my dungeon was wide open, the sentry was often a mere child who could hardly shoulder his musket, and many times was soundly sleeping across the threshold; but the walls of the courtyard were high, there was another sentry at the end of the passage, and the only means of egress was through the guard-room, always full of men. But even had these difficulties been evaded, one had but passed from a small prison into a larger one—the whole country was one huge cage. The Allies were two hundred miles off, the river swarmed with *guardias*, and to travel by land was impossible. My dress, my skin, my language, or my silence, would have betrayed me in a moment, and there was not a native who would not have denounced me, had I met him; for his own safety would imperatively demand it. To get food, to cross the dreary swamps, swarming with rattlesnakes and jaguars, on foot, to pass over the open pampas and the grassy hills without detection, would have been all but impracticable. And the most conclusive answer to this very

natural question is, that not a single prisoner did escape, nor, as far as I could learn, with the exception of a few Guicurù Indians, even make any attempt to escape, of the hundreds who were captive there. I doubt if Baron Trenck himself could have succeeded.

The sentries must have envied me sometimes, I think; for the vaulted passage in which they stood was a terribly cold and draughty place. At night they often crept furtively into the dungeon itself, and lay there shivering in their thin and scanty ponchos, in many cases their only covering, save poor cotton drawers. Lying awake at night, I have heard the younger ones, perhaps ten or twelve years of age, crying bitterly, from terror at being left alone in the dark, gloomy vault, or from cold and hunger. Once I saw a chubby flaxen-haired boy, holding his musket like a pole before him, the tears running down his cheeks, trying to weep silently, but a big sob shook him at intervals. I asked him in a whisper what was the matter. "I want to go home to my mother," he whimpered most unheroically, "and I am afraid of the dark." Poor little fellow, I thought, you are even more miserable than I.

During the day many people were constantly passing, and I occasionally saw some of my old patients, stumping along, perhaps, with a wooden leg, to the workshops within. One of them always nodded to me if he could do so unobserved, or expressed pantomimically his pity, and he showed his esteem for me in such a singular way that I must tell his story. He came up from Paso-Pucù, shortly after I had been appointed assistant-surgeon, severely wounded, and so

reduced by starvation that I had little hope of saving him; he was, also, and had been for some years, insane. I fed him well, and then amputated one of his legs below the knee, extracted a ball from the opposite hip, and patched up divers sword cuts about the trunk. To my surprise, he recovered very quickly, and became so sleek and fat that I could never look at him without laughing; for, perched on his single leg, he looked like a huge top: and whenever I passed his bed he used to cry, "*Che-nesi-eté, taitâ*" (quite well, father!) and pop his head beneath his poncho to escape examination. Shortly after my arrest he was sent to the Colegio to work as a shoemaker. One night I heard some one murmuring in a low voice at the door of my cell, but the light from the lanthorn was so feeble that I could not make out who it was; a few nights afterwards the same occurred again, I sat up in bed to listen, and saw that it was my mad patient. The sentry was fast asleep, and he had crept to the threshold, and knelt there, with upraised hands, praying for me—"for his dear father, the good doctor," as he called me, and beseeching the Holy Virgin to protect and deliver me. I was greatly touched by this expression of the poor fellow's gratitude and commiseration.

My health at length gave way, low fever prostrated me completely, so much so, that my jailors became alarmed lest they should kill me without orders; and Ortellado, the native doctor of the San Francisco hospital, was sent to see me. I told him what I wanted; he had never heard of such remedies, he answered, could only prescribe purgatives and various decoctions

of herbs, which I declined, preferring to die naturally; and he reported to Lopez that I had asked for poisons to kill myself! Fortunately I received three or four bottles of brandy, at the very time I most needed it, from my good friend M. Narcisse Lasserre, a French distiller in Asuncion, and that, I believe, under God saved my life. My throat was so swollen and relaxed from the dampness of the place, that I durst not lie down for fear of suffocation; and had it not been for the opportune arrival of the brandy, I have little doubt I should have sunk and died; for, although I knew I needed stimulants, I had become so listless and "sick from hope deferred" that I allowed day after day to pass without telling Tomàs to bring them.

It is useless to prolong this tale—too long already. I remained there, in that horrible place, in a dim twilight or total darkness, a fetid atmosphere, surrounded by prisoners dying from Asiatic cholera, and without once leaving it or seeing sunlight, for ELEVEN MONTHS. I left it sick, weak, and half blind, and so changed in appearance that my most intimate friends scarcely knew me. On the evening of the 22nd of September, 1867, a sergeant told me to get ready, for I was to see the Mayor-de-Plaza; and about half an hour afterwards I was taken across the great *patio*, at almost the same hour at which I had entered it so long before. The sun had set, and candles were to be already seen in the officers' quarters; but to me the light was brighter than my eyes could bear, and in a dazed and half-dreamy state, doubting the reality of what I saw, I walked slowly through the guard-room. There all the

officers had collected; they expected, I suppose, to have had the gratification of seeing me pass them humbly and bareheaded, as is the fashion there; if so, they were disappointed.

With the Mayor-de-Plaza I found Señor Ortellado, who read to me the order of release, with a proviso, however, that I should not pass beyond the city; so I was still but a prisoner at large. I signed it, and then Gomez paused, evidently for the customary thanks and expressions of gratitude to the President. But I disdained to express a thankfulness I could not feel, and astonished him by saying, in a few words, that he had treated me with injustice and cruelty; and then bowing coldly to both, I left the room.

They allowed me to have four soldiers to carry my bed, etc.; and as my servant had not arrived, and I did not know where Dr. Rhind was living, I went to the house of the nearest Englishman, Mr. Taylor, the master builder.

I found him and his family at supper, sitting with the door open. I knocked and walked in. They started from the table in affright when they caught sight of me; in fact, I did the same when, shortly afterwards, I saw myself in a looking-glass. A more spectral figure is scarcely imaginable: my face was almost fleshless, and as colourless as that of a corpse; indeed, I resembled one more than a living man. My hair, uncut for thirteen months, hung over my shoulders and mingled with my beard, both quite grey; whilst my eyes, with the pupils widely dilated by the darkness, seemed to have concentrated within themselves the life which had deserted the rest of my body.

No wonder I startled them, and that the children were petrified with terror.

At first I was unable to speak from agitation and the fatigue of walking. Mr. Taylor, however, came forward and said, hastily, "*Que quiere usted señor?*"- (what do you want?) "Why, Taylor," I replied, "don't you know me?" "Good God!" cried he, tremblingly, "it is Mr. Masterman." The tears stood in his eyes, as he shook hands with me. We were all—to tell the truth—greatly affected, and the pity they felt for me seemed for a time to make congratulations out of place. The news of my release spread rapidly over the town. Dr. Rhind, who had no words to express his gladness, carried me off to his home; and the American minister, the French consul, and a large number of my friends, native and foreign, called or sent to tell me how happy they were to have me once more amongst them. I found that Dr. Rhind and Mr. Fox were still in the service of Lopez, not being able to help themselves, and that the latter had been sent to Humaità. I was undecided what to do; I was most anxious to aid the sick and wounded, but, at the same time, felt the greatest aversion to serve a man who had treated me so infamously. I thought I might get over the difficulty by applying for permission to commence private practice; but my application was refused; and, of course, to re-enter the service of the republic was then out of the question.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHOLERA.—MR. WASHBURN'S LETTER.—MISSION OF MR. GOULD.—EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

I FOUND that I was indebted for my liberation to the good offices of the Hon. Chas. A. Washburn, minister from the United States. He wished me to attend Mrs. Washburn in her *accouchement*, and had applied persistently for my "pardon" until he obtained it, and he now offered me the post of private surgeon, to be exchanged for Surgeon to the Legation if the Paraguayan Government should show any intention of molesting mē. I accepted this offer with great pleasure; for, although but an honorary one, I hoped that I should have been safe from any further persecution, and that an opportunity would soon present itself for leaving the country, even if the war should not be speedily terminated, as we hoped and expected.

I found the minister located in a large house in the Plaza Vieja, old square, of Asuncion, a place big enough for a barrack; in fact, at one time fifty people were living comfortably in it, and the rooms of his secretary and myself would have accommodated as many more in an emergency. It occupied almost all one side of the square, had a large garden in the

centre, with a huge *algibe*, or tank; and storerooms of immense capacity.

I used to ride about a good deal, within the town, of course, and constantly followed and watched by the police; and I finished several paintings I had commenced long before. Time passed thus very pleasantly, and still more so when Mrs. Washburn and her baby, needing change of air, removed for three months to the *quinta*, country villa, of Señor Bedoya at La Trinidad, about two leagues out of town. It was a handsome house, built and furnished by the late President for his own use; at his death it became the property of Doña Rafaela, his youngest daughter, who afterwards married Don Saturnino Bedoya, Colectòr Generàl, a sort of consolidated board of works and store-keeper in chief. With some difficulty, permission was obtained for me to visit my patients there twice a week, but Mr. Washburn stated that he should decline the invitation to occupy the *quinta* unless it were given.

The Lady President was most anxious that he should go, for an advance on the part of the Allies was daily expected, and she knew that his presence would protect her and her personal property. So the poor old Vice-President Sanchez gave orders to the pickets to let me pass, on his own responsibility. He was anxious to serve the Señora Presidenta, the mother of the Marshal, but at the same time desperately afraid of offending Lopez himself; and my indisposition to re-enter the Government service had so enraged the latter, that Señor Sanchez, a mere cypher, durst not mention even my name to him. I

record this otherwise trifling circumstance because of the use which was made of it afterwards.

I had applied, in proper form, for permission to practise medicine as a private surgeon, and Dr. Rhind strongly supported my application. It was refused, however, as was also a petition presented by the English mechanics, praying that I might be allowed to attend them at their own expense. I should remark that this petition was got up without my knowledge, and I only heard of it on the morning of its presentation. The Vice-President said that he vetoed it because I had refused to serve the republic, and that I had not attended Mrs. Washburn, although I had been liberated for that purpose. On hearing this I asked Mr. Washburn to write me a letter, testifying that I had done so, which he did.*

Asiatic cholera had appeared in Paraguay in the year 1867, but it was principally felt by the army. At the beginning of the next year, the hot season in South America, it broke out in the capital, and committed terrible ravages. At first very few cases recovered; they were taken up to the hospital but to die; fully one-fourth of the people in Asuncion, then

* MR. G. F. MASTERMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your request that I should give you a certificate in regard to your attendance on Mrs. Washburn, I will state that you were her medical attendant during her entire illness; I say not only this, but that you gave entire satisfaction, and that the Vice-President, in stating anything to the contrary, must have been misinformed.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) CHAS. A. WASHBURN.

United States Legation,

Asuncion, May 10th, 1868.

principally women and children, perished. We soon had it in the Legation ; Basilio, a native servant of Mr. Washburn's was attacked, and I had an opportunity of treating a case of the disease of the worst Asiatic type, and the great satisfaction of saving him.

I had no little difficulty in carrying out the necessary treatment; for his mother, an old Payaguà, did all she could to thwart my efforts. In Paraguay they have but one name for sickness, fever; and but one way of treating it, *dieta*, starvation, emetics, and purgatives. I well remember the astonishment of the native wife of poor Mischkoffsky, when I gave her child, who was sinking from typhus fever, a glass of wine, and told her to give him as much of that, and beef tea, as he could swallow. "But, señor, he has fever," she said, hastily arresting my hand. "So I see; but this is what you must do." And only because the Italian *curandero*, who had been starving and purging the poor child for a week, said he must die, would she try a treatment which seemed so extraordinary to her. I afterwards found that the patient's coffin had been already made for him, for they bury there within twenty-four hours, and was actually standing in the next room. He did not occupy it, however. If an intelligent woman of the better class thought thus, it may be imagined what trouble I had with this obstinate old woman. A dreadful old woman, too, scarcely more than four feet in height, a dark-brown shrivelled creature, with a most witch-like face. She would mount on a chair by Basilio's bedside, gaze eagerly in his face, and a ghastly object he was, by the way, and then utter the

most fearful howls imaginable. She loved him passionately, poor creature, with the fierce, jealous love which Indian women have for their young children, and he was her only son, and she was a widow. She had, I think, some vague idea that I was experimenting upon him, and that my remedies were unholy and poisonous, and hence her distrust of me.

During Basilio's convalescence, my friend Mons. Lasserre was attacked with the same terrible disease. I was anxious to attend him, but it was running a great risk, for the police were looking after me so closely that I scarcely dared to leave the Legation; however, I owed so much to him and his kind-hearted family for their attention to me when I was a prisoner, that it was clearly my duty to help him now, and I did so. It was another bad case, and I could not leave him for many hours.

On the evening of the second day, when I was completely exhausted with want of rest and anxiety, for two other members of the family were attacked, Major Manlove came over to tell me, through some misconception, that the police were waiting outside to arrest me, and that I must not leave the house till Mr. Washburn, who was then absent, could convoy me over. Madame Lasserre, imperfectly understanding what was said, thought from my concerned expression of face that her husband's case was hopeless, became almost frantic in spite of all I could say to reassure her, and at length fainted.

I was returning to the bedside of my patient, when a Scotch servant of Mr. Washburn's ran in, crying out that Basilio was dead, that everybody else was

mad, he thought, and that I must go over to the Legation directly. I went: it was a false alarm about the police; but I certainly agreed in the servant's opinion when I entered the *patio*, for the confusion there was almost indescribable. There was a crowd of native women about Basilio's room, howling for the dead, the yells of his mother heard above them all. Mrs. Washburn was standing, frightened and crying, under the piazza, with her baby in her arms, vainly asking what was the matter. Her maid was in hysterics on the floor in one room, and a young native lady, who was on a visit there, had swooned in another. I sent Mrs. Washburn back to her bed; and when I had stopped the noise opposite, found, as I expected, that Basilio was not dead, nor likely to die. He had got out of bed, against my positive orders, fallen from weakness, and his head striking a chair he lay stunned and insensible. His mother, who was a spy of the police, had just returned from a visit to the Policia, and found him lying as I have described. She came at once to the conclusion that he was dead, hastily collected all the women she could find to howl over his remains, and hence the tumult.

I had an opportunity of punishing her a little while afterwards. I collected a quantity of soiled paper collars, and one day, when she had been begging me to let her show how grateful she was for the recovery of Basilio, I gave them to her with express directions to wash them very carefully, and sat at the door of my room to see the result. She brought a large pan of water, and seating herself on the grass in the court-yard, began to wash them vigorously. I shall never

forget the expression of her face as she gazed in fear and astonishment at the tattered mass of rags in her hands! She got up slowly, with her mouth and eyes wide open, and brought the fragments to me, actually trembling with fear. I tried in vain to look serious, and at last burst into uncontrollable laughter; she gave one glance at me, and then went off in a furious rage, kicked over her pan of water, and to my great satisfaction did not speak to me for a month afterwards.

Mons. Lasserre recovered, as did his brother and a servant who had a slight attack; but I could wish that they had all died; for a few months afterwards they were arrested, sent to San Fernando, on that utterly unfounded charge of conspiracy, that miserable fabrication, which caused the death of so many innocent people: and poor Madame Lasserre, a young and remarkably clever and engaging woman, was left an orphan and a widow—her father, husband, and brother were shot.

There was one little incident connected with this case which showed how futile any attempt at concealment was. Mons. Lasserre suffered greatly from cramps during the attack, and a number of his countrymen came in to rub the knotted muscles. One of them, a carpenter, rubbed with such zeal that he nearly stripped the skin off his legs. A few days afterwards the Lady Presidenta came to visit the minister, and I was presented to her. We had a long talk together, and she said, "O Sr. Doctòr, tell me, is it true that the big carpenter rubbed all the skin off Don Narciso?" I was rather startled, but replied cautiously, "It may be so, Señora; but Dr. Rhind attended him."

Which was the case; for he, although then too ill himself for work, stayed some hours in the house with him, and greatly aided me with his advice.

When I was released from the Colegio, I was most anxious to know what had been done in my absence. Many of my friends were dead, I found; but, with the exception of the return of Mr. Washburn, there was little change in the state of affairs. The Allies had really done nothing but batter Humaitá from a safe distance, and the end of the war seemed as far off as ever. The minister had had great difficulty in returning to Paraguay, the Brazilians at first refused to let the "Wasp," the gun-boat appointed to take his Excellency and family up the river, pass the blockading squadron, and he was detained in Corrientes more than six months. Whilst there, he visited the camp of the Allies, and was received in a very flattering manner by President Mitre. The Marquis de Caxias sent an officer to him to say, that, as he was detained by the imperial forces, it was but just that Brazil should bear the expense of keeping him, and stated that a large sum was at his disposal. No doubt this was intended as a bribe. Mr. Washburn refused, however, to accept anything from them, and in a despatch directed to Admiral Ignacio, he stated that it was his intention to force the blockade. A few days afterwards the "Wasp" steamed through the fleet, which, as might have been expected, did not oppose her passage, the admiral saying, courteously, that they could not afford to quarrel with their good friends of the North.

Mr. Washburn presented his credentials to Lopez

as Minister Resident (he had before held the position of Diplomatic Agent of the United States in Paraguay), and at once tendered his good offices as mediator. Lopez adhered with wonderful tenacity to his old conditions, but he was willing to make a visit of one or two years' duration to Europe, as a compromise —which the Allies would not listen to. Mr. Washburn then, I think unwisely, constituted himself his advocate, knowing perfectly well the character of the man, and the frightful atrocities he had committed, and wrote a despatch to the Marquis de Caxias, which was published in the "Semenario," in which he asks him what the Brazilians would think if Marshal Lopez, as a preliminary to a truce, should demand the abdication of the Emperor? This was, of course, mere claptrap; he knew why the war was commenced, how it had been carried on, and the hopelessness of the struggle on the part of Paraguay. He also knew that the resignation of Lopez would at once put an end to it; and if *his* professions were to be believed, that he fought only for the honour and glory of his people, it is evident that he ought to gladly sacrifice his power and position to their good. But Lopez would have been perfectly content if the whole of his people were destroyed (with the exception of a sufficient number to labour and tend, making the country one huge estate of his), could he but retain his hold of it. This is no idle statement: long before the war the title-deeds of all the larger estates were ordered to be deposited in his hands, and the property of all political prisoners, all deserters, real or surmised, and, in many cases, of their relatives, was forfeited to the State,

that is, to himself. All title-deeds which were not *en régle* were destroyed, and the property reverted to the "State;" and the way in which they were tested may be judged of from the following anecdote, which I can vouch to be authentic. Don Carlos Lopez wished to buy some property belonging to a wealthy native living in the Calle Comercio, but which the owner declined to sell, so he was ordered to bring the title-deeds of the house he occupied for verification. They were handed to a Juez de Paz—a civil judge, who reported that they were perfectly correct. The President told him sternly to begone; and sending for another juez, said to him, "I gave these papers for examination to Juez Fulano, and the fool reports that they are 'comforme;' examine them minutely, and tell me if they are so." It is needless to add, that the owner, whom I knew well, remained but a short time in possession of his house, and that the coveted property was quietly given up.

This despatch of Mr. Washburn's did, moreover, a great deal of harm. People in Europe, who could gain but little information about the real state of affairs in the Plate, and naturally felt great sympathy for a little republic bullied, in appearance, by two larger ones and Brazil to boot, thought that a man who was thus openly supported by the American minister must be in the right, and the shocking stories of his cruelty, which occasionally reached them, must be fabricated or greatly exaggerated. However, it led to no practical result, and the "*distinguido amigo del Paraguay y la Libertad*" was soon forgotten by the "Semenario."

In the month of August, 1867, Mr. Gould, Her Ma-

jesty's Chargé d'Affaires, visited Paraguay for the purpose of obtaining the liberation of the many British subjects then virtually prisoners of Lopez. He did not succeed, except in the case of three widows and their five children, who were given up; but I am glad to say that he was not cajoled either by the flattery or the falsehoods of Lopez; and when his letters to the Foreign Office were published by command, the first clear and reliable account of the state of affairs there was given to the world. These letters are so graphic, and confirm so exactly my own statements, that I give the following extracts from them :—

"Paraguayan Head-Quarters. Paso Pucû, August 22, 1867.

"The very evening of my arrival (the 18th instant) I was informed by the President's secretary that his Excellency would receive me privately, and I had therefore the honour of spending a couple of hours with the President, who assumed towards me an extremely frank and cordial manner.

"After reminding me that this was not an official interview, and inquiring the object of my visit to his camp, his Excellency said that he deeply regretted that I should have been charged with such a mission, as he could not, under the circumstances, possibly dispense with the services of the British subjects in Paraguay, who were all in his employment, and bound by contracts. His Excellency moreover added that he could not allow any foreigners at the present crisis to quit the country, or even return from the camp to the capital. Should permission to leave be granted to one, his Excellency observed, the rest would, in all proba-

bility wish to follow. He had therefore been obliged to refuse a private and most pressing appeal, which Mr. Washburn, the United States Minister at Asuncion, had addressed to him on behalf of an American citizen." This citizen was Major Manlove.

"Mr. Bèrges, his minister for foreign affairs, had in consequence only recently notified publicly that no foreigner would, in the actual critical state of affairs, be permitted to withdraw from the republic." So recently, that this notice only appeared when Bèrges had received the note of Mr. Buckley Mathew, stating that the object of Mr. Gould's visit was "to facilitate the departure of such British subjects as were desirous to leave Paraguay."

"His Excellency dwelt at considerable length on the partiality which he had at all times shown for Englishmen, whom he had exclusively employed; on the great benefits he had conferred on some of them." I never heard of these "benefits," unless giving to Dr. Stewart and a few others the cross of the "Orden de Merito," and to Dr. Rhind permission to marry, are to be considered so: pay is not usually so spoken of, and of that we were mulcted forty per cent.

"His Excellency further assured me, that none of them had the slightest cause of complaint; on the contrary, they were one and all perfectly happy and contented. None of them, to his knowledge, desired to leave the country, and all had engagements, which they were gladly fulfilling to his entire satisfaction. I should have every opportunity of conversing with the few British subjects in his camp, who would fully corroborate all he had stated."

Now, what are the facts? With two or three exceptions, the contracts of all of us had long since expired, and we were most anxious to leave the country, but dared not even say so. Mr. Gould was kept under most careful surveillance, and "the few British subjects in the camp" were afraid to be seen speaking with him; and on the morning after this interview Lopez sent for Dr. Stewart, and said to him, "*Cuidado! Si yo sepa que algun Ingles diga que quiere salir del pais*" [Take care! If I should (only) know that any Englishman says that he wishes to leave the country]. Those only who know Lopez can understand the full force of this sentence.

"His Excellency proceeded to complain of the want of sympathy evinced by Her Majesty's Government towards Paraguay; of his desire to cultivate more friendly and intimate relations with Great Britain not having been reciprocated; of the way in which his policy had been misconstrued in England; and, finally, of the breaches of neutrality committed by Her Majesty's Government during the present war. He had, unfortunately, no one to advocate his cause, and he was shut out from the rest of the world. He considered it very unfair on the part of Her Majesty's Government to call upon him to give up the small number of British subjects, who had freely entered his service" (but not to fight, however); "while no notice seemed to be taken of the loans, ships, and arms obtained by his adversaries in Great Britain, and of the hundreds of Englishmen fighting against him in their ranks.

"With regard to the despatch addressed by you (Mr.

Buckley Mathew) to his minister for foreign affairs, his Excellency stated *that he could not be expected to take any official notice of it, as you have not yet presented your letters of credence, which can only be done personally.*" (The Italics are mine). "He therefore considered he would have been fully justified in refusing to listen to any request I might be instructed to make on behalf of the British subjects in Paraguay, *as I was unprovided with any direct communication from Her Majesty's Government to that of the republic.*" Mr. Gould had neither an armed force to support his demand, nor even a right to make it. "Nevertheless, to prove his anxious desire to meet the views of Her Majesty's Government, he would overlook these diplomatic informalities, and endeavour to make some exceptional concession in its favour without prejudicing his position, which had become exceedingly delicate, in regard to other neutral powers, since the publication of the notification he had previously alluded to.

"His Excellency concluded by making some highly flattering remarks about me, and saying that such was the sympathy he felt for me, that out of personal regard he would wish to see my mission brought to a successful termination."

It is impossible not to admire the skill Lopez displayed in this interview; (the wily savage was fully a match for his antagonist, fettered as he was with the fear of injuring the men he had been sent to save, by any remark which might show that he was acquainted with the facts of the case;) and the ingenuity with which he makes it appear that giving up three widows and their children was proof of his friendly feeling

towards England, and a compliment to Mr. Gould, who continues: "I began by endeavouring to convince the President that the object of my mission was not to complain of the treatment of British subjects in the republic, but simply to request his Excellency to allow those amongst them who might desire to leave Paraguay to avail themselves of the facilities for doing so placed at their disposal by Her Majesty's Government. I added that this friendly request was based on a positive international right, and that a refusal on his part to comply with it would be not only highly impolitic, but inhuman. If these British subjects were all, as he asserted, happy and contented, the number of those wishing to leave would be so insignificant as to cause his Government no embarrassment, while he would thus, by a very small sacrifice, gain over to his side, not only Her Majesty's Government, but public opinion in the United Kingdom, which had become interested in their fate. The arrival of Her Majesty's gun-boat in the Paraguayan waters had placed my countrymen in an exceptional position, and rendered the notification he had referred to inapplicable to them. I would not take upon myself to call in question his Excellency's assertions, but I had good reason to believe that the contracts of most of the Englishmen in his service had long since expired, and that some, at least, of them were anxious to return to their homes. I would not, however, attempt to ascertain their real feelings on the subject until his Excellency had consented to their departure. I should, by doing so, merely place them in a false and painful position.

"I concluded by assuring his Excellency that I

would, through you, call the attention of Her Majesty's Government to the various causes of complaint he had considered himself justified in pointing out to me. I moreover undertook fully to inform you of the peculiar and critical position in which he now finds himself.

"Paraguay has for many years past almost exclusively employed Englishmen. The medical service of its army is entrusted to four English surgeons and an English apothecary. The works in its arsenal are carried on by a small number of English draughtsmen and mechanics. English engineers have charge of its steamers. Its railway, many of the public buildings, and the formidable system of defensive works which has so long set at defiance the allied armies, have been constructed under the supervision of three English civil engineers." This last statement is not quite correct: the river batteries at Humaitá were built by Capt. Morice, R.N., who had left Paraguay before I reached it, and Col. Weisner, an Austrian. The new works were designed by the latter and by Mr. (now Lieut-Col.) Thompson, who was a civil engineer, and the only Englishman who entered the military service of Lopez during the war. "Finally, its mines are worked by an English mining engineer. It is mainly owing to the exertions of this handful of Englishmen that Paraguay, reduced to its own limited resources, has, under the direction of President Lopez, thus far been enabled to prolong the desperate struggle in which it has been engaged for upwards of two years. Hence the natural reluctance of his Excellency to part with men whose services are invaluable to him,

and whom he cannot possibly hope to replace under present circumstances.

"At a subsequent interview President Lopez said he would, in the absence of his minister for foreign affairs at Asuncion, and on account of the difficulties of communicating with that capital, prefer that I should remain at his head-quarters; and he would therefore name his secretary to treat me officially. Should I persist in carrying out my instructions literally, he would be under the painful necessity of bringing the negotiations to an abrupt and disagreeable termination. However, if I would agree to be satisfied with the women and children, whom he was willing to give up on grounds of humanity, and represent to Her Majesty's Government that this was the only concession he was in a position to make at the present moment, he would most gladly consent to their departure, provided measures were taken to prevent their communicating to his adversaries any information which would be injurious to his cause.

"I partially agreed to his terms, observing, however, that I could not take upon myself to guarantee that Her Majesty's Government would be satisfied with such a partial measure; but that of course it would materially lessen the unfavourable impression which an unconditional refusal would be certain to produce.

"I have made up my mind to proceed with the greatest caution and moderation; and if I find it eventually impossible to obtain the release of those I have been commissioned to bring away, I will accept the compromise his Excellency has prepared, leaving it entirely open to Her Majesty's Government to take

whatever further steps may be deemed most advisable to effect the deliverance of the British subjects who may still remain in Paraguay. With this object, I will not hurry on the negotiations, as, although I shall thereby expose myself to some danger and great personal discomfort, I feel convinced my countrymen will be in comparative safety so long as I remain amongst them."

Mr. Gould then received a note from Gen. Barrios, minister of war and marine, stating that Major Caminos had been appointed to officially treat with him, and that the negotiations were to be carried on in writing. He wrote in French, knowing that the secretary was but a cypher, and that he was really treating with Lopez, who speaks that language very well. But he goes on to say, "Before replying to my note the President expressed a desire to see me." Mr. Gould was, however, unwell, and several days passed before he could visit him; then, "in the presence of Señor Caminos, he read over the note, and kindly pointed out what he considered a grammatical error, which I at once gladly corrected. He then proceeded to make another more important alteration, which I did not feel myself at liberty to consent to; but I finally agreed to take back the note for reconsideration, in order to avoid what I feared might end in an unpleasant discussion, which I had every reason to be anxious to avoid.

"His Excellency actually proposed to me so to alter the wording of the note as to make it appear that the only object of Her Majesty's Government in sending the 'Doterel' to Paraguay, was to facilitate the departure of the few English women whom his Excellency felt disposed to give up.

"I explained that although these women had undoubtedly a prior claim, and Her Majesty's Government would be grateful for the exception made in their favour, still it did not in any way invalidate the claim of the other British subjects in his dominions to the consideration of their Government. I would, however, take time to reflect on his proposal, but I feared I was so bound by your instructions as to preclude the possibility of my complying with it.

"The next morning I handed back to Señor Caminos the note in question, after having substituted the words '*en surtout*' for '*en outre*' at the beginning of the sentence which refers specially to the English women in Paraguay, which was 'En outre (et soutout) il y a des femmes et des veuves d'anglais, chargées d'enfants, qui ne doivent continuer à rester sans but exposées aux périls de la guerre.'"

Several notes followed this, but led to nothing, as might have been expected. Mr. Gould says, "The only remarks I will venture to make with regard to Señor Caminos' note of the 23rd of August are, that he avoids the main question; first, by speciously endeavouring to make it appear as if there were no British subjects in Paraguay desirous of leaving it; secondly, he does not see fit to give them an opportunity to express their wishes on the subject; thirdly, I regret to say he was perfectly aware at the time that several of them made no secret of their wish to quit Paraguay, though he was to a certain extent justified in asserting that none of them had officially applied for permission to leave; finally, he admits that they would not in any case be permitted to take their departure.

"I may as well, before proceeding any farther, point out to you the peculiar position occupied by British subjects in this remote republic. They are all, with one single exception, I believe, in the Government service." With the exception of three, it should have been. "Their contracts were made in England, and afterwards renewed in this country; but most of these contracts have expired since the beginning of the war. Thus many, who might now desire to return home, were not at liberty to do so when the Doterel last visited Asuncion. Her stay was but short, and the object of her presence not generally known. These British subjects have in general been very well treated by the President, and their salaries are regularly paid even now. However, on the one hand, owing to the depreciation of the paper currency, in which they receive one half of their wages, they have to submit to a loss of nearly forty per cent.; while, on the other, they have to pay exorbitant prices for whatever they require, in consequence of the rigorous blockade which has excluded Paraguay from the rest of the world for upwards of two years. President Lopez treats them very much as if they were a more valuable class of his own subjects; never consults their wishes, and employs them in any way that suits his purpose, without their daring to offer the slightest objection. In this way he may safely say that he has never used compulsion towards them, as his wishes are no sooner conveyed to them than they are, in appearance at least, willingly complied with. On their side, the dread of incurring his displeasure is so great that they would hardly be likely to make any imprudent request, which would

in all probability not be granted, and might entail upon them the most serious consequences.

"The case of Mr. Henry Valpy is the most unjustifiable of any. This gentleman is a civil engineer, who came out specially from England with Mr. Burrell to make a railway. Mr. Valpy's contract, though once renewed, has long since expired, and the railway works are suspended in consequence of the war. This gentleman was indirectly asked to accept military service, but he had the strength of mind to refuse, and offered to give up his salary as his services were no longer available. He was, however, induced by the President to continue drawing one-half of his pay, and since then he has made himself as useful as he could in the capital. Ten or eleven months ago he was called to the Government-house, and told to prepare to proceed to this camp. He objected, but was informed that it was the President's order, and consequently he would have to go. On his arrival in camp, his Excellency presented him with a sword, and requested him to get a military uniform, although he gave his Excellency to understand he had conscientious scruples, which prevented him from accepting military service. He has hitherto resisted putting on a military uniform, and has only been employed in making surveys at a distance from the enemy's positions; but even so shells have exploded in his immediate neighbourhood. He is treated very much as a prisoner at large, and the President is so incensed at his passive resistance, and at his having, through me, privately expressed a wish to leave, that I have, with reason, the greatest fears for his personal safety. The

very fact of his often having been seen with me will, I apprehend, tell against him.

"Mr. Surgeon Fox is also most anxious to leave. He is not bound by any contract, or even verbal engagement, and moreover he is in rather delicate health. I incidentally mentioned his name, without, however, compromising him.

"Others would, I know, gladly do the same; but, fearing the consequences, wisely refrained from even expressing to me their ardent wishes on the subject. President Lopez, in an unguarded moment, acknowledged to me that he considered he had a perfect right to treat Englishmen in his service (and he does not give them the option of retiring from it) just in the same way as he would his own subjects. The men in the arsenal for the most trivial offences are at once locked up, or put on board the steamers, where they have very hard work, and are continually exposed to the fire of the Brazilian iron-clad squadron below Humaitá.

"*Such is the terror inspired by President Lopez, that, fearing the information I had might be attributed to the unfortunate British subjects in the camp, I avoided, for their sakes, taking any notice of the case of a young English apothecary, who, for a slight breach of discipline, has been under arrest in the capital for the last nine or ten months.* The position of British subjects in Paraguay was, up to the commencement of the present war, a very good one; but since then it has materially changed, as I believe I have succeeded in proving, and may yet, I fear, become still more precarious." The section I have italicized refers to myself. Mr.

Gould concludes: "During my prolonged stay in this camp my unfortunate countrymen have happily been in comparative safety, although my position was both irksome in the extreme, and not altogether unattended with danger from various quarters. The whole camp is now more or less within range of the enemy's guns, and President Lopez's violence is such that I was repeatedly warned to be most guarded in my intercourse with him."

Mr. Gould left, taking the women and children in question with him; but notwithstanding his representations of Lopez's lawlessness and the dangerous position in which our countrymen remained, little or nothing has been done for their relief. It is true that a gun-boat has been twice sent up the river, to repeat the farce of asking for the release of British subjects; the answer returned to the first application was that none wished to leave, and a foreman in the arsenal went on board and stated that such was the case; but Mr. Nesbit, the man in question, had left his wife and children in the hands of Lopez as hostages. The second time Mr. Fox was brought down, then so ill that he could not perform his duties satisfactorily; and I believe a third has been sent since Lopez retreated to the cordillera, and returned as it went.

Another letter of Mr. Gould's, dated Sept. 16, 1867, should be noticed as exemplifying the cunning of Lopez; he states that, finding that any further negotiations were useless, he determined to leave; and goes on: "The state of my health was also such as to necessitate an immediate change of air, and to cause serious alarm to the English medical men in the

camp, from whom, at considerable risk to themselves, I experienced the greatest kindness.

"To my surprise, late in the afternoon, Lieutenant-Commander Michell suddenly appeared, accompanied by three of the President's aides-de-camp. He informed me he had been spending an hour alone with his Excellency, who had treated him with the most marked kindness and condescension (!), and made many inquiries about what was passing outside his camp. This was the first notice I had received of the arrival of the gun-boat, although Curupaity is in telegraphic communication with Paso Pucù. When Commander Michell had left me to return to head-quarters, a horse was brought up by a soldier; but I refused to leave until the President should have signified in a becoming manner that I was at liberty to re-embark. Shortly afterwards two of his officers were sent to accompany me, and I then proceeded to Curupaity; where I was detained fully an hour, waiting for Commander Michell and his party.

"While there, one or two shells were fired in that direction by the Brazilian iron-clads below Humaità; Commander Michell was, I believe, covered with sand by the explosion of one of them. This mistake, unintentional on the part of the Brazilians, can only be attributed to the British ensign having, for some reason or the other, been lowered by the Paraguayans from the flag-staff at Curupaity long before Commander Michell and I re-embarked. Owing to these delays night had closed in before Her Majesty's gun-boat was able to return to her former position in the rear of the Brazilian squadron off Curùzù."

I should have greatly enjoyed the chance of hearing, unseen, the kind and condescending conversation Lopez held with the gallant and gratified officer. I expect it was of the kind pantomimically expressed by working the handle of an imaginary pump, and that it provided Mrs. Lynch with excellent after-dinner jokes for some time to come.

There can be no doubt that the British ensign was lowered by command of Lopez. Mr. Gould had shown a most unwelcome pertinacity in trying to carry out his instructions, and had gleaned a few facts which it was most inconvenient to let the outside world know anything of; therefore it was hoped that a Brazilian shell would have silenced him for ever, and we see how nearly this ingenious scheme succeeded.

In the letter of the 10th there was enclosed the following excellent *résumé* of the information Mr. Gould had been able to collect:—"Since the commencement of this protracted war, but little, if any, reliable information has been received as to the actual position of this country. The Allies themselves, strange to say, seem to be as much in the dark as the rest of the world. Though the opportunities of ascertaining the true state of affairs have been extremely limited since my arrival here, still I have succeeded in collecting information of some interest.

"The whole country is ruined, and all but depopulated. Everything is seized for the use of the Government. The cattle on most of the estates have entirely disappeared. All the horses, and even the mares, have been taken away. The slaves, of whom there

were 40,000 or 50,000, have been emancipated; the males sent to the army, and the females, with other women, forced to work in gangs for the Government. Many estates have been altogether abandoned. The scanty crops raised by the women are monopolized for the supply of the troops. The women have been obliged to part with all their jewels and gold ornaments, though this extreme measure has been called a patriotic offering on their part.

"Three epidemics, measles, small-pox, and cholera, besides privations of all sorts, have reduced the population of this unfortunate country by more than a third. It is variously estimated to have never exceeded 700,000 or 800,000; but on this point I have not been able to obtain any reliable data. The mortality among children has been dreadful, and both scurvy and itch are very prevalent. The trade with Bolivia is insignificant, owing to the almost insuperable difficulties of communication.

"When the war first commenced, President Lopez was at the head of a fine army of nearly 100,000 men, and he had immense supplies of arms and ammunition, which his father and he had been carefully accumulating for years previously. His fleet consisted, however, of only twelve or fifteen river steamers of light construction.

"Since then he must have lost, in one way or other, upwards of 100,000 men, for 80,000 have died from disease alone. Many of his steamers have been captured or destroyed, and he may yet have eight or nine, only two of which are, however, in a good serviceable state.

"It is only owing to the dilatory manner of proceeding of the Allies, and their want of energy, that he is still able to prolong his resistance. Had their fleet taken up in time a position between Paso la Patria and Itapirù, after the surrender of a part of his troops at Uruguayana, none of the 25,000 men with whom he invaded the Argentine province of Corrientes would have been able to recross the Paranà into Paraguay. On the 24th of May, 1866, he was repulsed with such fearful loss that the Allies might have entered his entrenched camp the next day with the greatest ease. It took him three days to reorganize any considerable force, as he himself acknowledges. His losses on that occasion amounted to between 12,000 and 15,000 men. On the 2nd of September, 1866, when the Allies took Curùzù, had they marched at once on Curupaity they would easily have advanced with but comparatively slight resistance. They lost a fortnight, during which he strongly entrenched himself, and were eventually repulsed with immense slaughter. Again, when they advanced lately to Tuyùcuè, he was not prepared to resist a determined attack. He has, however, since strengthened his works on that side. There they have remained stationary for more than six weeks, while by pushing forward a few thousand men on their extreme right they would entirely cut off his communications with the interior, and very soon compel him to surrender at discretion; for he has no longer a sufficient force to venture upon a serious attack.

"The allied forces now amount to 48,000 men in the field, and from 5,000 to 6,000 in hospital. Of these,

45,000 are Brazilians, 7,000 or 8,000 Argentines, and 1,000 Orientàles. Since my last visit, in April, the Brazilian army has been rejoined by the 2nd corps, which held Curùzù, and the 3rd under General Osario, which was at that time somewhere in the Missiones. Moreover, large reinforcements have arrived direct from Brazil, and the Imperial Government has engaged to send out 2,000 men per month to kèep up the army to its present strength. President Mitrè has also returned with a part of the forces lately employed in quelling the insurrection in the Argentine Provinces. They are fully supplied with every requisite for a campaign. Of the above amount, fully 8,000 are cavalry, and well mounted; besides, fresh horses are daily arriving in large numbers. The army is likewise provided with a great many field-pieces.

"The Brazilian iron-clad squadron consists of ten vessels, which easily forced their way past the batteries at Curupaity. There are, it seems, two deep-water channels in front of these formidable works. The farthest from them is defended by three lines of stockades, to which torpedos are attached. Admiral Ignacio, however, took the fleet up the nearest channel, and by shutting his ports, and keeping close under the cliffs on which the guns are mounted, avoided in great measure their fire, as they could not be sufficiently depressed, and he thus lost but a few men. Only one of the iron-clads was disabled, by a shot striking the condenser, and was exposed to a very heavy fire until another vessel came to its assistance, and, lashed to its side, towed it up past the batteries. The squadron is at present stationed a little more than a mile

below Humaità, into which its shells fall, as well as into the rear of Curupaitỳ. The communication with the squadron of wooden vessels, seven in number, stationed opposite Curùzù and below Curupaitỳ, is easily maintained by means of a road four miles long, through the Chaco, defended by three redoubts and 1,400 men.

"Thus the whole of the river, front or right of the Paraguayan camp, is exposed to the fire of the fleet.

* * * * *

"The Paraguayan forces amount altogether to about 20,000 men, of these 10,000 or 12,000 at most are good troops, the rest mere boys from twelve to fourteen years of age, old men and cripples, besides from 2,000 to 3,000 sick and wounded. The men are worn out with exposure, fatigue, and privations. They are actually dropping down from inanition. They have been reduced for the last six months to meat alone, and that of a very inferior quality. They may once in a way get a little Indian corn; but that, mandioc, and especially salt, are so very scarce, they are, I fully believe, only served out to the sick." (Mr. Gould should have said, to the officers.) "In the whole camp there is absolutely nothing for sale. There must be, from what I saw, a great scarcity of drugs and medicines, if not a total want of them, for the sick, whose number is rapidly increasing. Few recover, as may be naturally expected, under such circumstances. Cholera and small-pox, which exist to a certain extent in the allied camp, are spreading very much among the Paraguayans. The horses have nearly all died off, and the

few hundreds which yet remain are so weak and emaciated they can scarcely carry their riders. The last 800 or 900 mares in the whole country have, however, just been brought in. The draught oxen are in a dreadful state, and cannot last much longer. The cattle in the camp, some 15,000 or 20,000 head, are dying very fast for want of pasture. Fresh cattle are occasionally brought in at night; but they are also generally in poor condition. Large herds are said to be kept near Humaità, in some marshy place near the river, which is very difficult of access to the Allies. The few steamers still plying between the capital and the camp can only land their cargoes at night, as they have to come within the range of the Brazilian iron-clads below Humaità. Many of the soldiers are in a state bordering on nudity, having only a piece of tanned leather round their loins, a ragged shirt, and a poncho made of vegetable fibre. They all wear clumsy-looking leather caps. A great part of them are still armed with flint guns, though in the course of the war many Minié rifles have been captured from the Allies.

"The Paraguayans are a fine, brave, hardy, patient, and obedient race of men; but they are beginning to be dispirited, judging from what I have seen on the one side, and the accounts I have heard on the other. They neither give nor accept quarter, even when wounded." (The former statement is not quite exact; the numerous prisoners of war I saw, prove that they sometimes gave quarter.) "Paraguayan wounded have been seen, when lying on the field almost in the agonies of death, to stab any wounded enemy

within reach." (I may add, that, to my certain knowledge, the little boys who were made into soldiers were ordered to cut the throats of any wounded they saw on the ground; and a sergeant, one of my patients, told me, with some pride, that he had "degollado" several of his own wounded men, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.) "Others, again, especially of late, throw themselves on the ground at the approach of the foe, without offering the slightest resistance, but refuse pertinaciously to surrender, and have to be run through as they lie."

I expect the truth is, that the poor fellows, not understanding a word of any other language than Guaranì, threw themselves on the ground to show that they *did* surrender; they were, however, systematically taught that the "macacos" (the *baboons*, the Brazilians) always slaughtered their prisoners; and after the rout of Lopez at Lomas Valentinos, Dr. Stewart actually saw them bayoneting the wounded as they lay in long lines under the trees. We know that a cowardly enemy is always the most merciless.

"The garrison of Humaità consists of five battalions, of which three are composed of old soldiers, one of boys and convalescents, and one of wounded men returned to duty; in all about 3,000 men. 6,000 are stationed along the left from Humaità to the Angulo, and 5,000 from thence to Curupaity. The reserves, consisting of three battalions of infantry, and four or five weak dismounted cavalry regiments, numbering altogether from 2,000 to 2,500 men, are stationed at Paso Pucù, the most central position in the camp, and the head-quarters of President Lopez.

Among all these troops there are probably not 10,000 able-bodied men."

Yet, in spite of this weakness, starvation, and misery, the Paraguayans held their position for nearly eighteen months longer, and were then conquered, not by the Brazilians, but by mightier foes—hunger and disease.

CHAPTER XV.

GUAIQUI INDIANS.—GREGARIOUS SPIDERS.—PIQUES.—BOMBARDMENT OF ASUNCION.—RETREAT TO SAN FERNANDO.

WHILST the allied army was lying idle at Curupaity skirmishes took place between the Paraguayan and Brazilian cavalry very frequently; by Lopez they were magnified into great battles, and were invariably victories; the loss on the part of the enemy was usually 5,000 men, whilst their own, the "Semenario" stated, was two or three killed and a few wounded; nevertheless some scores of the latter always reached the hospitals a few days afterwards.

In 1866 a road was found through the woods from the eastern side of Bolivia to the head waters of the Paraguay, and a few traders came down it, and realized enormous profits by the sale of the flimsiest of prints, with more dressing than cotton in them, at a dollar a yard; chocolate at five shillings a pound, and salt at thirty-five pesos (about forty shillings) the arroba of twenty-five pounds. Some of them got off with the money, but the rest were pounced upon by Lopez as "conspirators," and lost both their gains and their lives.

Speaking of salt reminds me of an amusing blunder

I saw in an American illustrated paper, "Leslie's Weekly." The writer, Lieutenant Holmes, of the "Wasp," sent his journal and sketches to that paper, and they are editorially introduced as scenes "described with the simplicity and conscientiousness of an observant sailor." After giving his impressions of the river, and getting quite enthusiastic in his admiration of it, and the "beautiful parasites growing in the water," and wondering at the strange animals called "Kapurchas (carpinchas), and looking like tapirs" (!), he speaks of Mount Lambarai (Lambarè) as "a mount of three hundred and fifty feet high, and is said to be composed entirely of rock salt; therefore of great value to the country, where that condiment is so very scarce." It does not seem to have struck this observant sailor, that salt, in a country where such a mass of it existed above ground, must have been about as "scarce" as it is in the ocean. Lambarè is really of basaltic rock, and I suppose he thought that is the same as rock salt. His sketches are also as divertingly unlike the places they are supposed to represent as can well be imagined.

One of the Bolivians, Dr. Rocas, started a small weekly paper, called "La Centinela;" and another, the "Cacique de Lambarè," was printed by the Government, in the Guaranì. I give in the appendix a specimen of this scurrilous print.

Shortly afterwards some Indians called the Guaiquìs, inhabiting the great woods to the north of Paraguay, were brought down to Asuncion; and they being attacked by small-pox, Dr. Rhind had an opportunity of examining them, whilst I was still in the Colegio.

They would seem to be of a very low type. Stunted in growth, and with almost black skins, and lean slender limbs, they reminded him painfully of monkeys; and their intelligence seemed to be less than that of those animals. They neither build huts, nor use clothes, nor do they know the use of fire; they live in the woods on fruits and roots, occasionally stealing the fowls of the settlers near their domains, and eating them uncooked; and the soldiers told him that if they were put in a *corral* they had no better idea of escaping than cattle would have under the same circumstances. They appear to have no articulate language, and Señora Leite-Pereira assured me that she had two of them (about six years of age when caught) some years in her house, but they could never be taught to speak. Several of the men under Dr. Rhind's care died, and the women showed their grief by putting their heads between their knees, and rolling over and over, around the bodies, uttering, at the same time, groans and short jerking shrieks. I saw a man when I was a prisoner, standing opposite the door of my cell for some time, exactly resembling an ape in features; there was the same muzzle-like projection of jaw, the depressed curve between the tip of the nose and the brows, the eyes close together, with long tubular upper-lids, which he was incessantly winking; and he grinned and showed his strong close teeth when spoken to, just as a tame monkey would. I am inclined to think that the Guaiquis are cretins, resulting from the constant, perhaps incestuous, interbreeding of a few Indians of a higher type, lost in the woods. But

the wonderful intelligence, the sad expression, and almost human actions of the monkeys on the one hand, and the ape-like features, and mere animal lives of many of the Paraguayans on the other, affected me most disagreeably. I could never shoot a monkey, though the natives did the Guaiquis without compunction, saying they were not "*cristianos*," and were incorrigible thieves.

Whilst I was in the Legation I had an excellent opportunity of studying the habits of the gregarious spider, which is an apparent exception to the rule that the Araneæ are the most unsocial and blood-thirsty of animals. These spiders, when full grown, have bodies about half an inch in length, black, with the exception of a row of bright-red spots on the side of the abdomen, four eyes, remarkably strong mandibles, and stout hairless legs nearly an inch in length. They construct, in concert, immense webs, often thirty feet long and eight deep, generally between two trees, and ten or twelve feet from the ground.

Across a roadway is a favourite station with them, and when so placed the webs are invariably at a sufficient height to allow equestrians and bullock-carts to pass beneath; but I could generally touch them with my whip; for, if too high, they would have missed the flies and moths, their principal food, which do not rise far from the ground.

In the *patio*, the grassy courtyard of the Legation, was a small garden, the beds bordered with bricks (exactly like one of Lord Paulet's in Charles the Second's time, I was reading of the other day) and fenced in. It was rarely entered, except by the

stooping old crone, Basilio's mother, and the spiders had stretched six of these huge nets between a large Cape jasmine and a clump of orange and peach trees, the latter thickly covered with a variety of mistletoe, poetically called by the natives, the *orphan plant.* The trees were about forty feet apart, the spiders had extended two strong cables, as thick as pack-thread, to form the margin of each of the webs, the lower being only four feet from the ground, and between them was a light, loose network, imperfectly divided into webs, each presenting about a square foot of surface. Each of these sub-webs was occupied by a spider from sunset till a little after sunrise, the six containing, I should say, two thousand of them altogether. But they often changed their location, and a double stream was always passing along the cables, apparently strengthening them as they came and went; and sometimes three or four would be lying in wait within a few inches of each other; but I noticed that they always gave the lines a quick, impatient shake whenever a companion left the main rigging, which were the public gangways, and ventured on to the lighter threads. In passing, they crawled over or under each other without hesitation, unlike beetles and ants, which always pause when they meet.

Soon after sunrise they left their webs, and, retreating to the shade, formed two or three large masses, as big as a hat, under the thick foliage of the jasmine; there they remained motionless till sunset, when the black lump crumbled to pieces—it was a curious sight to see the process—and then, in a leisurely way, the spiders scattered themselves to their aërial fishing.

The air swarmed with mosquitoes, which were caught in great numbers, but were too small game, and remained on the threads till they were hastily swept away by the spiders; for they made the webs conspicuous. The larger flies, and especially the moths, were at once pounced upon and devoured by the nearest spider, or several of them; and I have often seen half a dozen feeding amicably together on the body of the same insect.

I also satisfied myself that they are not content with merely sucking the juices of their prey, but devour the soft parts altogether: of moths they would leave but the wings; of beetles, all but the abdomen. Their fangs and jaws are greatly developed (I have several times allowed them to strike the former into my finger, but I felt no pain beyond the slight prick as they entered), and are well suited for tearing and comminuting.

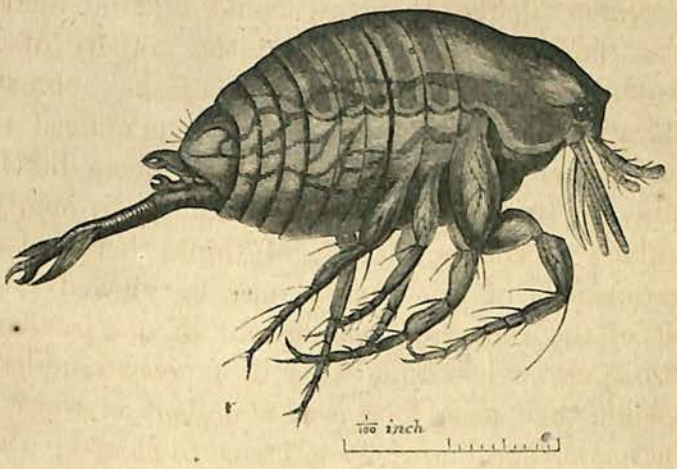
Another peculiarity is, that they swallow any part of their web which may be broken or torn by the wind. If such an accident occurred, the nearest spider gathered up the loose threads, rolled them into a ball, and immediately ate it. I have arrested them in the act, and found that the silk had been abundantly moistened with clear saliva preparatory to bolting it. I was long puzzled by the difficulty, how was the first thread, often sixty or seventy feet long, thrown from tree to tree? For intervening bushes made it impossible to adopt the native theory, that they made fast to one trunk, descended it, travelled over the ground to the other, ascended, holding on to the line, and then tightened it. I was fortunate enough, one day, to see how it was accomplished.

There was an arch of iron work over the mouth of the *algibe*, to hold the bucket-chain, and I saw a spider perched upon it, busily forming a loose, light ball of silk, nearly as large as its own body, which was soon borne away by the wind, and caught in the leaves of a neighbouring tree, the spider, after a time, tightened it, and then hastily crossed back and forth on the line, adding to its thickness on each journey, until it was strong enough to support a web. If the weather were wet or windy, they remained huddled together until it cleared up, and the next day the webs, which had been blown away, were replaced. Several others had been thrown from the trunk of one tree to another, in the grounds, but these were all high enough for the horses to pass underneath; but although I several times demolished those in the garden, they were invariably woven as low as before. They were tenanted about two months, and then every spider suddenly disappeared; but I found soon afterwards, under the leaves of the trees, several large bags of eggs, evidently left by them.

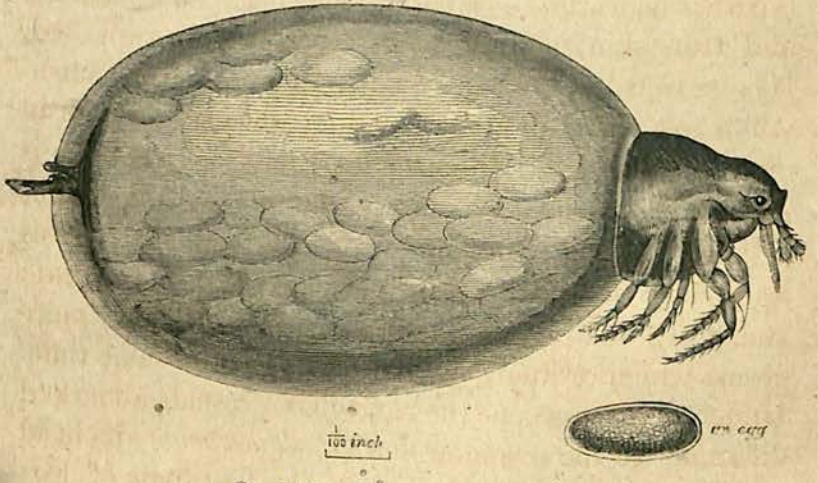
I have said that these traits—working in concert, and meeting without battling—are but apparent exceptions to the general rule; for I am of opinion that whilst they thus labour amicably together they are immature, and so soon as the reproductive function comes into play the usual ferocity of the race appears. There is then a sanguinary battle; the few survivors, all females probably, devour some of the slain, provide for a future brood, and then die also. I think so, because they are all of one size in the same web, crowd together to sleep exactly as young spiders

generally do, and they disappear suddenly, leaving no stragglers behind them. I could find no remains of the slain, I must admit; but the activity of the swarming ants, those scavengers of hot climates, would account for that. All must have noticed that spiders for some days or weeks after being hatched remain on friendly terms together, and spin an irregular web common to all. I think, therefore, the gregariousness of this variety may be viewed as the result of the retarded development of one particular function; else, why should they disappear so suddenly, and when their usual food is as abundant as ever?

There was another question I tried to clear up: why does the piquè, chigoe or sand-flea (*Pulex penetrans*), bury its eggs beneath the skin of living animals? "Ce vilain insecte," as Du Graty calls it, is very minute, not exceeding one twenty-fifth of an inch in length; it burrows beneath the skin, or rather between the cuticle and true skin, and there, as is commonly supposed, lays its eggs, producing a swelling containing a bluish-white sac, about the tenth or the eighth of an inch in diameter, filled with them. But I find that the case is not so simple, the sac is not merely a bag of eggs, but is the developed abdomen of the flea, which preserves its vitality after the death of the rest of the parent; and when that event takes place, the eggs are mere germs which ordinarily would perish at the same time. Under the microscope the sand-flea presents a marked difference to the common flea (*P. domesticus*): its head and thorax are welded together, the first pair of legs is scarcely stronger than the others, and there is an



Sand Flea (*Pulex Penetrans*).



Sand Flea distended with eggs.

appendage, a sort of proboscis, at its anal extremity, armed with double hooked forceps. Its cutting apparatus consists of two scimitar-shaped lancets placed in a common sheath, with which it slices out a space beneath the skin, large enough to bury itself entirely, anchors firmly by its hooked proboscis, and in a day or two dies. But the abdominal section still lives; it absorbs nutritive material through its walls, and grows rapidly at the expense of the serum poured out by the irritated skin into which it is inserted; it increases in thickness as well as in diameter; strong ligamentous bands are developed in it, and, more curious still, the eggs which now fill it grow also, enlarging their tough membraneous envelopes at the same rate, and the mature eggs are each of them fully half as large as the perfect flea.

Thus we see why the sand-flea cannot deposit its eggs as the rest of the family do; and I think it is very probable that it has no more food than it carries away within itself on quitting the egg, and therefore cannot provide the material for their greater development. The males I have never met with; I expect they die as soon as they have performed their part in creation.

I examined great numbers of the fleas, to establish these points, when I was waiting for the police to arrest me, and I was fortunate in finding a subject which interested me so much. Apart from the scientific interest attached to them, they are simply a great nuisance, and neglected children suffer a good deal from them; so do the dogs, who almost tear their feet

to pieces in biting them out, and often get them in their lips and outer nostrils, from which of course they cannot dislodge them. They never troubled me much; for with the point of a lancet it was easy to eject them, and the place healed at once.

I have only mentioned a few of the wild animals of Paraguay, and those incidentally; but they are numerous, varied, and interesting.

El Tigre, the tiger of Paraguay, the jaguar of naturalists, is a most formidable animal, both from its size and untamable ferocity. I never measured their dimensions exactly, but I had a rectangular mat fully six feet in length cut from the skin of one without the head. One was kept alive in the capital for some time, and fed upon stray dogs caught in the streets by the police. In Humaità, Lopez had two, both immense brutes, in a cage near the cable-capstans. It is said that three Brazilians, supposed to be spies, were thrown alive to them. The story is very likely to be true; and even such a death would be a most merciful one compared with those endured by others caught and charged with the same offence.

I saw there, also, a fine specimen of the *liòn*, or puma, as it should be called (*Felis Caguar*); an animal very easily tamed, and then almost as docile as a dog. The one in question used to walk about the camp as he pleased. He took part in a ludicrous scene one night.

One of my friends had an almost morbid fear of tigers. Once when engaged surveying in the *esteros* near Villa Oliva, he had to camp out far from any house; he sent his native servants in search of food, and lying down near his picketed horses, went

to sleep; he was awakened by the latter straining at the *sogas* to break away; he tried in vain to soothe them, and at length, snapping the strong hide ropes, they galloped off at their utmost speed. He suspected a tiger must have frightened them, and might return; so he built a large fire, and keeping within its glare fired shots from his revolver at intervals as a signal of distress. His position was certainly a trying one; his servants had apparently forgotten his whereabouts; there was not a tree nor a house for miles; and to traverse the *estero* on foot was a task the hardiest of pedestrians would have shirked, and the danger from snakes was really serious and far greater than that from tigers, which never, to my knowledge, attack a man. The tardy morning came at last, and his servants also. He had really heard a tiger growling in the distance, but the fire scared it away, as the fear of them had sleep from his eyes, and after this adventure the very name of a tiger was sufficient to disturb his equanimity, and every large animal, imperfectly seen, assumed the shape of one.

Close to the quarters of Lopez was a narrow passage between two walls, and late one night my friend was passing through it, carrying a lantern. Half-way, its light fell upon two glaring eyeballs, and an unmistakable growl saluted his ears. Forgetting all about the puma—indeed, all else than that wretched night in the *estero*—he dropped the lantern, gave an involuntary yell, fled for very life across the *patio*, and rushed breathlessly into the quarters of Dr. Stewart. The puma very composedly trotted after him, contemplating with amazement the singular spectacle of a stout

middle-aged gentleman fleeing with more than the traditional speed of a lamplighter, but without his lantern, across the moonlit courtyard.

Several tiger-cats and an ocelot are found in Paraguay, all with very beautifully marked skins. The natives have made a singular blunder in naming the larger animal: they call it Yaguáreté, that is, the big dog, Yaguar being the Guaranì for the latter; but they name the ocelots correctly, Mbaràcayà, that being the name given to cats generally.

A fine wolf, with a handsome black mane (*Canis ruber?*), I have once seen, and foxes are plentiful.

Du Graty mentions three species of monkeys, one three feet high; but I have only seen very much smaller ones.

The most remarkable animals, however, are the ante-ater and the carpincho. The former reaches a large size; the girls use its stiff mane-bristles for piercing their ears, believing that a puncture so made is not liable to inflammation. The latter is the *Capybyra palustris or Sus hydrochserus*, Linn. It is the largest of existing rodents, and is a most singular animal. Its quick and yet clumsy gait, and its droll truncated face, one can scarcely look at without laughing. I had one for some time; it was so fond of warmth that it used to singe off its fur by creeping too close to the kitchen fire, made, as usual, on the ground; and at length burnt itself to death. It is obliged to triturate its food—grass and herbaceous plants—for a long time, for the œsophagus is so contracted that it will hardly admit a goose quill, although the animal is so large that it sometimes weighs more than two hundred pounds. Its destiny

seems to be to feed tigers, for they live principally upon them.

There is another rodent, the *Tapitì buruchà*, or chinchilla, very common in the fields and *esteros*. I tamed one, and had it running about my room; but like all my pets it came to an untimely end. I tried all kinds, from alligators to tapitìs, from the most blindly ferocious to the gentlest and most timid of animals.

The *Cuatì* (*Viverra Rasua*) I found the most amusing of them all: restless as a monkey, but without that pathetic seeming of a lower humanity shown by the latter, it was ever leaping and climbing, now and then pretending to go to sleep for a moment, but with sharp little eyes sparkling under its brown fur, and springing up like a squirrel which it strongly resembles, if the slightest sound caught its ear. It used to leap on my shoulder, and, twining its long prehensile tail round my neck as a support, drive its sharp flexible snout into all my pockets in rapid succession, in search of something to eat.

I had, for a few weeks, a fine specimen of the great heron, *Tuyùyù* in Guaranì, that is, one which walks in the mud. He was nearly as tall as myself, and with a bill more than a foot in length. I kept him tied with a hide rope, with a heavy paving brick fastened to the end of it. One day, frightened by a peon suddenly galloping into the *patio*, he flew off with the *soga* and brick; and the latter, striking the wall, broke off and nearly killed a soldier who was lying asleep under it. He flew across the river, into the Gran Chaco, the *soga* streaming in the wind behind.

To a sportsman Paraguay offers a thousand temptations, game is so abundant. Herds of deer roam in the open glades between the *arroyas* and the forests; droves of wild pigs are found in their leafy depths; partridges, like our own, and another, the *Yñambù guazù*, as large as a pheasant, and *Mutùs*, quails, larger still, are seen in flocks in the *esteros*, with snipe and wild pigeons, the latter surpassing in flavour anything of the kind I have ever tasted.

Should he be a man of an adventurous spirit, there are the great falls of the Paranà, El salto de Guyrà, in lat. 24° 6′ S., which no European has seen for more than a century, and which for magnificence must rival Niagara itself. He would find difficulties sufficient to give the zest of danger to such a journey, and mountain, forest, and river scenery grand and wild enough to satisfy the most *blasé* seeker of the picturesque. He could journey easily from Asuncion to Villa Rica, and then, crossing the cordilleras of Caáguazú, cut his way through the virgin forests on their flanks to the waters of the Rio Monday, and then float down its rapid stream for a hundred miles to the foot of the great falls, the half-mythical *Salto de las seite caidas*. On his way he might meet some Guyracuì Indians, who have short tails of inconvenient stiffness, necessitating the wearers to carry a pointed stick, with which they make a hole in the ground in order to sit down conveniently. But at any rate he should carry a good rifle, and have a few companions armed in the same way; for other tribes he would certainly meet with are expert, and by no means particular, in the use of poisoned arrows. At night, that wonderful bird,

the Ipègtàtà, *might* be seen flying like a meteor over the tallest trees, and illuminating them with a brighter light than that of the full moon; for does it not feed on fire-flies, and exhibit in an intensified form their marvellous brilliancy?

The countless islands of the Paranà he would find swarming with tigers of the royalest dimensions; and if he came upon tapirs as large as I have seen them, he might make a "bag" such as Gordon Cumming would envy.

The natives say that armadillos of extraordinary size are found in the *yerbales*, but I have not seen a specimen. There is one with every scale of its armour fringed with stiff hairs.

The snakes I have mentioned before, but the danger is exaggerated by the natives; several of those brought to me as most venomous I found had no poison fangs at all. I have been assured that it is hazardous, however, to attempt to gather the wild vanilla which grows on the Upper Paraguay, because its scent attracts the rattlesnakes.

Lizards are very numerous, and some of large size. I found their lungs worthy of study, exhibiting, as is well known, a most simple form of breathing apparatus, scarcely more developed, indeed, than that of insects. The iguana, for instance, has two perfectly undivided membraneous sacs, on the internal surface of which the pulmonary blood-vessels ramify, and absorb through their thin walls the oxygen of the air, which enters by the wide trachea. It is, in fact, a single cell of a human lung greatly magnified. The natives make a singular use of them; they put the liver of the reptile

which is loaded with fat, into them, and hang them in the sun until the oil flows out. This they believe to be a sovereign remedy for sprains and bruises, exactly as goose-grease is still regarded by rustics in England.* The tail of the iguana is esteemed as a great luxury, cooked, like *carne con cuaro*, in its own skin. But I am not fond of gastronomic experiments, and never tried it.

The natives showed extraordinary courage in attacking tigers of the largest size, armed only with a knife, and guarded but by a poncho. Two men usually went together, with a few yelping curs to bring the tiger to bay. Then one of the men, rolling his woollen poncho over his left arm and with his long, keen-pointed knife in his right hand, met the infuriated animal as he made his spring, and drove his weapon between the vertebræ of its neck, generally with unerring aim. Should he miss, his companion comes to his assistance, and in a moment the huge brute would lie disabled at their feet. But the more usual mode of destroying them was, catching them in large wooden cages with sliding doors, like an old-fashioned rat-trap, and then killing them by a thrust with a lance.

* * * * * *

Mr. Washburn and his family returned from La Trinidad in the beginning of February, 1868, and he

* That absurd ideas concerning medicaments should be held by unreflecting and ignorant people is not to be wondered at, when we find Captain Page, U. S. N., in his "La Plata," gravely recording the ridiculous story that "The vast growth of sarsaparilla on the borders of this river (the Rio Negro, Uruguay) discolours its waters, and at the same time imparts to them such medicinal properties that invalids resort to Mercedes for the benefit of their curative power."

had, by that time, fallen from grace. I expect that Lopez was disappointed that his proffered mediation had come to nought, and hated Mr. Washburn because he had supported his cause so zealously; for it was one of the peculiarities of Lopez, that he distrusted everybody who tried to serve him, and treated those worst to whom he was most indebted.

However, all went on as usual for some time. My valued friend, Mons. Cochelet, the French consul, and his family got safely out of the country, although Lopez, who detested him, tried the same scheme for destroying him as he had in the case of Mr. Gould; and more pertinaciously, for he kept him, his wife, and four children, more than a week in Humaità, in the line of fire; and used to laugh heartily after dinner at the "gran susto" (the fright) they would get before they could leave. I am glad to say that, although several shells burst near them, none of the family received any hurt.

His successor, who was a very different man, went in for popularity strongly, as that word was understood by the *putas de la capità*l. I regret that I am not at liberty to speak of him as justice demands, but I trust that some day the story will be told. Shortly after his arrival he dedicated a silk flag to Santo Tomàs, with the arms of France on one side, and the name and titles of Lopez on the other, and placed it with much ceremony in that saint's grotto. I think he also "assisted," as he would say, at a visit to the Virgen de Milagros of Cāācupè, made by Mrs. Lynch. This virgin deserves a passing notice. It is a wooden image, in the church of that village, which

bows its head in a gracious and, of course, supernatural manner, if the petition, offered before the shrine containing it, is to be granted. But in order that the virgin—I know not if the celestial or the wooden one be meant—should not be troubled with improper prayers, the suppliant must previously submit the favour to be asked to the priest, and pay the sum of one dollar; then, if he approve, they repair to the church together, and offer up their petition, in the temple of God, to the tinselled idol standing there, and its head bows, of course, at the right moment.

I forgot to mention in its proper place a desperate attempt made to destroy the magazines of the Allies on the 3rd of the preceding November. A force of 8,000 Paraguayans suddenly fell upon the camp at a place called Paso Chanàr, so suddenly that the idle sentinels were shot at their posts, and they were carrying fire and sword amongst the stores of the Argentines before these were alive to their danger. Fortunately for the Allies, however, the starving Paraguayans came upon some sutlers' stores, and stopped to plunder them; this gave the Brazilians time to come up, and they fell upon the disorderly crowd of marauders, and routed them with immense loss. The Paraguayans left 3,000 dead on the field; but the singularity of the affair was, that, although routed, they managed to capture some of the field-pieces of the conquerors! The Hon. Mr. Pakenham writes to Lord Stanley: "A curious incident connected with the recent engagement, mentioned above, is, that the vanquished seized, and were able to carry off,

several pieces of artillery belonging to the victors; a proceeding unusual, I believe, in modern military annals."

In the beginning of this year (1868) several regiments of women were actually formed. They volunteered their services, of course, but the reader need not be reminded what the voluntary offerings of the Paraguayans meant; and for some time it was expected that they would be sent to the front, but after they had been drilled for a few weeks the idea was given up. This fact has been several times commented upon, and as often denied, but I can vouch for the truth of it. I have before me a printed list of names, sixty in number, commencing with that of Juana Tomasa Frutos, and ending with that of Brigida Chaves, and headed "Lista nominal de las señoritas que se ofrecen para tomar las armas." Doña Carolina Gill, an old friend of mine, was "capitana" of one company.

During the months of December and January the river had risen to an extraordinary height, and most of the dreaded torpedos being twenty feet or more under water, the Brazilian iron-clads ventured close to Humaitá; and on the morning of the 19th of February it was seen that one of the lighters, which supported the chains, had capsized, and that these impediments, in consequence, had been got rid of. For the first time, perhaps, during the war the enemy showed some daring, and three monitors ran past the *ribéra* batteries, and, without receiving any serious damage, anchored above the forts. On the 21st the news reached Asuncion, and it was ordered to be evacuated

within twenty-four hours. I can scarcely say, if the order was received with greater consternation or joy. With the exception of the police and the scanty garrison, none but women and children remained of the native population, with a few hundred foreigners. The former were terrified at the idea of leaving their homes, but at the same time they hoped that at last the weary war was at an end. Don José Bèrges, the minister for foreign affairs, informed Mr. Washburn of the order, and that the capital would be temporarily removed to Luquè, a village about twelve miles in the interior. He refused, however, to leave; for he hoped that the Brazilians would occupy the capital at once, and that we should all escape. But he had grievously mistaken. The same day, Doctor Don Antonio de las Carreras, ex-prime minister of Monte Video, and Señor Rodriguez, ex-secretary of the Legacion Orientàl, asked permission to stay with him; and when a number of the English mechanics, whose contracts had expired, begged for shelter there, he told them that if the vice-president would give them permission to stay they might occupy some spare rooms in the building. They went down to the Government-house, and saw Col. Fernandez, the local factotum, who said that if they did not go into the streets unnecessarily they might stop in the Legation; and accordingly six or eight, with their wives and children, twenty-two in all, took up their quarters with us.

The next day the city was completely deserted; and when two of the monitors made their appearance on the 24th, except for a stray dog, no signs of life

were visible. Mr. Washburn, the French consul,* and myself watched their approach from the roof of the consulate with great interest, expecting that they would take up a position in front of the city; for the battery at Lambaré had only one heavy gun and a few field-pieces. But they stopped and engaged this work at almost the verge of their range. The shots flew far wide of their mark, the greater number fell harmlessly into the river and a few into the city, the only damage being the destruction of a balcony of the President's palace, a slice off the front of a house, and the demolition of a couple of dogs in the market-place.

I regret that I have not the official (Brazilian) account of this operation to quote from, for it gives one an excellent idea of the trustworthiness of the accounts transmitted by the Allies to Europe. Any one reading it would imagine that a severe action had been fought; the vice-admiral talks of "having severely chastised the insolence of the Paraguayans in firing upon him," and the damage inflicted, when I can state positively that not a single shot struck them at all. After firing about four hours, the iron-clads returned down the river, and we heard no more of them. The people, however, suffered severely, though indirectly, from this futile attack. They were driven out into the small villages to the north-east of Asuncion, where there were not houses enough to shelter one-fourth of their number; they encamped under the trees, or in the open air, during that month of heavy rains—seven or eight inches sometimes falling in the day—and endured every

* Who discovered, however, after the first shot, that his horse would be injured by standing in the sun.

form of misery; food was excessively scarce and dear, all trades and occupations were at an end, and they were dying by hundreds from disease and famine. Nearly all were attacked by intermittent fever; I had little more than an ounce of quinine, which I gave away, and then made a quantity of Fowler's Solution, which Mr. Washburn supplied, with directions for use, to all applicants. I did not dare to give even a single dose of medicine openly. After a time the women were allowed to return for a few hours, and singly, to their houses, for the purpose of removing their goods, but they were warned not to come near the Legation.

The Major Manlove I have mentioned, had been set at liberty a few months before, and lived with a Mr. Bliss, also an American, in a cottage opposite the Legation. Shortly after the evacuation of the town, however, the former rented a house forming part of the minister's, and I went to live with him. We had laid in a good stock of provisions in the shape of two hundred fowls, three cows, and several pigs, Mr. Washburn having advanced him the money for his share of them. We were soon attacked by an enemy we had not thought of—the cats.

When the people left, their dogs went with them, but nearly all the cats remained behind; in a few days they were in a starving state, and made descents upon us like wolves. At first the chickens were taken, and only at night; but at length, made desperate by hunger, they carried off large fowls in broad daylight. We could not attempt to feed a horde of a thousand strong, so we set up traps to destroy them, and in a few weeks buried more than three hundred of the slain. Nine

tame parrots sought our hospitality, and them we fed and lodged on a long bamboo in the corridor. It was a droll sight to see them all of a row eating pieces of mandioc; they invariably held it in the claws of the left foot. One of them astonished us by croaking out "Viva Pedro Segundo!" (the Emperor of Brazil). "*Hullo!*" cried Mr. Washburn, looking round in amazement, "what's that?" "Viva Pedro Segundo!" repeated the parrot, turning her head on one side to look at him. "Wring that bird's neck directly!" said he to Mr. Meinke, his secretary, "or we shall all get into trouble." And in truth it was perilous enough.

It would have been imagined that the Brazilians would have completely commanded the river now that they had passed the chain; for Lopez had only five or six small wooden steamers left. Nothing of the kind! They blockaded Humaità from above, after a fashion; that is to say, supplies could not be thrown in by day, but at night the Paraguayans seemed to do as they pleased. And on the 21st of March, Lopez actually crossed the river to the Gran Chaco side, and made his way unmolested to San Fernando, about fifteen leagues above his former position, and still on the left bank, with three-fourths of his army and many of his heavy guns. It was an extraordinary feat, and was most admirably planned and carried out; but the loss in men and guns, from the badness of the road, was very great. An English artizan was a prisoner at the time in Humaità, and he afterwards gave me some very painful details of his sufferings, and those of others on the road, a mere cart-track, through the swampy woods. The men were often up to their middles in mire and

water, numbers of the sick, old, and weakly, were drowned, and many of the guns, after almost superhuman efforts to drag them through, had to be abandoned. A clever *ruse de guerre* enabled the Paraguayans to mislead the enemy, and the lines of Curupaity were abandoned for more than a month before the Allies found out that the birds had flown. The guns were gradually removed from the embrasures, and "quakers" (logs of wood) put in their place; the troops, meanwhile, were constantly massed in the front, leading the enemy to expect that an attack in force would be made upon them, and taking off their attention from Humaità itself, whence the artillery was being sent across the river in large flat-bottomed boats at night. When all was ready, the men silently retreated from Curupaity to Humaità, leaving numbers of dummies, made of sacking and reeds, standing by the wooden guns, and a few soldiers to fire vollies occasionally, to keep up the deception.

Before leaving, Lopez committed an act of atrocious cruelty. He had many prisoners of war; it would encumber him too much to take them on to San Fernando, and the scanty force left in Humaità could scarcely guard them, so he ordered the whole of them to be slaughtered in cold blood; and on that summer's afternoon from 1,500 to 2,000 men were mercilessly butchered. The morning after this fearful scene he commenced his retreat, and in three days reached San Fernando, a place just above the embouchure of the river Tebiquarì, with about 10,000 men. The movement was so cleverly managed, that the enemy was completely thrown off the scent, and

some weeks elapsed before they discovered where the Paraguayans had gone.

A force of about 3,000 men was left to guard Humaità, and they held it until the 24th of July, in spite of ten iron-clads, and in the face of 30,000 of the enemy, provided with abundance of arms, ammunition, and food.

A second *ruse* was tried successfully by the scanty garrison. Great activity was shown near the river; boats and canoes full of men were seen passing in the dusk and early morning; the fire had slackened, at last ceased, and not a man or sign of life was to be seen within the works; it was evident that the garrison had "stole away." So thought the Brazilians; but to make sure, the iron-clads were moved closer, and, aided by the land batteries, poured a tremendous fire into the devoted place, from sunrise till night, on the 15th of July. Not a gun was heard in reply, and, expecting to march into deserted batteries as they did at Curupaity, the next morning a general advance was ordered, and 6,000 men moved rapidly over the open ground towards the empty embrasures. About 200 yards in front they found a redoubt, from whence a few musket shots were fired by a small party of Paraguayans who immediately retreated. The dense columns, in wonderfully good humour, and a little disordered, I expect, by this time, entered the battery, which was empty, and then pressed on to the main works in front of them. Five minutes more, and the green and yellow ensign will wave over the last stronghold of the tyrant! The foremost men were breaking into a run to be the first to enter—when—a

yell of "Muerto à los cambas!" rose high above the noise of the exulting throng, the loaded guns were run into the embrasures, and a moment afterwards poured a storm of grape and shell into the disordered crowd; there was a fearful carnage, an instant of terrified indecision, and then a disordered flight.

A victory! and the victors were but a throng of famine and fever-stricken men. Lopez, once out of the way of danger, seems to have left them to their fate; the few cattle they had when he left had by this time all but disappeared, great numbers were killed during the bombardment of the 15th, and no new supplies were sent to them, although the road through the Chaco was open. On the 19th, Col. Martinez sent to tell him that they were eating the last of them. His answer was, "Hold out for five days more, and then retreat." They obeyed, although they were starving even then, and trying to support life by cutting the hides of the slaughtered cattle into strips and boiling them for food. At length the appointed day came round; they crossed the river, but not without discovery, and many of the boats were sunk by the enemy's fire, and a sad disaster happened as they were preparing to embark. A large quantity of powder had been brought down to the shore, and a crowd of women and children stood around it, waiting to carry it down to the boats under cover of the night, when a shell fell in their midst: there was a sudden flash, a heavy report, and the poor creatures were hurled in all directions, blackened corpses.

CHAPTER XVI.

EVACUATION OF HUMAITA.—ARREST OF SENORES CARRERAS, RODRIGUEZ, AND LEITE-PEREIRA.—CHARGES AGAINST MR. WASHBURN; HIS CORRESPONDENCE.—ARRIVAL OF THE "WASP."

ON the 24th of July, 1868, all who could had crossed the river, and Humaità was abandoned to the dying and the dead.

But the fugitives found themselves, to their dismay, completely cut off from the road they were to travel; the river was unusually high, and had converted the low marshy ground they had reached into an island. Col. Alèn and a few of the stronger men overcame this difficulty, and reached San Fernando, where he was, shortly afterwards, put in irons as a traitor. The weaker, the wounded, the women and children remained with Col. Martinez, in blank despair. They were soon discovered by the Brazilians, and summoned to surrender. Their commandant refused. The iron-clads came up and down, completely surrounded them, and once more attempted a parley. In their desperate misery they fired on the flag of truce, and then day after day shot and shell was poured into the unresisting crowd, and still the same answer. Their aimless, useless obstinacy is terrible to think of,

yet it was almost sublime in its silent heroism and self-abnegation. Too feeble to fight, too worn out to hope to escape, they refused all mercy, and died as they lay. At length, after six days' carnage, a priest induced Col. Martinez to yield, and the scanty remnant gave itself up at his orders. Lopez treated this surrender as a dereliction of duty, and added one more to the terrible list of his crimes, by *shooting the mother and wife of Col. Martinez for his so-called desertion!*

A great many of the officers, being better fed than the men, were able to escape with Col. Alèn; but they were all treated as criminals on their arrival at San Fernando. An article appeared in the "Semenario" a week or two afterwards, stating that the information, that they were out of provisions, was false, and that the garrison was amply provided with food when Martinez traitorously gave up the place to the Allies. Most of these unfortunate men were executed. The fact of the prolonged resistance made by the fugitives after leaving the fortress, and that the Allies found it absolutely bare of all stores, is a sufficient answer to the charge of treachery.

To return to Asuncion. We soon found that we were prisoners within the Legation, and dared not venture into the street: only Mr. Washburn, his secretary, and Basilio were allowed to leave the house. The English mechanics and their families were in a very unhealthy state, and occupied my time pretty well in attending to them. They had made a most unfortunate mistake in entering the Legation; their money was rapidly melted away, for provisions were very dear, and they incurred the anger of Lopez

by refusing to serve him. About a month after they came, Col. Fernandez called, and offered them work in the arsenal; but they very unwisely declined it, and afterwards, when they were compelled to leave, their proffered services were in turn refused.

Mr. Washburn gave new offence to Lopez in April by an act of great imprudence. We had been ordered not to go into the streets; but Major Manlove used to take our cows to water, and hitherto had not been interfered with. One day, however, he was returning, and galloped half across the square in front of the Legation. To do this was interdicted by a municipal ordinance; he was unfortunately seen by the police, and was commanded to present himself at the Bureau. He went, and was detained for some hours. When Mr. Washburn heard of this, he went down to the Policia, where, seeing Manlove sitting on a bench outside, and guarded by two or three men, he lost his temper, and thrusting the policemen on one side, put him on his horse, and sent him back to the Legation.

An angry note came from the Foreign office the next day, complaining of the outrage, and when Mr. Washburn shortly afterwards went down to San Fernando to see the President, it was evident that his devotion to his cause had been forgotten, and that he had fallen into disgrace.

Within a few weeks he quarrelled with Major Manlove, and ordered him to leave the Legation; he did so, removing to the empty house of my old friend Mons. Lasserre, of which he had the keys and permission to make use. He was once more seized by the police, put in prison, sent to Villeta, and afterwards shot.

Mr. Bliss, another American, came over from a cottage he occupied, and took possession of the empty room, for he was no longer considered safe where he was. This man's name has, I am sorry to say, appeared in the newspapers so frequently coupled with mine, and he has been so generally looked upon as my friend, that I am compelled to say something about him. He is the son of a Baptist missionary labouring amongst the Indians, and as he had acquired an excellent knowledge of their dialects, he was appointed by the Argentine Government to treat with the tribes of the Gran Chaco, and went up the Vermejo; on his return he fell into the hands of Lopez. He was then engaged by the latter to write a history of Paraguay from *his* point of view, and on the strength of his promise he had free quarters and rations from the Government. He wrote, also, articles for the "Semenario," patriotic speeches to be delivered by outraged women, and curses on deserters, real or supposed, at a very reasonable price indeed, considering the bitterness of them.

One of the officers of the U.S. squadron afterwards told me, "That all my misfortunes were owing to my being found in bad company." I partially agreed with him, but it must be remembered that I was thrust into that bad company, not a voluntary seeker of it. However, except at table, where I could not refuse to meet him, I saw very little of him, and it is with extreme annoyance that I find in all newspaper accounts he is invariably mentioned with me.

On the same 16th of June, when the allies suffered their severe repulse from Humaità, we were surprised

by the sudden appearance of Señor and Señora Leite-Pereira in the Legation; they came in hastily, and begged Mr. Washburn to protect them. It seems his *exequatur* as Portuguese consul had been that day withdrawn, and fearing that his arrest would follow, he sought shelter under the American flag. His offence was, that he had supplied such of his countrymen as were prisoners of war with food and money, which bare act of charity was construed by Lopez into sympathy with his enemies.

The next day a letter came from the Foreign Office to Mr. Washburn, asking if the fugitives were in his house. He replied in the affirmative. "On the 20th the Paraguayan Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Don Gumesindo Benitez, demanded to know why the consul was allowed to remain in the Legation. Mr. Washburn replied that he was not obliged to answer a demand of that kind, but that Señor Leite-Pereira was his guest. On the 23rd another despatch came of a very serious tenor. It demanded from Mr. Washburn a packet of papers left with him by José Bèrges ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was then a prisoner at San Fernando on a charge of conspiracy and treason. Mr. Washburn, greatly alarmed, replied energetically that he had never received any but official papers from Bèrges, and that he had no private documents of his in his possession. Two days afterwards the demand was repeated, and a letter from Don José himself, or rather signed by him in a trembling hand, was enclosed, in which he was made to say, that, his treason being discovered, concealment was now useless, and he begged Mr. Washburn to

give up the two packets of letters and papers, one marked "Papeles de Bèrges," and the other with the name of his brother, which he had confided to him. In the same letter was a most minute account of their last interview, after which the papers were said to have been brought away by Mr. Washburn, the position of the furniture in the room, the desk from which they were taken, the conversation they had had, evidently veracious as far as the conversation was concerned, for that was Washburn all over; in a word, a description so exact and vivid that my own belief in Mr. Washburn's statements was staggered for a time.

The despatch went on to describe how Mr. Washburn had dismounted in the courtyard of his house—shut in by the front rooms from the street—carrying the papers in a small valise; had taken that into the dining room, then into his office, and had placed the packets in an iron safe there. It was evident that we had a spy in the house: I had long suspected something of the kind; for I had frequently seen Basilio's old mother peering at dusk about the door of the *sala*, especially if any visitors were there, and then leaving the house, often, for hours at a time. But we used to laugh at her, for there was no treason to spy out. On the day mentioned in the letter—some weeks before—Mr. Washburn really had gone to visit Señor Bèrges, then seriously ill, carrying the valise they described so minutely, and afterwards visited the Lady President, or, as she was now called, Doña Juana Carillo, her maiden name, for she was, also, in disgrace—as they truthfully recorded; and afterwards Señor

Leite-Pereira. From him Mr. Washburn received the packets in question, not of letters, but "billetès," paper money. On the 10th of July another long despatch came, demanding that not only Señor Leite-Pereira, but Dr. Carreras and Señor Rodriguez, should be expelled from the Legation, to be tried for conspiring against the government of Paraguay. This request had been previously made, but without mentioning any specific charge against them. Mr. Washburn refused to entertain it for a moment, and told the Paraguayans that so long as these gentlemen pleased to remain, they should have all the protection his house afforded. That, however, amounted to very little; it was only the respect which Lopez would feel for his ministerial privileges, and the fear that any outrage might lead to hostilities, which could make them secure there. It was also evident that any futile resistance on the part of the accused would but increase their punishment; and, as Mr. Washburn declined to promise that he would stay till the end of the war, they, confiding in their perfect innocence, resolved to give themselves up and meet the charges made against them. I felt the utmost sympathy for them, although I was only intimate with Senor Rodriguez; for a fear, I could never trace to its source, of some trouble with the government, had prevented me even talking with the others, except when they required medical advice.

Dr. Carreras was a short, slender man, of about sixty years of age, with a good head and delicate features, and an extremely nervous manner, owing probably to years of ill-health, and a very rapid speaker. Señor

Rodriguez was a young and handsome fellow, of remarkably pleasing manners, and polished address. He had read much, spoke French well, and was learning English.

Señor Leite-Pereira was a Portuguese, of good figure, but with the characteristic ugliness of his race—the worst in that, and other respects, in Europe. His Señora, a Paraguayan, a tall, handsome, and very pleasing woman, had crossed the Atlantic, and lived some years in Lisbon since her marriage. She was an excellent example of what the natives might be made by education.

At noon, on the 12th of July, we exchanged our sad and last *adios*. As soon as they left the porte-cochère they were seized by the police, who had been watching the house for more than a month, night and day, and at once marched down to the Policia. There they were put in irons, and sent in a boat down to San Fernando. The same day all the English, except myself, left also. Col. Fernandez promised Mr. Washburn that they should not be molested; but they were kept as prisoners in the railway station for some time, and then sent into the country. Two, at least, were arrested, and one, Mr. Watts, was shot, leaving a wife and several children.

Whilst they were in the station, a train came in one night, laden with prisoners. They could not see the poor fellows, for no lights were allowed, but they heard their groans and sighs, and the clanking of their irons. They comprised nearly all the male population of Luquè. In fact, only three officials were left, Sanabria, the chief of police, Col. Fernandez,

and Benitez. About eighty Italians were taken twenty Frenchmen, all the Bolivians, and several others of different nationalities.

On the 13th of the same month, another demand came. Mr. Bliss and myself were to be expelled; and, on the Minister stating that we were members of his *suite*, and therefore entitled to equal immunities with himself, three days afterwards Bliss was charged with the same crimes as Dr. Carreras had been, and I with "having committed others of equal gravity." Scarcely had Mr. Washburn replied to this demand, when another despatch arrived, filling some thirty pages of foolscap, and being the "confessions" of Carreras, Bèrges, and Capt. Fidanza, the latter an Italian, an intimate friend of Mr. Washburn. They charged Mr. Washburn with being the chief of a secret revolutionary committee, of which they were members, their object being the destruction of Lopez and the rendition of the country to the Allies. He was said to have received a large sum of money from Don Benigno Lopez (the President's brother) for distribution amongst them and the rest of the conspirators, and that he had, stored in an iron safe in his office, the minutes of their meetings, and various letters, sent by Caxias, arranging a plan of co-operation and mutual assistance. Mr. Washburn, I say it with all deference, made the great mistake of replying *seriatim* to these charges, argued the points with them, and abused Dr. Carreras and Señor Rodriquez as liars, perjurers, and ingrates.

I watched with great pain the course he was adopting, and ventured to suggest a more dignified mode of

proceeding, and a less colloquial, style of writing. My hints, however, were received so ungraciously, that it was impossible for me to offer my aid a second time; and letters were sent, which the diplomatic world must blush to read, and which, I felt sure, were making him contemptible in the sight of Lopez.

Every ten or twelve days a voluminous despatch was received from Señor Benitez; most politely worded, ever professing the utmost respect for Mr. Washburn, often admirably arranged, and always well written; yet full of the most serious charges against him, and so well argued, so clearly supported, and with such a mass of evidence to back them, that I often pondered with aching brain for hours over these papers, and could hardly hold my own certain conviction still that they were false, base fabrications from beginning to end.

Not content with writing, late one night Señor Benitez came in person, to urge Mr. Washburn to give up the papers of Bèrges, and supply the conclusive evidence against the conspirators which was still wanting. Unfortunately, his Excellency has a very imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language; and as they were alone, the full force of what the secretary said will never be known. I saw Mr. Washburn's face for a moment as he passed from the *sala* to his office; it was deathly pale, and he was greatly agitated —not from guilt, I am sure, but from fear lest his own arrest should follow. Benitez said to him, "All is discovered—you must confess;" which, as I shall tell presently, led to his own arrest and execution. About a week afterwards Mrs. Lynch came on the same

errand She told him, also, that he must confess; that Bèrges had stated positively that the papers had been deposited with Mr. Washburn; and that he ought to give them up, and "trust to the mercy and generosity of the Marshal, who took pleasure in pardoning penitent offenders."

In the next letter the Minister repeated the phrase that Benitez had used, and also that he had spoken in a former despatch of the conspiracy breaking out on the President's birthday. In the succeeding one, Benitez denied that he had used those words; and went on, "It was not I, Señor Ministro, who spoke of the revolution breaking out on the day you have mentioned, but I thank your excellency for the information." Mr. Washburn was furious, and for days after was continually repeating, "No fué yo, Señor Ministro, que hablé," etc. He might have borne the insult with patience; for it was the last letter the secretary wrote: a few days after he was in irons, was put to the torture, and his evidence added to the mass he had been quoting from. I came in for my share of abuse: I was described as a needy mendicant, who had come to Paraguay begging my bread. My contract I signed in London! I had also "been plotting treason for months before I entered the Legation." It must have been with my friends the spiders then. And I had been "expelled from the army in disgrace;" when my impression is, that I declined to re-enter it. However, I bore it all very coolly. Mr. Washburn would not let me help him, so I set to work studying French and Spanish novels with great industry—by the way, in the latter, the polite villain or the brutal ruffian, as

the case may be, is always an Englishman! And I read to my great amusement, in one of them, that a member of Parliament who had brought in a bill for the destruction of Roman Catholics, had a number of statues of different sizes (*varios estatuas de diferentes tamañas*) erected in his honour by his admiring colleagues!

In the beginning of August the whole of the correspondence was published in the "Semenario," with the exception of two of Mr. Washburn's letters, which were rather too damaging to his persecutors. In one of them he spoke of Mr. Bliss and myself in high terms; he as a literary man of great talent, and I as a "recluse devoted to science," and the most unlikely person in the world to meddle with plots and revolutions.

Benitez very acutely replied, "Your excellency spoke in the same high terms of Carreras, Rodriguez, and the other confessed criminals (*reos confesados*) before they were taken prisoners, and now they are liars and perjurers;" showing how great an error Mr. Washburn had committed, in admitting that they might have given voluntary evidence against him, when he knew perfectly well that it was impossible they could have done so. It was evident that torture had been applied, or that the words had been put into their mouths. One document, purporting to be the evidence of Don Benigno Lopez, was quite a curiosity in its way. It described with wonderful minuteness a visit he had paid to Mr. Washburn, how they talked together, where they sat, of the interruption to their treasonable conferences by the entrance

of "Cati" (Kate, Mrs. Washburn's maid) with a tray of glasses with brandy and water, of the gold he then paid to him, and the two clothes-basketfuls of paper money his slaves afterwards brought up for distribution amongst the conspirators, and so on. All, except the payment of the money and part of the conversation, was true without doubt; for Mr. Washburn did talk most imprudently. Amongst ourselves it was all very well to say what we thought of the war and the character of Lopez; but he used, in his blundering Spanish, to tell things to natives—to this very Don Benigno, to Bèrges, to many others, and especially to a smooth-spoken, flattering Italian, named Parodi, who "Your Excellency"-ed him into the most perilous of confidences, and then betrayed all to Mrs. Lynch—which, perfectly right in themselves as mere personal opinions, became treason and conspiracy if the point of view were shifted a little.

And he had placed himself in a false position from the first. None knew better than he the character of Lopez, that he was a cruel, selfish, unscrupulous tyrant, who, sooner or later, by slow degrees or some great calamity, would inflict unspeakable misery upon the people he ruled; for was he not writing a book on Paraguay which the world was to wonder and shudder at? And yet he could write such a despatch as the one I have quoted from to the Marquis de Caxias; could write to Benitez, "that he hoped to see the Allies defeated," and that he "had strained every nerve to provoke a war between Brazil and the United States, in favour of Paraguay." And at the very time he was writing thus he was recording, with

the same pen, as it were, that Lopez was a monster of iniquity, a coward, and a knave. As Dr. Carreras said, idiomatically, "He was trying to eat with both sides of his cheek."

And he made his position worse by those miserable letters, which served no useful purpose. We should not have been arrested one day the sooner if he had not written one of them. He was perfectly innocent of having conspired against Lopez, of course; for there was not, and never had been, any conspiracy: but "he who excuses, accuses," and that was one source of his difficulties; but his want of straightforwardness, his meddling with a cause which he could not conscientiously support, was the primary and greatest one. The dread he showed of any examination being made of his papers puzzled me for a time, until I found that it was the manuscript of his "History" which imperilled him. But the very fiscàles, the native prosecutors, began at last to believe from his manner that the story they had themselves concocted was true, and that the "papèles de Bèrges," which had never existed, were actually hidden in the iron safe. I frankly confess that if I had not known him personally I should have thought so too.

In the midst of all this writing, war had not been forgotten. Lopez, finding his position at San Fernando a bad one, fell back and marched forty leagues higher up the river to Villeta, and threw up a strong battery two leagues below, at Angustura, the "narrows," to command the river, on the very spot where Sebastian Gabot, in 1568, had his first fight with the Indians of Paraguay. The Brazil-

ians followed him, landed on the right bank of the river below Angustura, and then, making a road through the Chaco marshes, marched up a portion of their forces above him, the main *corps d'armée* remaining at Palmas, a few miles below. We could plainly hear the firing in Asuncion, and hoped, though against hope, that the Allies would at last show some activity, and release us from our dangerous position.

Ever since the arrest of Carreras the Legation had been completely invested; there was a picket of a dozen men at each corner of the house, and a chain of sentries around it from sunset to sunrise. The native servants used to talk with the men, and we learnt in this way what was going on outside our little world. One day the former told us that a "cañonero Americano" had arrived; and sure enough, on the 29th of August, Mr. Washburn received a letter from the commander of the "Wasp," United States gun-boat.

Mr. Washburn was overjoyed, and well he might be; for it was very doubtful how much longer he would have been personally unmolested. He at once demanded his passports, which were not sent, however, until the 8th of September, and then we learnt that our fate was sealed: "The criminals Bliss and Masterman must remain to be tried by the tribunal of the country," said the letter enclosing the passports for the rest.

Mr. Washburn suddenly forgot that "he had been staying in the country solely to guard those who had sought his protection," and treated me with insulting rudeness when I asked him to accompany us as far

as the street, in order that we might be arrested in his presence. However, in the evening he relented, and consented to take my personal baggage and instruments with him as his own. I made out a deed of gift to him of them, in case the packages should be opened—a fortunate precaution, for my old enemy, Basilio's mother, saw me painting out my own name, and substituting that of the minister on them, and at once informed the police; in consequence, as soon as he sent them on board the Paraguayan steamer, which was to take him down to the "Wasp" at Angustura, they were stopped by the officers, but given up again when he produced the document in question.

I passed the intervening time in writing letters to my friends in England, (for although I had a strong presentiment that my life would be spared, yet I felt that the chance was a desperate one,) and in hiding a little quinine and opium in the seams of my coat.

In the afternoon, Señora Leite-Pereira, who had been permitted to stay after the arrest of her husband, left to return to the house of her mother, a few miles from the capital. It was a painful and trying moment to me, for I esteemed her highly. I have not heard what became of her afterwards.

We went to bed soon. I slept but little, and was dressed by daybreak, then had a glass of milk and a biscuit, and waited for my fate. The French and Italian consuls came early; to the latter Mr. Washburn left the care of the large amount of personal property belonging to foreigners, who had sent it there for safety, but to fall, however, the more readily into the hands of Lopez. It was a farce, of course.

Mons. Cuverville told me of his own apprehensions; that his chancellor, Mons. de Libertad, had been denounced, and was expecting arrest every hour; and also confirmed the story that every foreigner in Luquè had been arrested.

In order to spare the feelings of Mrs. Washburn, it was arranged that she should leave the Legation escorted by Mr. Meinke, the secretary, with her child, my little blue-eyed patient, and her two English servants; and that the rest should not start till she was out of sight. As I accompanied her to the porte-cochère the police made a rush at me, but I disappointed them for a moment.

I shook hands with the native servants, not forgetting my particular friend, Basilio's mother, who gave me her blessing, and a "fat foolish cook-maid," who was sobbing as if her heart would break, and then waited till Mr. Washburn was ready.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY TO VILLETA.—I AM PUT TO THE TORTURE.—EXECUTION OF CARRERAS AND BENITEZ.

We left the house together, but Mr. Washburn walked so rapidly that the consuls and ourselves could scarcely keep up with him, and he was a few yards ahead when we reached the end of the colonnade. There the police, who had been closing around us, simultaneously drew their swords, rushed forwards, and roughly separated us from the consuls. I raised my hat, and said, loudly and cheerfully, "Good-bye, Mr. Washburn; don't forget us." He half turned his face, which was deathly pale, made a deprecative gesture with his hand, and hurried away. We—that is, Mr. Bliss, the negro Baltazar,* and myself—were surrounded by about thirty policemen (the rest taking charge of the Legation), who, with shouts and yells, ordered us to march down to the Policia. I had burdened myself with a travelling-bag filled with linen, a waterproof sheet, and a thin light mattress; but I might have spared myself the trouble, for they were all taken from me, and I have not seen them since. When we reached the office, we were halted in the road, and kept stand-

* A servant of Dr. Carreras.

ing there about an hour; then the negro was taken within, after some time Mr. Bliss, and lastly myself. I found the chief of police seated in the corridor, with a group of his savage myrmidons around him; he looked at me in silence for some minutes, and then by a gesture ordered me to be stripped. My clothes were most strictly and systematically examined, the lining torn out, and every fold ripped up; my little packets of quinine and opium were of course discovered, pounced upon with a shout of triumph by the men, and put carefully on one side. My handkerchief, cravat, and money were taken from me, the rest returned. I was then told to sit down, that fetters might be rivetted on my ankles, and afterwards taken through a side-court, and thrust into a cell. The door was secured, there was no window, and I was left in total darkness to my bitter reflections.

I rolled up my poncho for a pillow, lay down on the ground, for there was not even a stool in the dungeon, and tried to sleep; but in vain: so I passed the time by carefully reviewing the events of the past six months, so as to fix them clearly in my memory, and I did the same systematically every day afterwards; for I had a firm presentiment that, although I should have to suffer much and long, my life would be preserved, and that I should some day tell the story as I am now relating it.

About seven o'clock in the evening the door opened; a sergeant and two men entered with a lantern: one carried a hammer and a small anvil, the other a set of irons. I rose as they came in, but the sergeant motioned me to lie down again. The fetters I was wearing were

removed, and the massive bar the man bore on his shoulder was rivetted in their place. Two rough iron loops, with eyes at their extremities, were first placed over my ankles; then the bar, which was about eighteen inches long, and two in diameter, was thrust through the eyes, and an iron wedge, with many a blow of the heavy hammer, rivetted firmly at one end, whilst a broad head secured it at the other. Thus fettered, it was with the greatest difficulty that I staggered to my feet, and then sat down again scarcely able to bear the weight. I had previously heard them rivetting similar irons on my companions.

A short time afterwards the sergeant reappeared, and motioned me in silence to follow him. I did so. He led me to the front of the Policia, where, by the light of some lanterns, I saw Mr. Bliss and Baltazar mounted sideways on mules, and another waiting for me.

I was lifted into the saddle, for the thirty or more pounds' weight of my fetters prevented me even raising a foot from the ground. The group of brutal *policianos* wished us, amid shouts of laughter, *buenos noches* and a pleasant journey, and we started, guarded by a sergeant and two men armed to the teeth. I recognised in the former an old patient of mine; and he must have been a good-natured fellow, for as soon as we were out of sight of the Policia he stopped us, dismounted, and tied the strap of the off-stirrups to the bar of our fetters, and we could thus support them with our hands; but my wrists were nearly dislocated by their weight before we reached the end of our journey. I thought at first from the direction

that we were only going to the railway station; but I soon found to my dismay that Villeta was our destination, a distance of thirty-five miles.

The journey, apart from the pain I was suffering, was one of inexpressible sadness to me, as the road lay for many miles through the beautiful lanes, bordered with cedras and bitter orange trees, where I used to ride almost daily, and in which I had botanized and sketched a hundred times. The broad moon was shining brightly in the cloudless sky: every copse, every dell, where the ferns and tall arums grew, was visible with painful distinctness. The white *quintas*, shaded with trellised vines and climbing roses, where I had passed so many happy hours, and the familiar gardens and fields around them, called up scenes and reminiscences I would gladly have forgotten till better days. The houses were empty, many already falling to decay; their owners were dead, or prisoners like myself; the fences destroyed, and the gardens trampled by straying cattle. Destruction and desolation, war, pestilence, and famine had swept all trace of gladness from the land, leaving only bitter memories and vain regrets.

I begged the sergeant to let us travel as slowly as possible; for at every step the heavy bar swung backwards and forwards, and a jolt was agonizing. He did so; but once, in descending a steep slope, the mules broke into a trot. In trying to steady the bar I lost my balance, and fell to the ground. I was tied to the girths, and, unable to extricate myself, was dragged for some distance head downwards, the mule kicking viciously the while. Fortunately, the only

damage was a deep cut in the ankle and a few bruises. The sergeant kindly let me lie on the grass a little while, and then we went on again. The road soon became very bad; and in a deep miry ravine my companions were both thrown, but were only slightly hurt. At each guardia we stopped a few minutes, and I could get a draught of water to relieve the burning thirst I suffered; for the rough blistered bar soon cut through trousers, boots, and socks, and rasped the bare flesh whenever my tired arms forced me to let it fall. The pain fevered me; indeed, it was sometimes so intense that the dread of a broken leg alone kept me from fainting. The path often took us near the river, and I saw distinctly the lights of the steamer which was carrying Mr. Washburn and his family down to the gunboat at Angustura. Sometimes we had difficulty in proceeding through the deep ruts and marshy ground; but we had light enough to find our way, for the night was a most beautiful one, still and warm, the air fragrant with the perfume of the orange blossoms and the flowering orchids which hung in festoons from the wayside trees; and the fire-flies were sparkling and flashing brilliantly amid their branches. A few leagues farther we reached higher ground, and paced slowly along, without incident and in silence.

And so that long night passed away; the stars one by one sunk beneath the western ridge, the air grew colder, and at length the grey dawn broke as we neared the basaltic hill of Ypanè, but still many miles from our destination. A few men and girls bearing baskets on their heads passed us occasionally on their way to

the encampment; some did not raise their eyes from the ground, others looked at us pityingly: but the spectacle of prisoners passing in chains was too common to excite either surprise or comment. I was greatly exhausted with pain and hunger, and, seeing a girl carrying maize bread, I begged the sergeant to give us a morsel to eat; he kindly bought a little cake of baked cassava meal, and, looking round cautiously to make sure that none were watching, divided it amongst us; it was but a mouthful, but as I had taken nothing but a glass of milk the day before, I was glad enough of it. He had been very considerate with us during the whole of the journey; but now, as people were about, and an officer might pass at any moment, he dared not show us any more kindness: he spoke roughly, and urged us on at a quicker pace. We went over hill after hill, or rather swelling uplands covered with coarse grass and low shrubs, and at length surmounted that overlooking the little village of Villeta; there we halted before a group of officers, my feet were untied, and I fell exhausted, and more dead than alive, on the ground.

An *alferez* harshly told me to stand up: I tried, but the weight of my irons threw me on my face. He drew his sword, and struck me heavily with the flat of it, and a corporal came up and thrashed me with his stick, until by a violent effort I staggered to my feet. A few paces off was a square space enclosed with hide ropes: I was told to go within it; and then, too fatigued to notice the poor wretches, my fellow-prisoners, I threw myself on the bare ground, and fell almost immediately into a deep sleep. Late in the

afternoon I was awakened by a blow with a stick, and told to rise and march towards a little grove of orange trees about half a mile off. Aching in every limb, I obeyed, and, supporting my fetters with a strip of hide, moved with pain and difficulty in the direction indicated, as fast as my bruised and bleeding feet would carry me. A *carbo*, or corporal, followed, armed with a bayonet and a stick. "Go faster!" he shouted every moment: I tried, but in vain, to do so. He thrashed me savagely with his stick over my shoulders and arms, knocked me down twice, and beat me more cruelly for falling. At last, bruised and breathless, I reached a group of little huts, made of branches and reeds, and placed in two rows. I saw Mr. Bliss and Baltazar taken separately on one side; I went to the other, and entered the farthest hut. Within it was seated an old captain, named Falcòn, and a priest, whom I afterwards found acted as secretary.

The former signed me to enter, and after scrutinizing me for a few minutes, said, "Ah! we have got you at last. Now confess that Washburn is the chief of the conspirators, and that you took refuge in the Legation for the purpose of plotting against the Government." I replied, calmly, that I had no confession to make; that I had never plotted against the Government, but had done all that lay in my power to serve the Paraguayans; that I was sure that Mr. Washburn was quite innocent of the crimes alleged against him; and I explained in a few words under what circumstances I had entered his service. He heard me with many marks of impatience to the end, and then said, "You will not confess?" "I have no

confession to make." "Confess," he repeated, "or I will see if we cannot make you." Then turning to the priest he told him to take me out and put me in the rack (*potro*). He took me behind the hut, but close to it, so that Falcòn within could hear all that passed. I prayed silently for strength to bear this trial, and then looked round for the implements of torture; but found that these savages, like those in "The Last of the Mohicans," ought to have expressed regret that their means of inflicting pain were so primitive. At his call the corporal and two soldiers came forward, carrying a bundle of muskets and ropes made of strips of hide. I was told to seat myself on the ground, with my knees raised; I did so, and was again asked, "Will you confess?" "No. I am innocent."

One of the men tied my arms tightly behind me, the other passed a musket under my knees, and then putting his foot between my shoulders forced my head down until my throat rested on the lower musket; a second was put over the back of my neck, and they were firmly lashed together. They left me so for some time, striking the but-ends of the fire-locks occasionally with a mallet; the priest meanwhile, in a monotonous voice, as if he were repeating a formula he had often gone through, urged me to confess and "receive the mercy of the kind and generous Marshal Lopez." I made no reply, but suffered the intense pain they were inflicting in silence. At length they unbound me, and I was asked once more, "Will you confess?" I replied in the negative. They bound me up as before, but with two muskets at the back of my neck. As they were tightening the cords I threw

my head forward to avoid the pressure on my throat, and my lips were badly cut and bruised against the lower musket; the blood almost choked me, and I fainted from the excruciating pain.

When I recovered, I was lying on the grass utterly exhausted, and felt that I could bear no more; that it would be far preferable to make a pretended confession, and be shot, than suffer such cruel torture. So, as they were about to again apply the *uruguayana*, as it is called by them, I said, "I am guilty; I will confess:" and they immediately unbound me. The priest said, "Why were you such an obstinate fool? Your companion Bliss was only threatened with the torture, and confessed at once." This was indeed the case, as he told me himself afterwards. I had heard poor Baltazar loudly praying for mercy several times, and now the sounds of heavy blows, each followed by a shriek from him, proved how much more they were prepared to inflict upon us: they were smashing his fingers with a mallet. I pitied him very much; for he knew nothing whatever about the pretended plot, nor the charges against his master, and could not save himself, even by protesting that he was guilty.

I drank some water, and tried to eat a little meat they offered me, but could not. And then, returning within the hut, I told, as well as I could remember it, the same miserable story which had been wrested from Carreras, Bèrges, Benigno Lopez, and the rest, whose depositions I had read with Mr. Washburn. There was no help for it, but God knows with what agony and shame I repeated that wretched tissue of

fables and misrepresentations. I felt that I ought rather to have suffered any martyrdom than purchase life on such terms, and until I was put to the question I hoped and believed I should have done so; it was that, however, and not death, I feared. It must be remembered that for three months I had suffered great anxiety, daily expecting to be arrested; that I had heard how mercilessly those who refused to confess were mangled before execution; that I had had a long and painful journey; and that I had been almost without food for two days.* On the other hand, I could do but little wrong to the accused. Mr. Washburn was safe on board the "Wasp;" Rodriguez, Gomez (late the Mayor-de-Plaza), Bedoya, Barrios, and Gonzales had already been shot or had died; and as to the others, I could only repeat what I had read of their own depositions. Also, I consider that for the cause of truth itself I was justified in acting as I did; for there was little hope that the life of Dr. Carreras would be spared: and if Mr. Bliss and myself were to perish, there would be absolutely no one to tell the tale of our wrongs, and clear Mr. Washburn and, through him, the others from the unfounded and wicked charges made against them. Mr. Bliss was charged, not only as a traitor, but specifically as one of the intended assassins of Lopez, and I had not the faintest hope that his life would be spared. I was charged vaguely, and not a single word had been said against me by any of the "witnesses" whose evidence had been sent to the Legation; and my belief from the

* I had also been greatly weakened by two months of low fever during my stay in the Legation.

first was, that they wanted me simply as a deponent, and such was really the case; and if I had not given the false testimony they required, it would have been forged, and I should have been shot, to prevent its contradiction. However, I made a very lame story of it, for I revolted from the idea of telling a direct lie, and tried—seeking to cheat my own conscience—to so distort the words and actions of Mr. Washburn as to make his opinions appear overt acts of conspiracy. As for the rest, I declared, truthfully enough, that they had never talked with me on the subject, and I could only repeat as such the statements they had made in their depositions. Falcòn, and especially the priest, got out of all patience with me; twenty times did they threaten to put me in the *potro* again, and twice were on the point of doing so, when I luckily remembered something Mr. Washburn had said against Lopez. I think the old captain was not a bad fellow, and he helped me whenever he could by leading questions, and elaborated my scanty evidence into quite an imposing deposition; but, of course, he stood himself on the edge of a precipice, and had he shown any open sympathy for me his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. The priest, on the contrary, showed the most venomous spite against me, sneered at my "half revelations," and urged Falcòn over and over again to "put that obstinate devil (myself) in the *uruguayana*, and make an end of him."

During my examination several officers came in, Major Aveiro, Capt. Jàra, Col. Serrano, and others. Jàra was the son and heir of Don Luis Jàra, the late owner of the house Mr. Washburn occupied, and for

which, pleading his privilege as a minister, he most unwisely refused to pay any rent; he was very anxious to know what had been said on the subject. I told him, but answered the questions of the others as vaguely as I could.

From the conversation and questions of these men I gathered several valuable hints as to the course I had best adopt, and especially that the more I abused Mr. Washburn the better. I also ascertained incidentally that he was then on board the "Wasp," and that I could not therefore endanger his safety by anything I should say against him.

Late at night a priest named Romàn came in; he looked at me, with a malicious smile playing round his mouth, for some time, then asked for my depositions. Falcòn, who was evidently in great awe of him, handed over the papers. He read them through, was about to tear them in pieces, but restrained himself, and threw them contemptuously on the table, saying, "*Que miserables disparátes!*" (What wretched trash!) Then turning to me, "Are these your revelations? Now, look you, I go for a short ride, and if on my return I do not find that you have confessed clearly that the great beast (*gran bestia*) Washburn is the chief conspirator, that he was in treaty with Caxias, and that he received money and letters from the enemy, *and that you knew it*, I will put you in the *urúguayana*, and keep you there till you do." Captain Falcòn seemed to draw a long breath when his terrible colleague had withdrawn. I begged for a little time to arrange my thoughts, promising to then tell them all I knew. I might well ask

it: I had been under examination fully six hours, and was utterly worn out. At this moment, as I pause to recollect what I said, how vividly the whole scene comes before me! The little hut, about ten feet by six, made of hurdles covered with reeds, and lighted by two flaring tallow candles, their flame swaying in the wind. In the centre is a table with three sound legs, and the broken fourth lengthened with a stout piece of sugar-cane tied to it with a strip of hide. On it are the candles guttering into their rude holders of sun-dried clay, and lighting strongly the face of the low-browed priest; a mean, crafty face, furrowed with wrinkles, which make him look double his age, and not improved by the rough stubble which covers his lean angular jaws—he has not shaved for a week; and the half-crown of a tonsure on his occiput looks like a weedy clearing. He is biting his ragged nails, and watching the face of the captain with a weary, impatient look, which changes to one of fawning humility if their glances meet.

His companion has gladly given me the time I asked for; he is tired and perplexed himself, and is smoking his cigar without enjoyment, chewing rather than burning it. He is a short, stout man, with a bald head, and now that he has taken off his huge silver-rimmed spectacles, he wears an air of *bonhomie* strangely at variance with his present employment. He is seated on a box filled with piles of manuscript, the depositions of the accused: never, perhaps, in the history of the world, have so many lies been crammed into so small a space! Beyond is his bed,

a raw hide laid on a few bundles of long grass—no bedclothes; he will roll himself in his poncho presently, and sleep as he is—turn in all standing, as a sailor would say. Above hangs his sword, a pistol, and his horse gear, and that is all. I am seated near the door on a low stool, the top made like the inverted ridge of a house. Outside, the guards, three men, are lying asleep on the ground, their muskets leaning against the hut, and their strong naked limbs displayed in the moonlight.

The clanking of my irons, as I move uneasily on the hard seat, calls the attention of the "fiscàl" to the business in hand. "Come, Masterman," he says, not unkindly, "let us have the whole of the story; tell us how the great beast intended to destroy us all." He puts on his spectacles again, and writes down my words in a condensed form on a spare piece of paper, for he likes to amplify them himself, without any particular attention to what I did say; but I am too tired to object and protest as I did at first, and am not sure but that it is better to let him do as he likes. "The criminal, having confessed freely and voluntarily his guilt," he begins to dictate to his secretary, the awkward subject of torture being kept in the shade, "and having been solemnly admonished by the Señores Fiscàles to tell the whole of the truth, now, in order to relieve his burdened conscience, deposes that Washburn was the originator and chief mover in the plot," and so on through two sheets of closely written foolscap. I got on swimmingly for a time, but presently I was asked how much money Washburn had paid me. "Not a rial," I answered, stoutly,

and truly enough. "How much were you offered?" asked the priest. "Nothing: he never offered me money, for I might have accepted it." "Señor Capitan," said he, turning impatiently to his companion, and pointing a trembling finger at me, "put this añariù, this son of the fiend, in the *potro;* crush him at once: he is misleading us with lies."

I protested earnestly that I had told the truth, and whilst talking was racking my wits for some plan by which I might reconcile my admission of guilt with the statement I had made, that I had never been one of the conspirators, my great dread being that I should be required to give false evidence against the Ballesteros, Lasserres, and others—my personal friends many of them, others known only to me by name—who had been arrested some months before, but might be still in existence; and I would have died under the torture rather than have done so. I rapidly arranged a plan which served my purpose, and enabled me to put on one side many perilous questions. Thus: I had had many disputes with Mr. Washburn on political and literary subjects; he, a democrat of ultra red-republican principles, and with the idea that, with the exception of Shakspeare, American writers were quite on a par with English ones; holding that the system of pronunciation in vogue in the New England States is the only one capable of displaying the beauties of our common language; and detesting England most heartily; was not very likely to agree with me on these subjects, and we had many wordy differences. I magnified these into quarrels; and put it to them, as reasonable men, if it were likely that a person

who regarded me as an enemy, and who only retained me in the house because he needed my professional services, would place his life in my hands by confiding such a secret fully to my keeping? and told them, that, in my opinion, I had only received the partial initiation which constituted my guilt, because he feared that I should by some accident discover what was going on, and in revenge denounce him. Whereas by telling me part of the plans he would secure my silence as an accomplice, and moreover make it a point of honour with me to guard a secret which had been so generously confided to me by a man who hated and had ill-treated me.

It was well known to them, through Basilio and his mother, that for some months I only entered Mr. Washburn's apartments when I had been sent for professionally. So my story, plausible enough in itself, had just enough truth in it to make them readily receive it. I went on to remind Falcòn how much I owed to Mr. Washburn; that he had obtained my release from prison, and had taken me as his medical attendant when the Government had refused to give me a licence to practise, and for that reason I had not denounced him at once to the police. For although I was a devoted friend of the Paraguayans (and there I spoke truthfully enough) I felt so grateful that I could not ruin him, a man who had befriended me. I took shame to myself, and repented greatly of my obstinacy in compelling my judges to put me to the torture, when I ought to have declared the truth months before; but they must remember that I was distracted between obligation to the State and to him.

Falcòn listened to this with every sign of approval; and as it was now nearly midnight he told me I could lie down on the sand, and sleep, a little way from the hut, whilst my evidence was clean copied. I could not sleep, and lay in the dark, for the night was stormy, and black clouds obscured the moon, revolving the trying events of the day, and praying that I might escape without saying anything which could add to the danger or suffering of my friends. More than an hour passed; I was then recalled, and my "first deposition" read over to and signed by me. As I was leaving the hut, the old captain gave me half a loaf of *chepa*, for which I warmly thanked him; and he promised that on the morrow my heavy fetters should be exchanged for lighter ones. The soldiers were awakened, and I was marched back to the *guardia;* my feet were firmly tied to a hide rope. I wrapped my poncho, made of a thick railway-rug, around me, and was soon soundly sleeping.

When I awoke in the morning, I found I was wet through, and lying in a pool of water (heavy rain had fallen, and the wind was bitterly cold), and that it is indeed true that misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. On one side of me was tied Dr Carreras, still sleeping, and the corpse of Lieut.-Col. Campos on the other. He had died, untended and unheeded, during the night, and lay there staring blankly at the rising sun. This officer was an Argentine, and had been taken prisoner in the battle of Tuyutì.

About seven o'clock in the morning the end of the hide rope was untied, the sleepers awakened by a

shower of blows, and we in turn freed ourselves from the knotted loops round our ankles. The corpse was thrown into a hide, and dragged away; the officer in command of the guard remarking, "What, only one this morning!" and thrown into the river. We were then placed about ten feet apart, and I was warned not to speak to my companions; so I sat down in the driest spot I could find within my limits, and looked wearily around me. What a scene of misery!

Within a space on the gently sloping hillside, which had been roughly cleared from brushwood, and about a hundred feet square, lay forty prisoners; and on all sides, as far as I could see, were similar enclosures tenanted in the same way. The nearest was somewhat luxurious, for each prisoner had a little straw kennel to lie down in; and there I saw Don Venancio, the President's eldest brother, and Captain Fidanza, an old friend of Mr. Washburn; the rest were officers, some of high rank. I have said that Dr. Carreras lay next to me during the night: I was removed some distance from him in the morning; but he had time to whisper, "Has Mr. Washburn gone?" "Yes." He was about to ask other questions, when a sentry noticed us, and growled, "Hold your tongue." The doctor was a pitiable object; indeed, so changed that I could scarcely believe that the wretched creature beside me was really he. Emaciated, travel and blood-stained, he was but a shadow of his former self. For two months he had been lying, as I saw him, in the open air, with no shelter from sun or rain but a blanket. He had rolled it up for a seat, and was furtively watching me, and trying to form questions

by the motion of his lips. His hands were covered with dirty rags; he unrolled them, and showed me his mutilated fingers, a sickening sight, and then sat motionless, with sunken eyes bent on the ground, and his scanty grey hair blowing unheeded over his face. Bliss lay behind me, wrapped in a long white overcoat; and poor Baltazar, in the farthest corner, had thrown himself face downwards on the earth, and lay there, refusing all food, until he died a few days afterwards. The only other man I knew in our sad company was Mr. Taylor, the master-builder; he was not in irons, but looked sadly ill and worn. He was with a group of Italians, as I judged from their accent, who were somewhat privileged; they had made a little tent by stretching a sheet over four sticks about two feet high, driven into the ground, and were allowed to talk together; they had a little yerba, and now were boiling water in a tin pot over a fire in their midst, for they, with the exception of one of their number, who seemed to be sick, had crept from under their scanty covering, and sat in a circle outside: for want of a *matè*, the tea was brewed in a cow's horn, and sucked in turn through a tin *bombilla*. Taylor looked at me, and raised his hands with a gesture of commiseration, but did not dare to give any other sign of recognition. In the centre of the prison encampment, or guardia, as the natives termed it, was a row of priests, I think eight in number; they were all in irons, and must have been recently brought in, for their long cloth cloaks were little worn: then some prisoners of war—there was a major and three captains amongst them, as I learnt when our names were called over; they were not

fettered, but were in the last stage of misery, almost, some quite, naked, covered with wounds, and the majority too feeble to walk: and lastly, a group of felons, distinguished by a single iron ring on the right ankle; these looked scarcely human, were without a rag of clothing, and generally lay in a huddled heap on the ground. From the latter classes a certain number were selected every day to sweep out the guardia, and bring wood and water for themselves and the rest; blows, kicks, and the vilest abuse being showered upon them by the soldiers at every step. In our rear was the kitchen; that is, a large iron pot set over a fire in the open air: there a stalwart negro, assisted by several prisoners, prepared the food for all the guardias around, and little enough it was; a small allowance of boiled meat and broth in the morning, and at night a handful of parched maize and the bones and scraps left by the soldiers. I saw poor Dr. Carreras, once the most influential man in Uruguay, an ex-prime minister, eagerly gnawing the gristle from a few well-picked bones contemptuously thrown him by a passer-by. Can I give a more vivid picture of our miserable condition? The meat when cooked was divided by guess, put into little wooden troughs, and then distributed amongst the prisoners. They were arranged in groups of five, and a trough placed in their midst; some had horn spoons, others pieces of orange peel or broken gourds, and with these they drank the broth, and then divided the meat and bones pretty fairly amongst themselves. The horn spoons were coveted treasures, I found; and when a prisoner died who had had one, there used to be a furious conten-

tion amongst the survivors for its possession, often leading to a severe thrashing administered indiscriminately to all within reach. As I had only just been sent there, nothing was given to me until late, when the negro cook came by with a piece of roast meat he was eating, and gave me part of it. This was the third day I had fasted, but for the *chepa* I had had the night before; and I had no appetite, no power to eat. I only begged for water, and that they would not give me.

In the afternoon I was again called before the fiscàles, and my examination continued, this time conducted by Father Romàn himself. The same old story was gone over; I repeated every conversation I could remember of Mr. Washburn's, in which Lopez was abused or laughed at, and invented a few in which he might very well have taken part; keeping always in view the tale I had told the day before, and declaring, whenever the subject was mentioned, that I knew nothing whatever of the conspiracy, but that it had existed, and the few particulars I could glean from the depositions of Bèrges and Carreras. Padre Romàn was more easily satisfied than I had expected, and dismissed me about eight o'clock at night. I was taken a short distance to another hut, where I found Major Averio, a little vulgar-looking fellow with very dark skin and crisp hair, and Lieut. Levalle, a Paraguayan, who had been educated in England, and spoke English and French very fairly. They had learnt, from Mr. Bliss, that I had written home by Mr. Washburn; but he told them, fortunately, that the letter was to my mother, saying nothing about the

other one to "The Times." I, by a curious coincidence, told them the same; for I should have had little chance of saving my life if the latter had been known to exist. I was now ordered to write another letter, which Averio dictated in Spanish, to my mother—my version was, of course, in English—in which I was made to say that I was guilty of the crime of conspiring against Lopez, that I had freely and voluntarily confessed it and the guilt of Mr. Washburn, and had thrown myself upon the mercy of the President, who would, I hoped, spare my life. This was most carefully examined by Levalle, word by word, and explained to Averio and another officer who was present. One phrase puzzled them: I had written, "Mr. Washburn conspired against H. E. the President and the Government of Paraguay." Averio said, "But his Excellency *is* the Government—there is no other ruler here;" utterly unable to conceive the idea of a constitutional administration. Father Romàn came in afterwards, and I reminded him of the promise that my fetters should be exchanged. He told me that on the morrow it should be done, and that I should have better food and treatment, I expect, in consequence of a letter which Mr. Washburn had sent to Lopez, in which he protested against the outrage of detaining forcibly two members of his *suite*, reminding him that seizing us in the street in his presence was as great an insult to the American flag as if we had been taken in the Legation itself, and that the Government of his country would certainly avenge it. Mr. Bliss was then brought in, and he was asked if his former statement about the letter was true; he replied, "Yes;" and to

prevent any dangerous cross-examination I told him rapidly what I had said and written. I was further ordered to write another letter, to the fiscàles themselves, which was dictated to me by Romàn. In it I humbly asked permission to write the letter to my mother "as a relief to my burdened conscience, and to further the ends of justice"!

I afterwards found that Mr. Bliss had already written a long letter to Mr. Washburn, in which he out-Heroded Herod, commencing: "Finding myself at length released from the restraint which your excellency has so long exercised over my will, I cannot do less than confess freely and spontaneously the important part Y.E. has taken in the revolution, in which you have involved many persons, and among them myself. I have declared (feeling deeply, because I would like to avoid such a scandal to Y.E., but following out the truth) that your excellency has been the soul of the revolution; and if this deed now appears in the light of heaven, confessed to by all its accomplices, to whom does it owe its existence, save to Y.E., who has continued its direction up to a very recent period? I consider myself therefore completely absolved from the promise which Y.E. extorted from me yesterday, in your office, not to reveal your proceedings, old or new." This wretched balderdash is continued for some time, and ends, after asking him to send back his letters: "The truth having been fully displayed, these letters cannot serve your excellency for any object, and since they are false, it suits me no longer to keep the mystery of hypocrisy," etc. . . . "I advise you as a friend not

to attempt to fight against the evidence given by infinite witnesses." I may be wrong in condemning the conduct of this man, for he only did in a greater degree that which I did in the less. I floated with the current, sometimes battling and struggling with my whole strength against it; but he swam vigorously; and the depositions of the rest, most of them obtained only after the repeated application of torture, are completely thrown into the shade by his *almost voluntary depositions!*

Except in saying that I believed in the existence of a plot, that Mr. Washburn was the chief of it, and that I had been invited to join it, the whole of my evidence was perfectly true. For, fortunately for me, Mr. Washburn had been so hearty in his detestation and abuse of Lopez, in which I thoroughly agreed with him, and had expressed his feelings so incautiously, that I had no difficulty in satisfying the fiscales (within the limits my primary story prescribed), and without even betraying a confidence, for Mr. Washburn had given me express permission to say anything I liked against him, expecting that I should be put to the *question fort et dure.* Mr. Bliss, on the other hand, invented exactly in proportion to the pressure put upon him; scarcely ever, and I believe he might have said never, resisting it in the slightest degree; And more than this, with a hardihood scarcely credible, he informed me that he had supplied every missing link in the evidence, not only against Mr. Washburn, but all the accused, excepting myself, then in existence, and, worse than all, was proud of it!

It may be true, and I sincerely hope it is, that all

those wretched men would have perished without the production of his confirmatory evidence, that their own pretended confessions of guilt were sufficient, and more than sufficient, to condemn them, and that I ought to be grateful to him for sparing me: I am, but, at the same time, the dislike I always had for him was intensified by what he told me, and the perusal of his notable work, "La Historia Secreta de la Mission de Charles A. Washburn," has converted it into contempt and loathing.

To return to my narrative: the next morning my irons were exchanged for lighter ones, and Dr. Carreras, Mr. Bliss, and myself, each received a little cake of cassava meal and boiled meat twice a day; but we still remained in the open air. That day and the succeeding were most wretched ones for us; the rain fell in torrents, and we had to sit or lie literally in a pool of water. But I soon found that even sitting unsheltered in a drenching rain was preferable to exposure to the burning sun, which I endured hour after hour, prone on the cracked and scorched ground. The thirst I suffered the deepest draught could not have assuaged, much less the two hornsful of water a day, all they gave us. If I, with a thick blanket to shelter my head, felt the torrid sun so much, what must the many naked captives beside me have suffered?

Some of them were natives, some Brazilian negroes; they could bear it without much inconvenience: but the majority were foreigners, and it was pitiable to see the expression of mute agony their faces bore, and the frantic eagerness with which they drained the horn, when at length it came round, to the last drop of the

muddy, tepid water. The prisoners of war and the felons were better off than the rest in that respect: they went twice a day to the pits into which the surface water drained, and served as wells; they could there drink their fill, and bring back as much as their vessels would hold. Some had horns or tin pots, others gourds or pieces of hide formed into a bag. One happy man —for, with my parched throat, I looked upon his treasure with bitter envy—had a Wellington boot in place of a pitcher. He was a Brazilian major—a ragged, dusty scarecrow; but as he passed, bearing carefully, by a stick inserted through the straps, that dripping bootful of dirty water, he was looked upon with blood-shot eyes, fierce in their expression of intense longing to change places with him. For how selfish, how brutally callous, we all became in our misery! how angrily we gazed at a man less heavily ironed than ourselves, and almost cursed the poor wretch who had crept into the shade of a bush on the edge of the clearing! One day, as the long straggling line returned from the pits, a sick companion, his eyes glazed with fever, rose on his elbow as he heard the clink of the water tins, and in feeble tones begged but for a drop, groping blindly for a steadying hand the while; the man he asked, himself tottering on the verge of the grave, repulsed him with a muttered imprecation, and the poor fellow fell back, half turned, and died. Day by day were our ranks thinned; by twos and threes they passed away and were at rest. Did I pity them? Ah, no! I would then have welcomed death with a sense of as glad relief as a tired child seeks its mother's arms.

About a week afterwards I was removed a few yards to the rear with Dr. Carreras and Mr. Bliss, and we each crept beneath a little hut of reeds about three feet high. Mine had been built over a bed of wild pine-apple, which, with reckless carelessness, or perhaps intentionally, had been left *in situ*. How thankful I felt for the shade! and even for the occupation the uprooting of the *caraguatà* gave me; I set to work with a pointed stick to dig down to the tough roots; but my hour's labour was scarcely finished when the order came to march. We were turned out into the sun, and had to wait for some time, for we were at the head of the sad procession and the hundreds of prisoners. The lines of the guard and men carrying the cooking pots and troughs were marshalled with difficulty, blows and curses being showered mercilessly on the sick and loiterers.

From one of the hovels near me crept out on all-fours Don. Benigno Lopez, the President's youngest brother—he was well dressed, but heavily ironed; and from another, a spectral old man I was long in recognising as the ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, Don José Bèrges. He was leaning feebly on a hedge-stake, and was followed by his successor, Don Gumisindo Benitez, bareheaded and with naked fettered feet. Then two very old men, evidently in their second childhood; they were without a rag to cover them: one was in irons, and could only crawl tremblingly on his hands and knees; the other looked round with a timid smile on his silly face, pleased with the bustle around him, and evidently but faintly conscious of what was going on. Can any stronger

proof be asked of the ferocious cruelty of Lopez? Great-grandfathers in irons! Men who had long ceased to be responsible beings, who were no more to be feared than newly-born children, who were indeed in their life's revolution returning to helpless infancy; such poor shuddering, creaking wrecks of mortality to pass the remnant of their eventide as prisoners! And what would their offence be? A wailing complaint for the loss of their few comforts, a passionate lament for the death of their sons or grandchildren; an idle word spoken in garrulous old age, and construed into treason, or perhaps simply the fact of their relationship to some poor wretch who had died in the rack or on the scaffold.

At length we set off in an easterly direction, skirting the base of the hills, through a narrow defile, and then into a pathless wood. In the former we got into some confusion; the prisoners were huddled together and separated a little from the soldiers who, with fixed bayonets or drawn swords, were guarding them. It was an opportunity I had long been waiting for; for some minutes I was at the side of Dr. Carreras; he asked me again, in an eager whisper, if Mr. Washburn had gone. "Yes, he is safe," I replied in the same cautious tone, and then went on to ask him if there were any truth in his depositions. "*No, no—lies, all lies, from beginning to end!*" "Why did you tell them?" I asked somewhat unnecessarily. "That terrible Father Maiz," said he, "tortured me in the *uruguayana* on three successive days, and then smashed my fingers with a mallet." He looked at me with an expression of utter wretchedness on his worn face,

and held out his maimed hands as a testimony. Then after a pause he asked me, "Have you confessed?" "Yes," I answered, sadly. "You have done well—they would have compelled you to do so: God help us!" I told him about a difficulty I had had in not being able to say how much money Mr. Washburn was said to have received from the Brazilians, although the sum had been mentioned several times in the "depositions," and asked how much I should say. "Fifteen thousand ounces, I told him," he replied; "lies, false, false!" Rodriguez he had not seen for many weeks, and believed he was dead. He asked me then about the fate of his servant, who had attended him since he was a child; he had disappeared two days before, dead without doubt.

In the forest a wide clearing was soon made, for it was principally of young timber, the blackened stumps still remaining showing how the old trees had been destroyed: it was too great a mercy to expect any shade to be left for us; in fact, the clearing was so wide that the heat was as great as on the hillside. The two old men being found too feeble to walk were each put in a hide, and carried with a pole by two soldiers; they were tumbled out on the ground when we halted, close to me, yet thanked their bearers with "God reward you, my sons, God reward you!" But the next day they were denied this favour, and were thrashed most horribly by the corporals to make them go faster; it was heart-rending to hear them, in weak treble tones, praying for mercy, and to see them arrive an hour after the rest,* covered with dust and blood;

* Our camp had been shifted further into the wood.

they had crawled on their hands and knees nearly a mile. Several women were brought in that day, strangers to me, but evidently belonging to the better class of natives ; two or three had the little huts I have mentioned, others had formed a screen of a shawl or two strained over a few sticks ; and I saw one poor girl, about sixteen years of age, crouched under a hide propped against her shoulders; she never moved save to turn as the sun wested, and sat with her eyes bent to the earth, and tears often stealing silently down her checks. One night the soldiers told them to sing; they murmured faintly a "tristè," one of those melancholy love songs the Paraguayans are so fond of. As I listened to its wailing tones, scarcely louder than the night breeze, I thought I had never heard so sad a strain, and must confess that it utterly broke down the firmness with which I had hitherto borne my misfortunes.

Soon after our arrival there Don Benigno, Bèrges, and Carreras were sent away, and Mr. Bliss and myself were put apart from the rest, and received better food than they; in fact, if I had only had shelter from the sun and enough water, I could have patiently waited for the end—whether death or liberation. My sufferings from thirst were intense; my lips were cracked and my tongue as dry and leathery as one in typhus fever; and to make the cruelty the worse, a spring ran close to us. All day long, whenever an officer passed, a feeble cry of "Agua, señor, por el amor de Dios, un poco de agua!" (A little water, for God's sake!) came in humble, supplicating tones from the parched throats around me. At the word, the

sleepers, who, as I often did, were dreaming of cool streams and dripping fountains, would start up eagerly, thinking the time for the water-jar to go round had come, and then with a groan sink on the ground again in bitter disappointment. Yet five minutes of time, and but trifling labour, would have given us the boon we begged so vainly.

I remained there four days, and one afternoon as I was viewing the shocking spectacle of a prisoner being tortured in our midst, a guard came and took Mr. Bliss and myself away with them, I fully expected, to be shot, but it was to rejoin our late companions. They were located in a rocky cleft in the hills far from the others. I found there Leite-Pereira, Capt. Fidanza, Bèrges, Don Benigno, and Don Venancio Lopez, the latter a colonel and the President's eldest brother, Benitez and Carreras, each in a hovel apart. We were placed near them, with some boughs of trees as a temporary shelter, and, better than all, the sergeant brought me a large gourd full of clear cold water. We had scarcely rested when the order came to march once more. Without a thought of complaint—by this time I had been well thrashed into passive obedience—I got up from the ground, tied a leather thong to the bar of my fetters, and set out. We walked in line about half a mile, then were halted, and by a mounted officer, who arrived at that moment, sent back again to the huts. After a delay of ten minutes we started once more, at, I should think, five o'clock in the evening. Our way was for some distance by a narrow deep path over the sandy hills, so narrow that my *grillos* were often fixed across it, and it was difficult

to free them without falling in the effort to extricate myself. We marched or shuffled slowly in single file, with a soldier between every two prisoners, with the colonel at our head. As I looked at him I could scarcely help laughing: the horrible and the grotesque are very slightly separated. Picture a short, very stout man, with most martial whiskers and mustaches, in undress colonel's uniform, a cap glittering with gold embroidery on his head, and carrying a blue earthenware vessel in one hand, and a bottle of rum in the other—and the source of my unseasonable amusement is evident. He walked with an angry, impatient expression of face, frequently looking back at his brother, who, heavily ironed, could move but slowly. In front of me was Dr. Carreras, also fettered, and so feeble that he threw himself on the ground in utter exhaustion whenever we stopped to rest. The guns of the enemy were thundering away quite close to us, and I several times heard the sharp report of exploding shells; in fact, their sudden advance had caused our removal. How delighted we should have been, had they appeared in front of us! although I have little doubt that such an event would have led to our instant execution; in fact, I have since learnt that it was a favourite trick of Lopez's to send a group of prisoners, against whom nothing had been proved, to the front, and then express his regret that an unexpected movement of the Allies had compelled him to order them to be shot, to prevent them falling into their hands. Don Pablo Jovellanos was murdered in this way.

After journeying about two hours we joined the great body of the prisoners extending in a vast crowd

over the dusty plains. "Here comes another drove of beasts!" shouted the soldiers as we came up, and indeed most of the captives looked scarcely human. It is said they were then six hundred in number; but I think there must have been very many, perhaps twice as many, more. Men, women, and children, in three vast herds, hemmed in by soldiers on foot and on horseback, fully armed and with sticks in their hands, with which they thrashed those outside and those who fell from exhaustion; whilst the officers, with drawn swords, rode amongst them, dealing out blows right and left in wanton cruelty. The spectacle was rather one which a Dante might imagine as a scene in the lower Inferno, than an episode of modern times, and witnessed by me —a living man.

When first caught sight of, we were on a hill, they in the plain beneath: little could be seen clearly; there was a dense cloud of dust and a heaving tumultuous throng, swaying from side to side, and slowly creeping towards the hills in the distance. The red rays of the setting sun flashed now and then from whirling sword blades within it, and more constantly from the line of bayonets without; small groups were detached in the rear, from which the horrible din, in the distance a confused roar, swelled loudest; heavy blows, dull thuds, or quick incisive lashes resounded on all sides, with an incessant clanking of fetters, groans, shouts, cries, and curses—it reminded me of the close of a battle, when there were but the helpless fugitives to slaughter. The savage passions of our own guards seemed to be aroused by the sight; they urged us on faster, no longer allowing us to rest, and poor

Carreras was beaten several times with the flat of the sword for falling as he staggered along.

Mrs. Lynch passed soon after, in a carriage and pair; she bowed with a gracious smile; we took off our caps to her, all well knowing that a word from her could send us to the scaffold, or worse, on the morrow. I have since learnt that she took every opportunity of talking about the conspiracy, and abusing Mr. Washburn and his friends to Lopez, incessantly harping upon his generosity as a ruler, and their base ingratitude. "Oh, how your Excellency has sacrificed yourself for the sake of your country!" she would say to the fat, drunken sensualist after dinner; "and these wicked men have conspired against you! Es muy tristè señor—Oh! very sad indeed." Not from any desire to destroy us, but simply for her own safety's sake; she could be sure that a man who had imprisoned his brothers, flogged his sisters, shot their husbands, and threatened his mother, would scarcely respect any other tie.

As night came on the crowd was entangled in a narrow defile, we overtook it, and the scene was horrible beyond description. The poor fellows had not rested as we had done on the way, and were more exhausted by starvation, and fell at every step; crowded together, they were half choked by heat and dust, and their bleeding limbs showed how fearfully they had been goaded on their way. Close to me I saw a tall, thin old man, a well-dressed foreigner, stumble and fall; in a few moments he was stripped, and two corporals were thrashing him mercilessly; he staggered to his feet, and blindly hurried forward as fast as his

fetters would permit, and again fell; the same dreadful scene was repeated, and an officer, after striking him several times with a sword, stamped on his head till his white hair was dabbled in blood. An empty bullock-cart passed at this moment; he was taken up insensible, and thrown like a log into it. I prayed then, I hope still, that consciousness never returned to him.

I met with but one mishap—falling into a hole, and only received a few blows—to encourage me—as I scrambled out. When we reached the open country once more, we turned from the road, and in almost total darkness made our way through a dried-up *estero*. The ground was covered with hummocs of tall coarse grass as thick as reeds, with a narrow tortuous path between. The natives found their way easily enough, for they have a most cat-like clearness of vision at night; but we foreigners got on very badly: the hummocs were too high to step over, even if we had been unfettered, and too dense to force one's way through. I kept close to the soldier in front of me, and did pretty well; but Carreras, with his usual ill luck, stumbled through or over the mounds every minute, and cut his face and hands badly, till at last the officer, tired of thrashing him, told two of the men to seize his arms, and they dragged him by main force for the rest of the way. How long we were scrambling through it I cannot tell, nor how far we travelled—not more than five or six miles, I should think; but it was late at night ere we halted. I was completely worn out, and almost breathless with the exertion I had made; water was, however, near at hand—we each took a deep draught;

stakes were driven into the ground, the hide ropes stretched, and our feet secured as usual, and before they had finished tying me down I was sound asleep.

I thought we should have continued our journey on the morrow, imagining that the cordillera of Paraguarí, which we saw purple in the distance, was our destination; but this was to be my last encamping ground, and the grave of all, save two, of my companions.

We were in a district called Pikysyry, close to the spot where Lopez was routed three months afterwards. It was, as I have said, a dried-up *estero*, not a very pleasant place, as the heavy rains, we might expect soon, would speedily convert the whole into a swamp again. The next day the wind changed to the south, and we had a furious "pampero," which smothered us in dust, and made us shiver with cold; at night the rain came down in torrents. I lay awake, for my ankles were badly cut, and had swollen to such an extent that the fetters hurt me too much for rest. I was under the lee of a tall hummoc, and protected from the cutting wind, but was, of course, soon wet through. It is a wretched sensation to lie on the ground firmly tied—I could only half turn over under ordinary circumstances, but now the pain was too great to think of moving my tumid ankles—and feel the rain beating down, and, worse than all, the cold water slowly stealing higher and higher up one's back, and to know that it had to be endured for fourteen hours in that one position, and perhaps as many more, huddled under a saturated blanket. Every afternoon at four o'clock those detes-

table hide ropes were sent to the pit, from which our drinking water was drawn, to be soaked, in order to make them tolerably pliable; then one end was tied to a stake firmly driven into the ground, and, a series of loops being formed, the ankles of those not in irons were slipped through them and firmly secured by a knot above the loop, and drawn tight by the whole force of two men. If the knot should slip, as it often did, the pain it occasioned was excruciating. Those in irons were better off at night, for the rope was fastened around the ends of the bar, and they could turn from side to side. In addition to this precaution, which one would have thought sufficient, the sentries were doubled at sunset.

In two or three days they had built us kennels of the old pattern, not high enough to sit in; but as I got nearly half as much as I could have eaten, although my appetite is a most moderate one, had shelter from the sun, but not from the rain, which came through as through a sieve, could I only have escaped fresh examinations, I should have looked upon myself, all things considered, as a very lucky fellow. And in fact they did leave me to myself for so long, that I began to hope that I was forgotten. My companions were less fortunate; every day, and sometimes twice or thrice a day, were they marched off beyond a grove of orange trees (the very name of that tree has become hateful to me, and I have not tasted one of the fruit since I left Paraguay; whenever I see, it a smell as of blood fills my nostrils), and did not return for hours, and then looking jaded and more sorrowful than ever.

On the 23rd of September, Don Benigno Lopez was put to the torture; he had been taken away early in the morning, and did not return till long after noon; he shuffled slowly into his hut, which nearly faced mine, and shortly afterwards an officer, with three men carrying the well-remembered bundle of muskets and cords, came up. I became sick with anxiety, Don Benigno turned pale, and rose tremblingly as they came near him, thinking probably of his brother-in-law, Don Saturnino Bedoya, who died under its infliction some months before, and followed them, at a signal from the officer, behind a copse of trees near at hand. About an hour passed away, several officers, including Major Aveiro, went to see him, and at length he was led back, unable to stand, and with his face frightfully distorted by the agony he had suffered.

I lay awake all that night, wondering what could have been their motive, when he had already made such a full confession, and thinking that perhaps I should have to undergo that terrible ordeal again. To my horror, the next afternoon I was sent for by Father Romàn. I found him installed in a comfortable rancho behind the orange trees; he was writing as I entered, and for some time he went on taking no apparent notice of me. He was, as an army chaplain, dressed in lieutenant's uniform, and wore a sword; all that pointed out his clerical character being a small red cross on his left breast, and the little stubbly tonsure on his crown. He would have made an admirable study for Torquemeda. Of stout, handsome figure and commanding height, with a hard, cruel, sensual face, a cold sneering expression,

and a habit of sniffing contemptuously, as he looked at you, and piercing grey eyes. Lopez knew well how to choose his instruments; and Romàn could outrage innocent girls and mothers, as he did Señora de Martinez and Doña Dolores Recaldè, and then send them to be shot, without a sign of remorse or pity.

At length he paused, pushed his papers from him, and stared at me as I stood holding up my fetters with one hand and my hat in the other. "Well, how do you feel?" said he. "I am ill and weak." "Bah! It is your conscience which troubles you. Confess your crimes, confess what that beast Washburn did. Look," said he, pointing to a group of soldiers outside; "I have the *uruguayana* ready for you, and you will be shot afterwards." I told him I had nothing new to confess, and begged him not to torture me; that he could not extort anything more. "Well," said he, "I give you one more chance; tell me now all you have told, and then make an end of the story." I went over it, dwelling especially upon my quarrels with Mr. Washburn, and the consequent improbability that I could know much of his secrets, and pleading that never imagining the plot would be discovered I had not noted, nor tried to remember, any particulars concerning it. "But you must have had many conversations with him on the subject." "Scarcely any; he did not trust me; and guilty men do not like to speak of their evil deeds." He saw that I was only fencing with him, and got out of all patience, and told me that Bliss, who, it seems, was confessing and denouncing vigorously, had already filled many sheets of closely written foolscap with his

revelations, and that if I did not imitate him, the *potro* (the rack) should make me regret my obstinate reticence.

Whilst he was talking, another native, habited like himself, came in; a fine, tall, soldierly looking fellow, about thirty years of age, with an extremely good head and handsome features. I did not notice the little red cross, and had no idea till afterwards that he was a priest. He sat watching me without speaking till Romàn had concluded, and then said, "Why, Mastermàn" (as the natives always accented my name), "your hair is quite grey, although you are younger than I; how is that?" "Señor," I replied, "I was eleven months in prison; it is not my age which makes me grey." "Eleven months! that is a trifle; I was a prisoner more than three years." "Indeed! I am sorry for you; what is your name?" Or, more respectfully, in the formal Spanish, "What is the grace of your worship?" He laughed, and said he would not tell me then; but later I found to my surprise that he was "the terrible Father Maiz" of Carreras. I had expected to see a very different man.

They consulted together in an undertone for some time, and then Padre Maiz went to a hut a little way off, and soon returned, bringing Mr. Bliss with him. I had not till then pictured to myself how miserable my own appearance must have been; but the most abject wretch I had ever imagined was exceeded in the reality by that man as he approached me: any manliness he had ever possessed seemed to have been completely crushed out of him; and, dirty and famished, ragged and untrimmed as I was, I shrank from any contact

with him; and although I did not then know what he had been telling, I turned my eyes from him with impatient disgust.

I was directed to tell him what I had confessed. I did so, and he fully confirmed all I had said about my differences with Mr. Washburn, and then—as he told me afterwards, to let me know how I could best please my interrogators—went on to tell some malicious stories of the minister. I hastily interrupted him, and begged the *fiscàles* not to go into such matters. They told me to make myself easy, that they were fully known, and had been placed upon record by Bliss and other witnesses. I felt that I was now safe from a wider range of questions; but the helping hand was so dirty that I most reluctantly accepted it.

When Mr. Bliss had gone, Father Romàn settled himself luxuriously in his chair, and, with eager eyes and pendent lip, prepared to listen to the tales he had heard, and yet of which he would have enjoyed the repetition so much. I had infinite pleasure in disappointing him, and with passionate earnestness urged reasons touching his national pride so closely, and especially appealed so successfully to that of Father Maiz, that they let me go, and I returned with a thankful heart to my wretched dog-kennel in the *estero*.

As soon as I reached Pikysỳrỳ I had made myself a calendar with rings of grass, adding one link to the brittle chain every morning, and a larger one on Sundays. I had previously kept mental count of the day of the month and week, but I found I was forgetting; so I asked a good-natured sergeant one day

to adjust my reckoning, and then commenced my mensural chains, which took the place of the short and long scratches with which I used to record the flight of time on the walls of my former dungeon.

On the 27th of September, a guard, with fixed bayonets, led off Dr. Carreras and Don Gumisindo Benitez to the little copse where Don Benigno had been taken four days before; a couple of priests and some men with spades followed them. I prayed that they might soon be despatched, and their sorrows be ended. But I now know that a more terrible fate was in store for them; they were inhumanly tortured for a long time before their execution. I waited with feverish anxiety for the end; but it was late ere a volley of musquetry and a thin cloud of smoke rising over the bushes told that all was over, that "the wicked had ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest."

Dr. Don Antonio de las Carreras was a man of capacity and attainments superior to the generality of his countrymen, of polished manners and extensive reading, a scholar and a gentleman. For a time he had wielded immense power—it was said—cruelly: but the severity with which he put down the revolution in Saltos was justifiable; in fact, the want of similar firmness has been the strongest incentive to revolt in his own and the neighbouring unhappy republics, and has made them the scenes of perpetual anarchy and bloodshed. He was foully murdered in the country where he had hoped to find a safe asylum, and by the very man who ought to have been his staunchest friend, in whose defence he had perilled

his own life, and forfeited reputation, wealth, and position.

Don Gumisindo Benitez was but an average Paraguayan, one who could make a sounding speech, and write as he was bidden. He lost his life by overzeal; trying to encompass Mr. Washburn in the net of lies he was weaving, he fell blindly into the very pit to which he would have dragged him. Seeking by letter, and afterwards by a personal appeal, to induce him to avow his guiltiness of a crime which had never been committed, that he might thus extricate himself from his dangerous position by the certain destruction of the rest, he used the unfortunate phrase, "All is discovered—you must confess;" when Lopez had *not* discovered all he wished to know: he therefore came to the conclusion that Benitez must be himself a conspirator, since he spoke of a perfect knowledge which the fiscàles disclaimed.* He was at once arrested, put to the torture, told the same story of falsehood and infamy about which he had written so glibly, and, after infinite suffering, died a shameful death. God forgive him!

* This information was given me incidentally by Lieut. Bevalle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.—ATROCITIES OF LOPEZ.—MY RELEASE.

THE next day a great many prisoners were shot close to where I was lying; they were principally native officers, the late occupants of the second guardia. All the afternoon the butchery went on; some forty or fifty must have fallen. At one time the firing was so heavy that a sentry near me asked the sergeant if the "cambàs" (the Brazilians) were upon them. "No," said he, carelessly; "they are only shooting *presos*." Day after day the same atrocities were committed; a clattering of irons would be heard in the distance, a ragged, wild-eyed wretch would shuffle by, and often did not return, a spluttering volley told why.

Sometimes, however, it was but a visit of greater or less duration to the rancho behind the orange trees. There one or other of my companions went every day; lean, haggard Don José Bèrges and Don Benigno most frequently. One day I saw the former kneeling in the mud at the feet of Major Caminos, evidently begging him to intercede with the President; a drizzling rain was falling, and there was the ex-minister—who had held that post more than twelve years, and had

been sent on a special mission to England and the United States—in his feeble old age, his thin grey hair falling wet and tangled on his shoulders, with clasped and trembling hands imploring mercy from a brutal soldier, who but a few years before would have crouched bareheaded in his excellency's presence. But Lopez hated and, I think, feared him; for when his own election was talked of, the people whispered, and in no very cautious tones, that Don José would be the man of their choice, if they could but have one; and he was watched and suspected from the very beginning of the war.

The month of September passed away, and the succeeding one, with little change. The weather became hotter; but I no longer suffered from thirst: for a kind-hearted *comandante* had given me a cantarillo, a little two-necked earthen bottle holding about a quart, which was filled every morning, and my greatest daily anxiety was lest it should be broken when sent to be recharged from the skin of yellow fetid water brought for our use. I used to keep a number of pieces of charcoal in it, which improved its flavour wonderfully: I saved them from the live coals they brought me to light my cigars; for I then enjoyed the rare luxury of smoking. One evening an officer came round with a number of little boxes, containing gifts from Mrs. Lynch, to be divided amongst those mentioned in a list he held in his hand, from which I learnt, by the way, that Major Manlove was still living. I received some cigars, sugar, yerba, and a bottle of rum; and after living upon scanty meals of boiled meat, often without salt, for two months, it may be

imagined with what satisfaction I discussed them. I had often watched with hungry envy the many "encomiendas" (gifts of eatables, etc.) the two brothers of the President received, and longed to share them, especially the bread, which arrived new nearly every morning from their mother's house; only a man who has lived on meat alone for weeks, and very little of that, can know how delicious bread or biscuit is.

My examinations were resumed at intervals; sometimes I was sent for in the middle of the night, or at early dawn, and kept for eight or ten hours under interrogation. I often wonder now how I managed to talk so much and tell so little, and am not at all surprised that Father Román was always threatening to shoot me or send me to the *potro*—his patience was tried to the uttermost. But I believe that I had a secret friend in Father Maiz; he was always eager for information, and used to have long conversations with me on subjects as far as possible removed from the conspiracy, to the great disgust of his irascible colleague. I also offered to make a minute plan of the Legation from memory, and intentionally spoilt two I drew; but Román punished me for that, by keeping me up the whole of one night to replace them; my object being to escape the searching cross-examinations I dreaded, for one single slip would have been fatal to me, by proving that I was not so guilty as I pretended to be. One day I hesitated at calling myself "un reo confesado" (a confessed criminal); Román pounced upon me instantly. "What! are not you a criminal? Must I send you to the rack to confess over again? That beast (Washburn) is not a conspirator either, I

suppose?" I protested that he had mistaken me, that I was the guiltiest of men. "Ah," rejoined he, "you will find that out when you are sent to be shot." Which was consolatory.

One afternoon I saw them about to put a foreigner in the *uruguayana;* I am almost sure it was Mr. Monygham, an English sculptor, formerly an assistant to Baron Marochetti, and who had been employed by Lopez to carve some figures for his new palace. I only saw his face for a moment: he was deathly pale, and was holding out his hands as if praying for mercy. I have not been able to ascertain if it was really he, but I am certain it was not a Paraguayan.

Just in the rear of my hut the two sisters of Lopez, Doña Inocencia de Barrios and Doña Rafaela de Bedoya, were imprisoned, each in a covered bullock-cart, or carreta, about seven feet long, four wide, and five high. They remained, poor ladies, shut up in these moveable prisons for more than five months; I often saw them wheeled past on their way to the *fiscàles:* the front and the windows had been blocked up, and the door behind was secured with a padlock; but an opening had been made in front, about six inches high, through which I suppose their food, etc., would be handed in to them. Many times I heard young children crying there, but I do not know if they were theirs. The sufferings they endured almost exceed belief. About December, 1867, their husbands incurred the displeasure of Lopez, probably by urging him to make terms with the Allies, and they with their families were ordered down to San Fernando. Early in the succeeding year they were put

under arrest. Don Saturnino Bedoya was at first charged with having robbed the Treasury (he was Tesorero-General), and afterwards with complicity in the pretended plot; he protested his innocence, but was put to the torture, which was applied so severely that they dislocated his spine, and he died in intense agony. General Barrios, in order to escape so terrible a fate, tried to commit suicide; but his courage failing him, I suppose, he only inflicted a slight wound, which was dressed, and the day afterwards he was shot. His wife and her sister were taken from their prison, and they were compelled to witness his execution. They, very naturally, poor women, in their grief and despair, expressed their detestation of the barbarous and unnatural cruelty of their ferocious brother; this was reported to him, and he ordered them to be flogged in a manner outraging decency and all feelings of humanity, which was at once carried out. Not content with this, he sent them back to their prisons, and forced them by threats of worse treatment to depose falsely against their murdered husbands; and in December, 1868, he compelled his mother to leave her house at La Trinidad, where she had remained virtually a prisoner for nearly two years, and go to Luquè, the temporary capital, and there, before the altar of the church, swear that she recognised Francisco Solano alone as her child, and cursed the rest as rebels and traitors. She piteously pleaded her advanced age (she is about sixty) and disease of the heart as excuses for not complying; but the officer charged to see that her son's orders were carried out told her she must obey

or die, and she went. I think the whole sad history of human crime cannot show one record exceeding this in heartless cruelty. A widowed mother, who had seen her youngest son and her two sons-in-law executed as criminals; of her remaining sons, one a prisoner, and the other loathed and cursed by thousands as a very fiend incarnate; her daughters outraged and caged like wild beasts; and she, in her helpless old age, compelled on pain of death to mumble imprecations on the dead and living of those dearest to her, and at the command, too, of her eldest born, the child she had once so fondly loved, so tenderly nourished. Better that she had died then, but better, a thousand times, that he had never been born!

About the middle of November the chancellor of the French consulate, Mons. de Libertad, arrived in Pikysyry. Before I was arrested the consul told me that he had been charged as an accomplice; but I scarcely thought that Lopez would have ventured on such a step, and the fact that he did so proved how reckless he had become. The Frenchman looked weary and frightened when he arrived at the encampment, and ate scarcely anything for several days. He was put in the hut next to mine, was not in irons, but was tied in the stocks *(cepo de lazo)* every night like the rest of us; the two brothers of Lopez alone escaped this. He was examined several times, and at great length, always returning with the haggard look of a man who had been almost harassed to death. He had been very intimate with Don Benigno, and from that and his official position his evidence was regarded as of great value, as a means of blinding the people of Paraguay and

the outside world to the utter lawlessness of these proceedings. But they got, I believe, very little out of him, until at last Mr. Bliss (who by this time had become a great pet of Father Romàn's) was sent for to tell him what he should say. Mons. de Libertad naturally revolted from the idea of telling such baseless lies, and at last, in sheer desperation, said, "Tell me what you want me to depose, and I will say it." Mr. Bliss is my informant, and he told me with great glee of the wretched falsehoods he made him swear to at last; of the meetings the conspirators had had in the house of Don José Bèrges, their plans, the very documents they drew up, and the names of the committee, of which Bliss himself was secretary! I believe I am right in saying, that the latter had never even entered the house of Don José, and of course the minister had never condescended to any intimacy with such a man. However, Mons. de Libertad was more fortunate than the rest of us; for the French minister in Buenos Ayres sent up a gun-boat to look after the consul as soon as Mr. Washburn notified him of the dangerous position in which he was placed, and on its arrival his subordinate was sent on board as a prisoner!

I have not been able to get the particulars of this strange affair: I can readily believe that he used to talk with Don Benigno of the sufferings of the people, and the uselessness, indeed, folly, of continuing a hopeless struggle—we all did that; but as to these complaints, opinions, and lamentations taking the form of a conspiracy, I do not believe it for a moment. I was never intimate with him, nor with Don Benigno, but I was with Don José and several of the others, said to

be their accomplices; and I am perfectly sure that if anything of the kind had been set on foot, I should have known of it. The admission of Carreras, however, is conclusive on this point; and the earnestness with which he whispered the words, "Lies, all lies, from beginning to end," carried full conviction with them. I cannot doubt his perfect innocence.

One day, about this time, the fiscàles sent for me, and Father Romàn favoured me with a long exhortation, to the effect that I ought not to feel the slightest gratitude to Mr. Washburn for obtaining my release, and that no motives of friendship or honour should deter me from telling all the truth about him, and so on. He continued for some time in this strain, and then informed me that Mr. Bliss was writing a history of the conspiracy, and asked me if I would do the same. Of course I said yes; and he told me that if my performance were satisfactory, *perhaps* my life would be spared; for although they believed my statement that I had not joined the conspiracy, still the knowledge of its existence, which I had "confessed," was itself punishable by death, and I might be shot after all.

Under these inspiriting influences I commenced writing my first work. My hut was raised and enlarged to enable me to sit upon the ground, and I was furnished with a box as a table; two sheets of paper at a time, an ink bottle and a pen, which were all taken away before sunset, lest I should attempt any surreptitious writing. I set to work with pleasure; for I hoped to put into the mouth of Mr. Washburn opinions and remarks I dared not write as from myself, and thus open the eyes of the people to

the true state of affairs; but at the same time I determined to say nothing about the plot. I commenced with a description, in a few words, of the prosperity and happiness of the country when I first reached it; then I repeated a great many conversations I had had with Mr. Washburn, in which he spoke of Lopez as a cruel, avaricious tyrant, and an incompetent general; of the folly and hopelessness of struggling against the Allies, whose strength and resources I exaggerated; the certainty that the Government of the United States would resent the insult offered to Mr. Washburn, and the immense power he would wield as soon as he reached Washington. In order to conceal my real object, the whole was interspersed with abuse and ridicule of "el gran bestia" and his friends the "macacos" and "cambàs" (the baboons and "niggers" of Brazil), and laudation so fulsome of Lopez, that he would indeed be a blind man who did not see through it directly. I did not say one word about the plot; but a paragraph, of a few lines only, was inserted by Father Romàn before it was printed, stating that Washburn was the chief of the conspirators, and that I had been invited to join them by Carreras. The whole formed a pamphlet of about a dozen octavo pages.

They were very dissatisfied with my performance, and told me that I had shown so little zeal that I should probably be shot after all; and no wonder, when it was compared with that of Mr. Bliss, who actually wrote a book of 323 pages, a copy of which is now *lying* before me, in a double sense; for it is one tissue of impudent falsehoods

from the first to the last page. There is a pretended life of Mr. Washburn, who is accused of every species of rascality, from stealing spoons at school, to an intention to assassinate Lopez himself; there is a full account of the plot, the plans of the conspirators, and the form of government they intended to introduce. Mons. Laurent-Cochelet, the late French consul, a man most highly and deservedly respected, figures as one of their agents, and the evidence against the rest of the "traitors" is completed in every respect. I had wondered why my companions were so frequently sent for by the fiscàles; but I found afterwards that they were re-examined, and forced to swear to the truth of all the stories forged by his infamous ingenuity. I had a narrow escape myself; one day I was called for in a great hurry, and told that I had once attended a meeting, in the house of Mr. Bliss, of a revolutionary committee, and I was required to state what had occurred on that occasion. The names of those present were read over; but nearly all were strange to me, and I could swear most positively that I had never met them, and knew nothing about them. Fortunately for me, Captain Falcòn was the examiner, and he was convinced by my earnestness that I was speaking the truth; had it been Romàn, I should have been put to the torture without doubt.

Later, a scheme for justifying their treatment of me was arranged by the fiscàles. They stated that I had never been pardoned for my former offence, and I had only been conditionally liberated. I might attend Mrs. Washburn; but I could not practise medicine; I had, however, done so, and gone to La Trinidad

without leave, therefore I had been again arrested. They told me that Mr. Washburn had lied to me in saying that the Vice-President had ordered the pickets to let me pass. (I not only know that the permission was given, but also that Col. Don Venancio Lopez, the President's brother, himself came to tell Mr. Washburn that I could go whenever I pleased!) I was glad to hear this story; for it proved that some stir was being made about me; and, in truth, the news that an American gunboat was on its way had set their ingenuity to work.

I had been a prisoner about eleven weeks when, early one morning, the colonel was removed to a better hut, and his place reoccupied by the most deplorable object I had ever seen in human shape; two men came staggering along, bearing him in a hide suspended from a bamboo, nearly naked, and with his head resting on his knees; and I should have thought him dead, but for the groan he uttered as they threw their burden on the ground. I saw his wild haggard face for a moment as they dragged him along to the hut, but did not recognise him, and no wonder; his huge joints showed that he had once been a tall, stout man, but he was now so emaciated that the sharp bony ridges seemed cutting through the skin, and he remained doubled up as when I first caught sight of him; yet, helpless cripple as he was, he wore double irons. During the siesta a benevolent sergeant, who often came to speak to me when the officer was asleep, crept into my hut, and I asked him who the new arrival was. "Col. Alèn," said he; "they have so crushed him in the *uruguayana*, that he will never rise again." He had been private secre-

tary to Lopez before the war, and afterwards had command of a division. He was then a fine, handsome fellow, with frank and jovial manners; and I well remember seeing him one day, in Humaità, leading a band of music, accompanied by a crowd of dancing women, around the camp, and bringing them up to salute Dr. Rhind and myself, and making a speech in our honour. He was accused of treason after the fall of Humaità, arrested, flogged, and racked most inhumanly, and afterwards shot.

On the morning of the 3rd of December I was sent for, and found Father Maiz seated alone under a tree; the soldiers who guarded me were sent to a little distance, and he gave me a long lecture on the subject of consistency, that I must always tell the same story as that which I had told them, in all places and under all circumstances, and that it was my duty to denounce Mr. Washburn as a conspirator all over the world. I could scarcely conceal my joy, for I knew that help had come; but I replied, submissively, that what was written was written; that which I had said I could never unsay. He smiled approvingly; for anything in the shape of an aphorism delighted him greatly. I believe I owed the interest he evidently took in me to a few neat antithetical sentences I had composed for him. He went on to tell me that a new minister had arrived from the United States, and that the President had commuted my sentence of death to banishment for life, and he trusted that I would employ the rest of my days in praising the clemency of the Marshal, and denouncing the wickedness of Washburn. I promised that I would

make the truth fully known (luckily he did not ask, "What is the truth?") and now I am fulfilling that promise. A blacksmith was then called, my fetters were knocked off, and I was told that in a few days I should leave the country. I thanked him unaffectedly, but he said my thanks were due to the Marshal, and that I ought to write a letter to him. I excused myself by saying that he could express my gratitude so much better personally than I could in my imperfect Spanish; but, in truth, I loathed the very idea of writing more adulation and lying compliments.

It was with a strange pleasure I returned to my hut, walking freely, after shuffling in irons for so long a time. In the evening an officer brought me some green tea, cigars, sugar, and biscuit—the latter was a great luxury to me. Two days afterwards I was again sent for. On my way I met Father Maiz, who repeated the substance of what he had told me before, and reminded me that my life depended on my discretion. He told me that two American officers were then waiting to hear me acknowledge the truth of my written statements, and that I must declare that they were all true; none knowing better than he the falsity of my confession of guilt. Outside the rancho was a table, with a bottle of caña and glasses, at which stood Comm. Kirkland, and within sat Capt. Ramsay, both of the United States navy. As I approached the door of the cottage Mr. Bliss sneaked out of it; and I can almost excuse the insulting treatment I received from his countrymen when I recall his air and figure, as he came bowing and smiling deprecatively from the presence of the fiscales. I went in, and in passing Capt.

Ramsay I whispered, "I hoped to have been spared this degradation, but don't judge me now." I dared not say more; for Levallè and another Paraguayan who had been educated in England, stood beside me. Fathers Romàn and Maiz were there, with another priest as secretary, and Major Aveiro as president. My depositions were read over, and at the end of each I was asked, "*Està conforme, y es esta la firma de usted?*" (Is this correct, and is this your signature?) I replied, of course, in the affirmative. When the one in which I stated that I was guilty in having had a knowledge of the conspiracy was read, Captain Ramsay asked me, with a perplexed air, "But is this really true?" I hesitated a moment, feeling inclined to risk all; but thinking that in a few hours I could set myself right with them, replied in a low tone, "I beg you will ask me no questions." This was immediately translated to Father Romàn, who invited the officers to go out and take a glass of rum: they did so, one declining the spirit. He then asked me, suspiciously, why I was anxious to answer no questions. I replied, "Because I am weak and ill, and wish to return to rest;" which satisfied him, but showed how perilous it would have been to make any attempt to deny what I had stated.

The two officers treated me most superciliously, evidently looking upon me as a criminal; and my impression was, that the promise to send me out of the country was only intended to mislead me, and prevent me stating the truth. I expected that Mr. Bliss would, as an American, be taken away, and I left to my fate. As they were going I said, "I hoped I was

to leave with you?" Captain Ramsay replied, "Yes, you will go on board, of course."

The two officers were on the most friendly terms with the Paraguayans, laughing and talking freely with them, and receiving a present of lace. I learnt from their conversation that they had lunched with the President and Mrs. Lynch. During the interview I was most carefully watched; Romàn and Aveiro sat close in front of me, and never took their eyes off me for a moment.

I was sent back to my hut when they left, and I passed a wretched night; for the *comandantè*, desirous that I should appreciate my liberty, I suppose, tied me so tightly in the *cepo de lazo* that I could not sleep from the pain I suffered. Five days passed away, and I was confirmed in my belief that I had been left to my fate, and was intensely miserable; but I had mistaken. On the evening of the 10th, three months to a day after my arrest, I was sent for, for the last time. I had been two hours in the *cepo*, or stocks, and fastened with such cruel severity that I could scarcely stand when they unbound me. I went to the old place. Romàn was busily examining and folding a pile of freshly printed sheets, Mr. Bliss's letters, as I afterwards discovered. Padre Maiz brought me out a chair, congratulated me on my escape, and shook me warmly by the hand. I then knew that all was well, and divided the residue of my biscuit and cigars with the good-natured sergeant and two of his men who were guarding me. I gave him my *cantarillo*, and begged that he would let Col. Alèn have it; he was delighted, and promised that he should. Major

Aveiro came to see me, and sent me a glass of rum, which I was glad enough of; for I was trembling from weakness and excitement. I remained there for two hours or more, and then Maiz came up, again shook hands with me, and pointed out where the horses were waiting. I wished him good-bye, and joining Mr. Bliss, and surrounded by a mounted escort, set off on our long ride to Angustura. At least, it appeared very long to me; for we travelled slowly, and I twice fell off my horse from weakness.

The officer commanding was very desirous to enter into conversation with me: (it was too dark to see his face, but his voice seemed very familiar; I afterwards found that he was an old friend of mine, Don Edward Aramburu) but, afraid of committing myself, I only answered in monosyllables. For more than a league the road was flooded, and the wretched, half-starved horses could scarcely keep on their feet. I was glad enough when at length we reached the batteries, and could see the lights of the steamer shining far down the river. We got into a canoe, I with simply the dirty and ragged clothes I had on, Mr. Bliss laden with a bag full of his precious books and letters, which he was charged to distribute all over the world. Aided by the current, the paddles soon placed us alongside the "Wasp," U.S. gun-boat, and about midnight we boarded her.

I had expected a warm welcome; but the captain, without replying to my salute, called the master-at-arms, and said, "Take these men forward, and put a sentry over them." I was thunderstruck; Mr. Bliss was fawning as usual, hat in hand. "Put your hat on,

man," I said to him angrily, and then to Commander Kirkland, "You surely will not send us forward as prisoners. Mr. Bliss is the son of a Baptist minister, and I have held the rank of lieutenant for many years." He only repeated his former order, but more offensively. I went on, "When you saw us last, we were treated as criminals: I hope you do not consider that we are so?" He replied, brutally, "I receive you as criminals, and I shall treat you as criminals until you are proved to be innocent. Go forward."

We went, lay down on the bare deck, and passed the night comparing notes. I was horrified at the statements which Mr. Bliss told me he had made, and told me with the greatest glee, evidently very proud of them; and for the rest of the voyage I kept out of his company as much as possible. The next day the sentry was removed, but replaced whenever we touched at any place on our way down.

We lay off Angustura three days, for the purpose of landing the new minister, General McMahon, and his baggage, and I had an opportunity of seeing the Brazilian style of engaging a battery. Three iron-clads took part in what may be called a running fight, but in which there was a good deal more of the former than the latter. The battery, mounting one rifled 120-pounder and several eight-inch smooth bores, was at the end of an abrupt turn in the river, so that as soon as a vessel ran round the point she was within range of it. It was most laughable to watch the proceedings of the monitors. They would, one after the other, creep slowly round the bend, fire, and instantly drop down the stream. Now and then Col.

Thompson, who commanded the battery, would be in wait for them, and a shot would astonish the "macacos" as they were about to come into view, and away they would go as fast as steam and stream could carry them. One shot he sent after them at a venture came screaming past our bows, and we had to fall back out of harm's way. No wonder the war has lasted so long, if this were the mode of waging it.

We anchored at length off Monte Video, and as soon as Admiral Davis had gone on board his flagship, the "Guerriere," Bliss and I followed him. At first we were treated very well, but two days afterwards we were placed under the surveillance of a sergeant, who had orders not to allow us to communicate with the shore in any way; I cannot explain this change, unless it were owing to some misconduct of my offensive companion. I at once wrote, under flying seal, to Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Monte Video, describing the indignities to which I was exposed, and begging him to interfere. He replied that as I had, he understood, claimed the protection of the Government of the United States, he could not accede to my request, but advised me to apply personally to Admiral Davis. I did so, and had a long and most satisfactory interview with him. At first the admiral—a white-haired old gentleman, with evidently a very irritable temper—was extremely stiff; I had the bad impression Kirkland had given him of me to remove, and then his manner completely changed; he explained that he had received us as prisoners, and had engaged that we should hold no communication with the Allies, and should be sent for trial to Washington; such being

the only terms upon which Lopez would consent to give us up. I think he considered that I was innocent, but he had been so ingeniously flattered and cajoled by Lopez and Mrs. Lynch that he looked upon the plot as a reality. I offered my parole, which he at once received; all restrictions were then removed, and his officers were requested to regard me as his guest. I was well satisfied with this change in my position, and a few days afterwards I had, on our arrival at Rio de Janeiro, the honour of being presented to Her Majesty's minister, Mr. Buckley Mathew, by the admiral.

I there learnt how narrow an escape I had had from a cruel death; for within a fortnight after I left Angustura all my late fellow-prisoners were shot, with the exception of Don Venancio Lopez. Don Benigno, José Bèrges, Fidanza, Leite-Pereira, Alèn, and the venerable Bishop Palacios, all were executed; and there can be no doubt that if I had been there I should have shared the same fate.

On the other hand, I might have been delivered two months before if the admiral had not refused to move, as requested by Gen. Webb, United States minister near Brazil. But the gallant general has unfortunately a fondness for writing excessively long and rather aggravating letters; and one such, even longer than usual, was sent to Admiral Davis, requesting him to at once proceed up the river. His answer erred, I am inclined to think, in the opposite direction; it was very short, but even more aggravating than the general's. The result was an angry correspondence, and an obstinate determination on the part of the admiral to do nothing until he received orders from

the State Department, which were at length sent through the cable to England, and thence, *via* Southampton, to Rio de Janeiro, and only arrived just in time to save our lives. The lives of the two other Americans* might have been saved, if these two old gentlemen had been less irritable and punctilious.

Two days afterwards I received an official letter from the admiral, asking me if I was willing to proceed in the mail steamer "Mississippi" to New York, and there report myself to the State Department. I replied in the affirmative, and after a long passage arrived safely in New York.

On reporting myself, Mr. Seward replied that the Government would take no action in the matter, but would be glad to receive any information I would give. I went to Washington, where I met Mr. Washburn, and furnished him with voluminous affidavits detailing all that had taken place in which we were concerned, and establishing his perfect innocence, and then returned to England.

* Major Manlove and Mr. Duffield; they were both shot about three weeks before my release.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. TAYLOR AND CAPTAIN SAGUIER'S NARRATIVES.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Russell Shaw, C.E., I am enabled to give the following narrative of the sufferings of one of my fellow-prisoners, written by that gentleman from the dictation of Alonzo Taylor himself, shortly after his release and arrival in Buenos Ayres. I give the story, without comment, as I received it. He says:

My name is Alonzo Taylor. I was born in Chelsea, and I am a stonemason and builder by trade.

In November, 1858, I made an engagement, through Messrs. Blyth, of Limehouse, to serve Lopez in Paraguay, for a period of three years, and teach the natives my trade.

I am a married man, but I thought I would go alone, and see what the country was like; and in 1861 my wife and my children came out to me, and we lived in a house near the Aduana. To our parlour I built a fire-place and a chimney, the first made in the country.

I got good pay and not too much to do, and the President (he was only General then) treated me very kindly, so I made a new contract soon after my wife came out, for four years more.

The war with Brazil and the Argentine Confederation commenced in 1865; but it made little difference to me, except that the paper money was depreciated, and, therefore,

we got less pay. So, when my contract was finished, I asked the Government to let me make a new one; but they said at the Ministerio that they were too busy to attend to such matters, but that if we worked as usual we should be liberally treated. I heard no more of the matter till December, 1867, when Major Fernandez, the chief clerk in the War Office, told me that if we liked, we—that is, the Arsenal men—could make new engagements, and might state our wishes.

About this time I returned to Asuncion from the interior, where I had been building furnaces for distilling sulphur, on a plan I arranged with Mr. Masterman, for making powder.

Although I was disgusted, by this time, with the war, and the change in the country consequent thereon, still I did not see my way clear, or how I was to get my wife and children out of the country; for Lopez never gave us the option of leaving: so I made a contract for another year. Many Englishmen in the employment of the Government refused to make fresh contracts, and I wish I had acted in the same manner.

During my stay in Paraguay I attended to the practical carrying on of many works, such as the mould-loft, the new foundry, and fixing machinery in the Arsenal; railway stations and bridges, the new mole, and President Lopez's fine new palace. A grand palace it is—all of stone and solid brickwork, not of mud bricks, as they generally use there; but he never occupied it, and I hope never will. I used also to draw the pay of some of my countrymen when they were away, and keep it for them; and I looked after the widows and poor little orphan children. We had plenty of them; for many of our men drank themselves to death.

I say all this to explain why I went to Paraguay, and why I remained there, and now I will tell of my sufferings during five months' cruel captivity. But being more accustomed to work with chisel and trowel, and with compass and drawing pen, I scarcely know how to describe in adequate language the horrors I have witnessed; so I will confine

myself to the exact truth as a plain man; but I wish I could picture these scenes as some could do it, that their full agony and misery could be brought before the reader, and that he could fancy he heard, as I do even now, the shrieks and groans of the poor helpless creatures being tortured to death.

This was how it commenced. On the 21st of July, 1868, after working hard at the soap works at Luquè, I returned to my house at ten o'clock at night. Shortly afterwards a cavalry soldier knocked, and told me through the door that I was ordered into the capital by the Minister of War and Marine, but he could not tell me why. But I knew that it was useless to resist; so I mounted my horse, and went with the soldier, who, when we passed the Ministerio, told me that he had orders to conduct me to the captain of the port; so we rode on to the river bank, where I found a crowd of men. I dismounted, and was immediately, despite my remonstrances, put in irons, and placed with eight or nine other prisoners until the morning, and then we were put on board the "Salto de Guayrà" steamer. Mrs. Lynch and her eldest son, Francisco, came on board with some officers about eleven, and then we started down the river. As she left the steamer, Mrs. Lynch looked, but she took no apparent notice of me, although she used to be very kind to me, and my daughter was often in her house. I had asked an officer who was on board, and used to be very intimate with me, if he would let me speak to her; but he said that being a prisoner I could speak to no one, much less to her. He abused me, and seemed to delight in my misfortune.

At this time President Lopez had his head-quarters on the Tebicuari, a large river which runs into the Paraguay. We got there about four o'clock in the morning, disembarked, and had to march to the camp, a distance of six miles, in irons, and it was then our sufferings commenced. Our party consisted of an old man named Sortera (he was very ill, and was not in irons, because he was unable to walk;

he was the father of the 2do captain of the port); two Orientàles, six Italians, a Corrientino, three Spaniards, one Paraguayan, and myself; eleven in all. With the exception of two, all wore one set of irons, and some two—thick bars and rings weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. A six-mile walk in Paraguay at any time would try a good pedestrian, but with heavy fetters on both ankles, in which one could only slowly shuffle along, was dreadful work. Besides that, we had to carry two of our sick companions, old Sotera and an Italian. They were put in hammocks, and carried slung on a pole. We had a strong guard with us, and they accelerated our march by an unsparing use of the point of the bayonet, and flogged those who lagged behind with thongs of raw hide.

Poor old Sortero got by far the worst of it, for he was almost imbecile; and in addition to constant complaints of his hard fate in being at his advanced age treated so cruelly, he used very bad language, and they thrashed him without mercy to keep him quiet.

That dreadful journey made a stronger impression on me than anything I suffered afterwards; for it was all new to me, and I was in robust health. Afterwards, when I was reduced in health and strength, I became stolid and listless, and suffered much less, both morally and physically.

After hours of incessant toil we arrived in San Fernando, a place never to be forgotten in the history of Paraguay; for it was there that nearly all the victims of Lopez perished, and under tortures, too, inflicted with fiendish ingenuity.

Daily I saw men tortured in the *capo de uruguayana*, of which more hereafter; others and women flogged, many of them to death, or shot or bayoneted in the most cruel way, during the months of July, August, and September; all of them charged with treason and rebellion, but quite innocent of those crimes. More than seven hundred of them were slaughtered altogether.

On arriving there I saw Mr. Stark, a kind old gentleman

and a British merchant. He had resided in Asuncion many years, and was greatly esteemed and respected. He looked very ill and dejected. I was not allowed to speak to him, but I saw him flogged, and often treated very brutally in other ways. He was shot, with a batch of other prisoners, about the beginning of September. John Watts, another Englishman, who was chief engineer of one of the gun-boats, and Manlove, an American, were shot on the same day. To the best of my knowledge, only two Englishmen were shot by Lopez; the other, Mr. Oliver, died from starvation and exposure, as did one of my companions the day after our arrival.

Old Sortera held out through months of starvation and suffering, but died eventually at Villeta, of ague.

At San Fernando were hundreds of other prisoners in the same deplorable condition as ourselves; but as we were not allowed to speak to each other, we could not compare notes, and it was only after my release that I learnt that they were all charged with treason.

Our so-called prison was only a piece of ground about twenty yards square, staked out, and with the sky for a roof. The mode of securing us was equally simple, but dreadfully painful. To one of the stakes a hide rope was made fast; prisoner No. 1 lay down on his back, and loops were knotted fast round both ankles; then No. 2 lay down two yards off, and was tied to the same rope. This was repeated until the row was full; then another was commenced in the same way, and so on. The ends of the ropes were secured to other stakes, and they were stretched by the full strength of two or three men, until they were as taut as harp strings. We suffered terribly; my ankles were soon covered with sores, and almost dislocated by the strain on them. In each prison space lay about fifty men. This mode of securing prisoners is called "*el cepo de lazo*," or rope stocks. Thus we lay night and day, with the exception of a short time in the morning, when we were marched into the woods under a

strong guard. Sometimes those who tied us up were more merciful than others, and did not strain the rope so tight; but frequently the agony was dreadful beyond expression.

A chain of sentries surrounded us, and used to kick and thrash us as they pleased. They had orders to shoot or bayonet any who tried to escape. A request but for a little water was often answered by a severe flogging.

There we lay, exposed to the burning sun, to the rain and storm, and almost maddened by the biting and crawling of the thousand insect plagues of the tropics, with very little food, and that only the offal of the beasts killed for the troops. We got no salt and no tobacco, which was the greatest privation of all.

Of the prisoners, many were taken out to be examined or tortured, others to be shot. I never saw any one undergoing the torture; for it was always inflicted behind the bushes, or in the huts of the judges.

I saw an Argentine officer taken away one day, and when he returned the whole of his body was raw. The next morning, when we were loosened, I pointed to his back, but did not speak; he let his head fall on his breast, and with a stick wrote in the sand 100. From that I gathered he had received a hundred lashes with a cow hide, or else with one of the creeping plants (I think they call them lianas) which grew in plenty on the trees around us. That afternoon he was sent for again, and when he came back he wrote 200. The next day he was shot.

The prisoners were of all nationalities, and of all grades and positions; but with the heat, wear and tear, the rain and wind, they were soon all alike, nearly naked. And our guards used to offer us pieces of bread, or a few spikes of maize for our clothes: and, suffering from hunger as we did, we were glad to purchase a day's life at the price of a coat or a shirt. Amongst them were many women, some of them belonging to the best families in the country; some quite old and grey-headed, others young and pretty, espe-

cially Dolores Recaldè, a very tall and beautiful girl, and Josefa Requelmè, a handsome woman, with very fine eyes. They suffered much, poor creatures, though they had little A-shaped straw huts to shelter them, as did some few of the other prisoners of the highest class, and used to weep piteously over their miserable fate.

Before giving an account of the examination and torture I was subjected to, besides that I daily suffered in the *cepo de luzo*, I must go back to a circumstance which occurred some time before, and which, as will appear in the account of the interrogatories, gave me the clue to the cause of my arrest.

Two or three years before, an Italian, named Tubo, arrived in Asuncion, and opened a school; he was an agreeable and plausible man, but I did not like him. However, I sent one of my boys to his school for a short time. Signor Tubo made this a pretext for occasionally borrowing money of me. Subsequently I received a message from him, requesting my attendance at a meeting at his house with the object of initiating me into the mysteries of freemasonry.

Having heard that it was a good thing to become a mason, especially if abroad, and also out of curiosity to know their secrets, I went, but found it was only a miserable attempt to extort money. All I got was a little apron, a sight of some pretended cabalistic characters, with which the room was adorned by the mountebank Tubo, and a lot of mystical rubbish I could not understand. I said nothing the whole time I was there, and left as soon as I could, taking the little apron with me, that I might have something for my money, though it was too small to be of any use to me.

The next day I wrote to Mr. Watts, one of the steamboat engineers, about it, and he replied that it was all nonsense, and no freemasonry at all; upon which I told Tubo that I would have nothing more to do with him.

Whether the freemasonry was connected with the so-called conspiracy or not, I cannot say. For my part, I do not

believe that there was any conspiracy at all, unless on the part of the President himself and some of his tools to rob foreigners of their money.

But to return to San Fernando. One day when I was tied up as usual, I saw Major Serrano go past; so I called out to him, for I used to know him very well, and take *matè* with him nearly every day, "Major Serrano, do you know Thompson?" (Mr. Thompson was a civil engineer who took military service under Lopez, and distinguished himself very much, afterwards being made a Lieut.-Colonel.) Serrano replied, "He has no power here." This was said politely, but in a tone which showed that I could expect no kind offices from him. I told him I only wanted to send for some clothes, and get something to eat.

Serrano did not answer, but ordered the corporal of the guard to untie me, and then, taking me on one side, the following conservation took place:—

"Do you know why you are here?" "No, I do not, and wish I did."

"There are several charges against you; the first, that you are fully acquainted with the name of the proposed new president; the second, that you have received a sum of money from Captain Fidanza; and Tubo has confessed, and divulged that you are one of his accomplices."

I replied that the charges were all false, and that both he and Tubo knew that they were.

Serrano went on, "Well, I give you until to-morrow to reflect; and if you then make a clean breast of it, the President will be merciful, and your life will be spared."

I replied, that I had nothing to confess, either the next day or at any other time, and my position and character were too high to fear accusations; my countrymen and the Government had always had confidence in me.

Serrano said, "Yes, you once had clean hands; but things have changed, and you have become as dirty as the rest." He then ordered me to be tied down as before.

The next day Serrano came again, and asked me if I had considered the matter, and if I would confess all I knew. I replied that I knew nothing, and requested that I might be confronted with my so-called accomplices.

Serrano became furious, and at once ordered the officer of the guard to put me into the *uruguayana*. It is said this torture was invented in the days of Bolivàr, the South American liberator, and hence its old name of "cepo Boliviano," changed by Lopez to "cepo Uruguayana," after the surrender of Estigarribia there in 1865.

The torture is as follows, and this is how I suffered it: I sat on the ground with my knees up, my legs were first tied tightly together, and then my hands behind me, with the palms outwards. A musket was then fastened under my knees; six more of them, tied together in a bundle, were then put on my shoulders, and they were looped together with hide ropes at one end; they then made a running loop on the other side, from the lower musket to the other; and two soldiers hauling on the end of it, forced my face down to my knees, and secured it so.

The effect was as follows: First the feet went to sleep, then a tingling commenced in the toes, gradually extending to the knees, and the same in the hands and arms, and increased until the agony was unbearable. My tongue swelled up, and I thought that my jaws would have been displaced; I lost all feeling in one side of my face for a fortnight afterwards. The suffering was dreadful; I should certainly have confessed if I had had anything to confess, and I have no doubt many would acknowledge or invent anything to escape bearing the horrible agony of this torment. I remained two hours as I have described, and I considered myself fortunate in escaping then; for many were put in the *uruguayana* twice, and others six times, and with eight muskets on the nape of the neck.

Señora Martinez was tortured six times in this horrible

way, besides being flogged and beaten with sticks until she had not an inch of skin free from wounds.

At the expiration of two hours I was released; Serrano came to me, and asked if I would now acknowledge who was to be the new president. I was unable to speak, and he went on to say that I had only been kept in the *cepo* a short time, owing to the clemency of his Excellency Marshal Lopez, and that if I did not then divulge it I should have three sets of irons put upon me, eight muskets in place of six, and kept in much longer. I was so utterly exhausted and so faint that at the time his threats made no impression on me. Afterwards I was taken back to the guardia, and as a great favour I was not tied down that night.

The next day, July 25th, Serrano again called me up, and asked me who authorized me to mine the railway bridge at Ibicuy, a rivulet about three miles out of Asuncion. I replied that I had never heard of the bridge being mined, and that I knew nothing of such falsehoods.

On the 26th, Serrano came again, accompanied by an officer named Aveiros. The latter asked me what masonic grade I had. I replied that I was not a mason, but that on one occasion I went to the house of an Italian named Tubo, who was endeavouring to establish a lodge on false pretences and mere moonshine.

Aveiros said, "Do you know that we have Tubo here?" "No; how should I?" Serrano said, "We will have you face to face;" and Tubo was brought to the hut. The examination was conducted by a young Paraguayan lawyer, who had been some years in England, named Centurion. He asked me, pointing to Tubo, "Do you know that man? do you know that he hates you?" He repeated the words, "Do you know that he hates you?" in English, as I did not understand it when said in Spanish. I said, "I wish to explain in English, as you (Centurion) understand it perfectly." He said, "There is no need to grant your request, as you speak both Spanish and Guaranì sufficiently well." I said

that I certainly ought to hate Tubo; for he had got a good deal of money out of me on false pretences, and had cheated me in the masonic business.

Tubo then said that I had signed a paper consenting to form one of his masonic society. This I denied, and then Centurion asked Tubo if I had signed such a paper. Tubo hesitated, and said, "I think he did." Centurion said angrily, "Your thinking is of no use; did or did not Alonzo Taylor sign the paper?"

Tubo became more embarrassed, and could give no answer; so I told them that the whole affair was an imposition. He was dismissed, and I never saw him again, and heard that he was shot.

After Tubo left, Centurion questioned me about my countrymen, and why some of them would not sign fresh contracts. I replied in Spanish, "*Cada hombre tiene su asiento, y cada persona conoce sus intereses,*" (that is, Every man knows his own interests best). Serrano and Aveiros together: "No, no, Alonzo, that won't do. You know why they will not renew their contracts." I replied, "I do not, but I do know that we Englishmen are heartily tired of the war, and the reason why we went to the American Legation was, because there being no English consul in Asuncion, we thought that we might get protection there until we could leave for England. My other object in going there was in order that Mrs. Taylor, who was near her confinement, might have the benefit of Mr. Masterman's assistance, as there was no other medical man in Asuncion; besides, I knew Mr. Masterman."

Centurion: "Indeed! then it is your opinion that the 'niggers' will take the town, and that you may be able to serve them."

I replied, "No; I have always been faithful to his Excellency, and we have all done our duty, but are sick of the war, and want to leave the country."

Serrano: "You were once a good servant, Alonzo, but for some months you have behaved very badly."

I was then taken back to the guardia, and put in the lashings as usual, with strict orders to speak to no one.

It is useless to attempt to describe the miseries of our daily life in San Fernando, one unvarying round of privations, fresh prisoners, punishments, and executions. Not a day passed but some of us were taken out to be beaten, tortured, or shot. The cries of those being flogged were heart-rending. Two Orientàles I saw flogged to death; and when young Capdavilla was shot, he was black and blue from head to foot from the blows inflicted on him.

There were several ladies amongst the prisoners; they were flogged in the huts, but we could hear their cries.

Some few of us were lucky enough to get a piece of hide to lie on at night, and make a shelter of by day. Only those who have lived in a tropical country can understand how trying it is to lie in the burning sun unsheltered.

We had very little food, and that chiefly offal; when it rained, which it did very often, we got none whatever; I was always hungry.

I had managed to preserve a stump of a lead pencil, and with it I made dots in the lining of my hat to record the flight of time, and I marked the executions down in the same way, long marks for men in important positions, and shorter ones for the rest. But the lining of my hat got loose, and I lost it and the pencil, on the march from San Fernando to Lomas Valentinas, and thus perished the only memorandum I had of the number of executions. But I am sure I am below the mark in stating that three hundred and fifty prisoners were shot during our stay at San Fernando.*

There were several guardias besides the one I was in, and there was one devoted to condemned prisoners; it was next to mine, and I could plainly see how many were taken out for execution, and who they were. I saw Watts and Mr. Stark taken out about the end of August or beginning of September.

* Nearly double that number really perished there.

The first execution I have any record of occurred on the fourth of August, when about forty-five were shot. Amongst them the two Susinis, and another Italian named Rebaudi. Those who could not walk were taken in carts, the others marched down two by two in irons. Then a volley and a few straggling shots gave us food for meditation. If the victims had good clothes on, we saw the guard and the lower grade of officers come back wearing them.

I found the want of tobacco a great privation; but one day I picked up a piece of clay, out of which I fashioned a pipe, which afterwards served for all hands on our way to Villeta: tobacco I used to look for, when we were set loose in the morning, by the paths and wayside. The exposure to wet we suffered, and want of food, brought on rheumatism, ague, and dysentery, of which many died; indeed, it seems almost a miracle to me that any survived such privations.

I cannot recollect the date when the army commenced their retreat to Villeta, but it was in September; but I shall never forget what we suffered on the way.

To give an idea of it, I should tell something about the country there. It is, like all on the western side of Paraguay nearly as far as Asuncion, very flat and marshy, covered either with impenetrable woods or immense lagoons, and everywhere intersected by rivers; it is, I should say, almost equally divided between land and water. The roads, or rather paths, are, therefore, never direct, but follow the edges of the woods, and go from one piece of high land to another, winding three or four miles to make one. The woods are so matted together by creepers that they look like scaffoldings covered with ropes, and the lagoons, when shallow, are full of a close grass, or reed, five or six feet high, and with rough saw edges which cut like a knife. In other places the palms seem to have killed all other vegetation, and extend for leagues and leagues; but it is worse walking there, for the fallen leaves and branches are covered with long sharp spines.

Before starting our irons were taken off, but we carried them with us, and we were allowed to talk together on the march; at night we were put in the *cepo de lazo* as usual. I counted about 260 prisoners, fourteen of them foreigners, the rest Paraguayans. Amongst the former I remember

Señor Cauturo, an Argentine and a great friend of Stark's.

Fülger, a German watchmaker.

Harmann, also German, and married to a Paraguayan.

Lieut. Romero, an Argentine.

Capt. Fidanza, Italian.

Leite-Pereira, Portuguese.

Segundo Bello, Argentine.

Batolomé Quintara, ditto.

Amongst the latter were four ladies: Doña Juliana Martinez, wife of Col. Martinez, who, after the evacuation of Humaitá, surrendered to the enemy with his 500 men reduced to skeletons by fatigue and want of food.

Doña Dolòres Recaldè.

The Señoritas de Egusquiza, two aged spinster ladies, sisters of Egusquiza, formerly Lopez's agent in Buenos Ayres.

Two bullock-carts were dragged with us, supposed to contain the sisters of Lopez.

The first day we marched three leagues, and were terribly cut about by the thorns and long grass. On the evening of the second day we reached the edge of a large *estero* or shallow lake, and the guides said we ought to wait for daylight to cross it; but when the officer in command was appealed to, he said, "Prisoners to go forward at once, their march to be accelerated by the bayonet if necessary." Which was done, nor was the latter used sparingly. We waded in up to our middles, exhausted by our day's march, and without food; yet we had to struggle through for five weary hours as best we could, and when we reached the other side we got nothing to eat; but they let us make fires to warm ourselves, for the nights were bitterly cold.

We finished our journey of 100 miles, in spite of the difficulties of the road and our exhausted condition, in seven days; I mean as many of us as survived. Señora Martinez walked the whole distance, although her body was covered with wounds, her face blackened and distorted, and with a raw place on the back of her neck the size of the palm of my hand; for this poor lady had been put six times in the *uruguayana*, as I have said. She was, until her arrest, most intimate with Madame Lynch; but she was then selfishly abandoned by her once affectionate friend, and left to her dreadful fate. When I first saw her, she was an extremely pretty young woman, and had reached but her twenty-fourth year when executed. She often spoke to me on the march, for companionship in misfortune makes us all equal and confidential, and Doña Juliana told me all her sorrows. She was very anxious to know if a large black mark she had over one of her eyes would disappear, or if it would disfigure her for life. The latter was the case; for when I saw her led out to execution on the 16th or 17th of December, the mark was still there. Her only crime being the fact that she was the wife of a gallant officer, who had been abandoned by Lopez, and was compelled to surrender through starvation!

We got very little food on the road; for it was only when we had to get out of the way, to let the troops pass, that we could find time enough to cook the wretched meat they gave us.

I well remember one awful *estero* we had to go through; it is called the Estero Ypoa, and the bottom is of deep and stiff clay. We reached it late at night, and came out early in the morning; but not nearly all those who went in: for the weak and sickly and the old men could not toil through it, and were either drowned or bayoneted. I saw two old men stuck fast in the mire, and left there to die of starvation or to be devoured by the vultures, which were already flying around them.

We arrived at Villeta early in September, and there we were placed as before in the open air and in the stocks. One

day I saw Mr. Masterman brought in as a prisoner in irons, and a man named Bliss, an American, with him; but they did not long remain in the same guardia. I did not dare to speak to him; and I saw him one day with his face bloody, so I suppose he had been tortured.

Only three executions took place there before December. Dr. Carreras, late prime minister in Monte Video, was the first to suffer; to this man can be traced the origin of this disastrous war. He was brought in a cart from San Fernando with Don Benigno Lopez, the President's youngest brother, and Leite-Pereira, the Portuguese consul. Then several priests were executed, with Cautura, and a great many officers, I should say fifty, were shot on that occasion.

To add to our miseries, cholera broke out amongst us, and our camp was shifted about four hundred yards up the hill. Afterwards we were again removed to a greater distance.

About the 7th of December the Paraguayans had lost, I expect, a great many men; for sixteen officers were taken from amongst the prisoners, and released. At the same time, about thirty foreigners, who had been brought from Cerro Leon, and many natives who had been imprisoned on various charges, some for three or four years, were executed. I saw them all confessed before being shot. The priests brought chairs, and the condemned knelt in front of them in turn. Amongst those shot on this occasion I saw Fülger and Gustav Harmann, Germans, and the Argentine lieutenant, Romero.

Soon afterwards Mr. Treuenfeld, the German telegraph engineer, was brought in a prisoner. He did not recognise me; but at night we lay near each other, and he said, "I shall have plenty to tell you about Washburn (the American minister) and the English gun-boats; but I cannot do so now, for I am not allowed to talk."

On the 16th or 17th of December Col. Marco, formerly chief of police, rode up to the guardia with several other officers, and he read the following names from a piece of paper.

Sosa (a priest).

Juliana Martinez. (Poor lady! she could scarcely stand, she was so emaciated and weak.)

Dolòres Recaldè (a tall and once a very beautiful girl).

Luisa Egusquiza. (This poor old lady must have been sixty years of age, with thin grey hair, and a very benignant and venerable look. Her sister had already died, alone in her wretched hut.)

Benigno Lopez (brother of the President).

José Bèrges (formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs).

—— Bogado (dean of the Cathedral of Asuncion).

Colonel Alèn (one of the commanders at Humaita. He had lost an eye in trying to commit suicide).

Simon Fidanza (an Italian merchant captain, who sold his ship to Lopez, and was not afterwards allowed to leave the country).

Leite-Pereira (Portuguese consul).

Each answered to his or her name by walking forward and standing in front, until a line had been formed and the list gone through; then they were marched off with a strong guard in front and rear. The sad procession was closed by three priests carrying chairs, who would confess the condemned at the place of execution. We never saw them again. At the expiration of about an hour a volley was heard, then a dropping shot, and all was over. The guard came back, one old soldier wearing Captain Fidanza's surtout, and the officer the uniform coat of Leite-Pereira, with its gilt buttons.

Perhaps some of these men may have deserved death: Captain Fidanza was said to have denounced the rest, but that was after he had been tortured, and he soon became insane. But surely there can be no excuse for such a revolting crime as shooting defenceless and innocent women for the faults, real or pretended, of their husbands, brothers, and lovers. Whether there was a conspiracy, time will show; but if the so-called conspirators were convicted on no better

evidence than that on which I was kept a prisoner for five months, they must be regarded only as victims and martyrs. The truth will out some day, and then President Lopez will take his proper place in history, as a hero or a fiend.

On the 21st of December we were released from the stocks as usual at 6.30, but at once tied down again, because the Brazilians had got our range, and shell was flying over and close to us, and the Paraguayans hoped to see us thus got rid of. But I felt no fear, and was quite resigned; for the shocking misery I had suffered for five months had blunted, indeed, nearly obliterated, all feelings, moral and physical.

Four days afterwards Lopez and Mrs. Lynch rode through the guardia, with several officers, and I think she drew his attention to us. We were ordered to stand in a row, and he came up to us, and asked, "Are you all prisoners?" We replied, "Yes," and then Mr. von Treuenfeld appealed to his Excellency, who asked him why he was there. Mr. Treuenfeld said he did not know, and the President told him he was at liberty, and might retire. I then approached, and said I should be very grateful for the same mercy. Lopez asked me who I was, and affected great surprise when he heard my name, and said, "What do you do here? You are at liberty." Then the other prisoners, ten in number, came up and received the same answer. We remained with the officer, but without a guard, until the 27th of December, when, at five o'clock in the morning, heavy firing commenced, round shot and shell flew amongst us, and shortly afterwards we were charged by the Brazilian cavalry. I was slightly wounded by a rifle ball in the shoulder, but succeeded in escaping to the woods, accompanied by two Argentine gentlemen. But many of the prisoners were too weak to move, and they were all killed.

Later in the day we fell into the hands of some Brazilian soldiers, who took us before the Marquis de Caxias. He questioned me, and then told me to go where I pleased. I said I was too weak to walk, and one of his officers, Colonel

G——,* who had been a medical man, was kind enough to take care of me. I cannot express how much I owe to him.

I was a miserable object, reduced to a skeleton, and enfeebled to the last degree. When I was at Luquè, I weighed 178 pounds; and when I went on board the gun-boat "Cracker," only 98 pounds.

After recruiting my strength for four days at Lomas, I left on horse-back for Asuncion. I suffered terribly on the road; for I had scarcely any flesh on my bones, and had not strength enough to keep myself in the saddle.

There I arrived at last, but so ill that I could notspeak for some days; but another Brazilian officer was very kind to me, and also Major Fitzmaurice, an English officer in the Argentine service.

The next day I went on board the "Cracker," where I was most kindly received by Commander Hawksworth Fowke, and found myself at last, thank God, safe under the British flag. Everybody on board did all they could for me; but it was some days before I could speak plainly, and could only lie huddled up on the deck.

My wife and children I have not yet seen; but the French consul told me that they were in the cordilleras, alive and well. I am daily getting stronger and gaining flesh, but I look like a man just recovering from yellow fever; and as I dictate this to Mr. Shaw, my memory sometimes seems to leave me, I cannot fix my attention; but I hope I shall soon recover my health, both of mind and body.

BUENOS AYRES, *Jan. 20th*, 1869.

At the end of this painful narrative Mr. Taylor gives an anxious account of the money entrusted to his care by his fellow-workmen, all of which was, of course, lost.

* The name of this officer is unfortunately illegible.—G. F. M.

The following narrative appeared in "La Nacion Argentina," a newspaper published in Buenos Ayres, on Jan. 15, 1869. I knew the author of it, Capt. Saguier, very well, and as one of my fellow-sufferers; his testimony is most interesting to me, especially as it, also, confirms many of my own statements.

I saw a very bad translation of it in an English newspaper shortly after my return from the Plate; but I cannot now lay my hand upon it. In the following version I have adhered as closely as possible to the text of the original.

The editor of "La Nacion" says:—

Captain Don Adolfo Saguier has furnished us with the following details relating to the acts of barbarity perpetrated by Lopez.

He (Lopez) caused the prisoners to receive five hundred, a thousand, and even two thousand lashes before shooting them.

Dr. Carreras was flogged thus most barbarously. Captain Saguier, who was placed within sight of Dr. Carreras, and, like him, in fetters for five months, saw the punishment inflicted, and speaks of his shrieks, wrung from him by the blows inflicted with a hide rope, and with sticks.

Bèrges was also flogged before being shot. Don Benigno Lopez (the President's younger brother), before execution was almost cut to pieces. Captain Saguier saw it done, and knows the executioner who flogged him, he is named (Major) Aveiros, and was formerly a secretary in the Internal Revenue office.

The Marques de Caxias holds as prisoner a captain of cavalry, named Matias Goigurù. It was he who commanded at the execution of Benigno Lopez, General Barrios, the Bishop, Dean Bogado, the wife of Colonel Martinez, Doña Mercedes Egusquiza, Doña Dolòres Recaldè, and others, whose names he does not remember.

This took place on the 21st of December, 1868, and their

execution was witnessed, by order of Lopez, by his two sisters, Inocencia, wife of General Barrios, and Rafaela, widow of Don Saturnino Bedoya (who had been put to death, as Lopez had directed, by the prolonged infliction of the torture called the "*cepo Uruguayana*"), and his brother Venancio. They were, after the execution was over, shut up in a large bullock-cart, and sent away, but he does not know whither.

The greater number of the prisoners suffered tortures of all kinds before being made away with, such as the *cepo Uruguayana*, flogging, and hunger. Many of those unhappy men, who had been put to the torture, died, sometimes five or six a day, from the agony or from starvation.

All these almost unheard-of scenes of horror were shown a few steps from, or in the presence of, Don Adolfo Saguier, who was also put in the *cepo Uruguayana*. His fetters weighed, moreover, forty-five pounds, and he lay in the stocks for five months, exposed to the sun and rain, as were all his companions in misfortune. This gentleman does not know why he was imprisoned; nevertheless, he imagines that having been named *fiscal* to examine, in the style of Lopez, more than twenty poor fellows, and having questioned them without putting them to the torture or flogging them, and being unable to find any fault in them, he was, for that reason, immediately added to the crowd of victims to suffer the same fate as they. He considers that his life has been most providentially preserved, that he might tell to the world the horrible deeds of that monster *(para relatar al mundo los horrores de ese malvado)*.

He suffered the torture of the *cepo Uruguayana*, which, according to him, is a thousand times worse than those invented by the Inquisition in the time of Torquemada. When he suffered it, he fainted after a short time; on his recovery he found that he had been taken back to his old place, and lay once more in fetters, and in the stocks (*cepo de lazo*).

He made the march on foot from San Fernando to Villeta,

his feet swollen, and his body emaciated by the sufferings he had undergone. He performed impassively this terrible journey of forty leagues, and by almost impracticable roads; for orders had been given to bayonet all those, without distinction, whose strength gave out. There were generals, commanders, officers, soldiers, felons, priests, women, children, old men—in short, people of all kinds—who made the journey; and, as is natural, many of these poor creatures fell to the ground exhausted, praying to God, and in a loud voice of them (their guards) that they would give them but a moment to rest, and then to go on again. But the orders of the monster were peremptory, and those who fell were executed without pity by Hilario Marco, formerly chief of police in Asuncion, a man well known to all.

It is useless to attempt to write the deeds of that monster Lopez; for the language has not yet been invented in which one could narrate such unheard-of horrors as he has committed, and that, too, in this age of civilization. Cruelties which were perpetrated in the most barbarous times cannot equal, nor even be compared to those which this barbarian has committed, almost in our sight. From the 21st to the 27th of December, almost all his men fell, and those who escaped with him were nearly all wounded, and were without supplies and ammunition. There only remain three or four little steamers hidden in the branches of the Upper Paraguay; and the small force he can get together will soon be destroyed by the expedition sent in search of him.*

Amongst the executioners in the service of the tyrant we may mention the following as the most infamous, leaving the rest for another occasion:—

General Resquin.

Lieut.-Colonel German Serrano.

* So far from this being the case, the last news from Paraguay (July 25, 1869) prove that the Allies dared not attack even this poor remnant of their foes, and that Lopez is to this day unconquered, in the cordilleras.

The priests Maiz and Romàn. Maiz is he who was a prisoner for three years, accused as a conspirator; afterwards he unsaid all (*se desdijo de todo*), and became, on coming out of prison, one of the most barbarous and cruel instruments of Lopez.

Luis Carminos was another of the executioners who condemned and murdered on his account. Also one Beron, and Aveiros, whom we have named before.

Amongst the foreigners who have suffered were those of all nationalities: Englishmen, Frenchmen, North Americans, Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, and Germans. It is useless to speak of the Argentines, Orientalès, and Brazilians, who have been sacrificed in crowds.

Amongst them we may mention several Frenchmen who were flogged to death, as were Messrs. Anglade and Filisbert. It should be noticed that even the chancellor of the French Consulate (Mons. de Libertad) scarcely escaped from the clutches of the *sbirros* of the tyrant. He has now gone to Europe in the gun-boat "Decidée," and, by order of Lopez, as a prisoner.

Of Italians: Fidanza (the captain of a barque), the two brothers Susini, Rebandi, and many more.

Of Englishmen: Stark and others, whose names we have not now before us, but those who are inquisitive or interested in these matters can learn them from Dr. Stewart, who is accessible to all.

Of Germans: Neumann, Gustave Harmann, and others.

Of Spaniards: Galarraga, Elordoi, Uribe, and many others.

Of Portuguese: The Consul of H. P. Majesty, Leite-Pereira, the Vice-Consul Vasconcellas, and others.

We have mentioned that the Argentines, Brazilians, and Orientàles were sacrificed *en masse*.

There was one circumstance, perhaps unparalleled in history, attending the execution of Colonel Laguna. He received the fire of the platoon, and was pierced by four balls;

in spite of this he rose from the ground to a sitting posture, and begged them to finish him; a second time he received their fire, and again sat up, although his chest appeared torn to pieces. They again fired, and once more he raised himself; and this terrible scene lasted until he had received the fifth volley, when he expired.

The Bolivians who entered Paraguay by way of Santo Corazon, to trade with the tyrant, were, without exception, sacrificed, in company with all the commanders and officers sent to him by General Saa de Pocito, by way of Bolivia.

Gaspar Campos and Telmo Lopez were amongst those who perished from hunger; for they were in the rear of the immense crowd of prisoners, very near to Senor Saguier: and the negro who divided the rations, consisting of a little piece of meat at ten and four, was, without doubt, rather carnivorous, and only when he was himself well filled did he attend to the poor hungry wretches at the times indicated, and frequently there was not enough for all. In such a state of affairs the weak and the sickly would perish first; and thus died every day six, eight, or ten prisoners.

It is incredible that in the present age, when the telegraph presents such a facile mode of communication between distant countries, and when even in barbarous regions manners have softened and improved, such atrocities should have been committed so close to us, and in the presence of several (diplomatic) agents from foreign countries, who have to a certain extent authorized them by their presence. These agents, moreover, had frequent communication (with their governments) by means of vessels of war, and yet have not protested, nor even, if they had not courage enough to do that, tried to escape, that they might demand, in the name of justice, protection for, and endeavour to save, some few of the many innocent people who have fallen victims to the ferocity of the savage Lopez. Far from this, they have remained quietly there, embarking the treasure which he has stolen from foreigners, and from the Treasury of Paraguay.

The last paragraph alludes to the French and Italian consuls, who were living apparently on the most intimate and friendly terms with Lopez, receiving presents from him and Mrs. Lynch, making speeches in his favour at the public entertainments, and dining *tête-à-tête* with him and his mistress, whilst their countrymen, whom they had been sent to protect, were being put to death, day by day, after suffering the most appalling tortures and misery; none knowing better than Mons. Cuverville that all these unhappy men, women, and children were perfectly innocent of the crimes they were charged with and suffered for.

The treasure, mentioned above, was that contained in several boxes marked as belonging to Mrs. Lynch, and received on board the Italian and French gunboats. I doubted this story at first; but my friend Lieut.-Col. Thompson, who was in command of the battery from whence the boxes were shipped, confirms it in his "War in Paraguay," where he says, (p. 290,) "Some of these steamers took away a number of heavy cases, each of which required from six to eight men to lift it; they probably contained some of the ladies' jewellery which had been collected in 1867, as well as doubloons."

CHAPTER XX.

DEFEAT OF LOPEZ AT LOMAS VALENTINAS.—CAPITULATION OF ANGUSTURA.—CONCLUSION.

On the 26th of November, 1868, whilst I was still a prisoner, three Brazilian iron-clads passed the battery at Angustura. I heard the firing plainly, and some excitement was visible in the encampment. They were tempted to pass by a *ruse* which should scarcely have deceived them again. On the morning of that day, when they came up as usual to attack, at long range, the battery, it seemed deserted; the flag had gone, the huts near had been pulled down, and the guns were not to be seen. So, after firing a few shots on the principle which induced Falstaff to stab Hotspur after he was dead, they slowly steamed up the river. Scarce had they gone a league, however, when they found that a new battery had been established above them; instantly turning they retreated down the stream, when, to their consternation, the brushwood which concealed the guns of the lower battery was thrown off, and a storm of 68-pounder round shot and one 120-pounder rifled was poured into them. The "Brazil," thinking the lesser danger was above, ran on in her former course; her pilot was killed, and Captain

Salgado severely wounded; her consorts ran down, and were roughly handled in their flight.

In the same month a road was made through the Chaco, and with great toil and difficulty the greater part of the allied army moved up, crossed the river, and established a camp above Villeta.

Lopez harassed them incessantly, and cut off several herds of cattle intended for their use; in fact, their position was a very hazardous one, and they seemed to have been so fully aware of it that, nerved with the courage of desperation, they attacked the Paraguayans with a force of 20,000 men, at the bridge of Itasorû, on the 6th of December, and after a severe struggle of two and a half hours gained a complete victory; which, as the force opposed to them numbered but 3,000 or 4,000 men and eight guns, is not very surprising.

On the 16th, they fell in with another force of about the same strength in the Potrero (meadow) Baldovino, and after another obstinate battle gained a second victory, but their losses were very severe, and it was not till after Christmas-day that the Paraguayans were finally routed. On the 24th, Lopez was summoned to surrender—he refused, and the next morning thirty-six guns opened fire at daybreak on his position at Lomas Valentinas, about six miles above Angustura. The Paraguayans, driven from their works by the storm of shot, shell, and rockets thrown into them, retreated to the hills at their rear, and there, to the number of about 4,500, awaited the charge of the Allies, a small band indeed, but an heroic one. 12,000 men had fallen in the battles of

the 6th and the 11th, and scarce 1,300 remained in Angustura; and they all that were left of 200,000 men!

Two days afterwards the Argentines and a force of 4,000 Brazilians marched to the rear of their position, and after a severe bombardment charged; the rest of the force, in front, attacking simultaneously. One would have thought that the mere shock of meeting would have crushed the little army almost at a blow, but such was not the case. The Paraguayans fought with desperate courage and resolution, and actually slew as many of the enemy as they themselves numbered. But, of course, with such odds against them, with sixty guns pouring shot and shell through their ranks, when they had not a gun to reply with, there could be but one result—they were all but annihilated.

Early in the day Lopez, with General McMahon the United States minister, Mrs. Lynch, their children, and about two hundred men, fled towards the cordillera, and left the rest of his people to die in their blind devotion.

On the 29th, the remaining garrison of Angustura was summoned to surrender, but refused; the next day, however, Lieut.-Col. Thompson raised a flag of truce, and sent a letter to the Brazilian general, complaining that a monitor had disregarded one on the previous day. His complaint was very curtly answered, and he was informed that Lopez had been completely routed, and had fled to the hills. Thompson and his second in command, Lieut.-Colonel Carillo, demanded permission to send five officers under a safe conduct to see if

this were the case, which was granted, and they found that the statement was correct. On their return a capitulation was agreed to, the garrison to march out with the honours of war, and the officers to be liberated on parole, and at 11 a.m. on the 30th of December the last stronghold of Lopez, and that commanded by an Englishman, was given up to the enemy. The garrison numbered 1200, with 800 wounded, and a few women and children.

Lopez made his way to Piribubey in the cordilleras, and, according to the last advices, there he remains. In Cerro Leon there were a few hundreds of sick and wounded, and supplementing with them the small force he took with him, he has stood at bay; and the Allies, although 30,000 strong, have not even yet, according to our latest advices, been able to conquer him, and would even now be only too glad to hear that he had run away.

This is not the worst: the few thousands of women and children that now remain of the population are cooped up in the hills with him, and must be suffering most appalling misery and wretchedness; food must be extremely scarce, and to say that they will all perish, is scarcely overstating the case. Amongst them, I regret to say, are several Englishmen: Mr. Surgeon Skinner, Mr. Valpy, C.E., Mr. Burrell, C.E., Mr. Twite, M.E., and others, how many I cannot say, but about twenty were alive when I left the country.

I have brought this painful story to a close. I have tried to state the facts as I know them, the scenes as I have witnessed them, and have not intentionally added one touch of exaggeration, one word which could

make them more horrible than they were in their terrible reality. My notices, rather than accounts, of the different battles are necessarily imperfect, and may be incorrect in some particulars; for I was not present at one of them, and my sources of information were not always trustworthy: nor have I mentioned many of the incidents of the war deserving of notice; but in representing the courage, the fearlessness of death of the Paraguayans as so extraordinary, my statements are fully supported by every one, of whatever shade of opinion, who has written or spoken of this singular people.

The Paraguayans exist no longer—there is a gap in the family of nations; but the story of their sufferings and of their heroism should not perish with them. For myself, I think of them with regret and sorrow; the cruelties I endured at the hands of some have not changed in the least the hearty sympathy I felt for them as a people; but, at the same time, I can but feel that their destruction sooner or later would be a necessity: "the tree which will bring forth no fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire." They were not capable of true civilization; they could not govern themselves; they would have remained children to the end of their days. Their magnificent country remained almost a wilderness, and they would have none to do that which they would not do themselves. The foreigners, whom they distrusted and despised, will till the ground which they abandoned to tares and brambles, and enjoy the fair heritage which they were unworthy to possess.

Believing the miserable sophisms of the Church

of Rome, sunk to even a lower depth, not making idolatry a part of their religion, but their religion itself, they lived practically without God, with no thought beyond the present hour.

Indolent and licentious, the population scarcely increased; indeed, I have good reason to believe that within the last few years it was rapidly decreasing, and the condition of the bulk of the population was such, that sound health was impossible.

Unthinking and unreasoning, they were content to remain in ignorance and barbarism, a hundred years behind their neighbours.

Proud and vain, but without self-respect, they bowed in timid deference, in blind devotion, to any tyrant set over them, to any despot unscrupulous enough to plunder them, and would not lift a finger to rid themselves of burdens the most intolerable.

Yet with these grave faults, and many others, I could neither entirely blame nor pity them. Their gaiety, their politeness, their unaffected kindness and charity to each other, when no shadow of the Government was upon them, their obedience to superiors, shown so strangely in the cruelties they suffered and inflicted, their love of home and country, their courage and endurance, made them most estimable to me.

The sturdy German and the Anglo-Saxon will soon fill the void this war of extermination has made; permanent prosperity will banish all trace of its devastations. It is well that it should be so; still I feel like one who sees some old wood, once a mere waste of encumbered ground, and which could only be entered by

stealth, being at length converted into the home of a busy industry, and covered with houses and streets. He admits that the change is a vast improvement; but yet remembers, with sad regret, the picturesque beauties of the useless, rotting old trees, and the bright wild flowers which grew beneath them.

APPENDIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE TRIPLE ALIANZA.

"TREATY of Alliance against Paraguay. Signed the 1st of May, 1865, between the Plenipotentiaries of Uruguay, of Brazil, and of the Argentine Republic.

"The Government of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, the Government of H.M. the Emperor of Brazil, the Government of the Argentine Republic:

"These last two being actually at war with the Government of Paraguay, the same having been declared by that Government, and the first in a state hostile to, and threatened in its internal security by, the said Government, injuring the Republic, solemn treaties, international usages of civilized nations notwithstanding; and unjustifiable acts having been committed, after having disturbed the relations of its neighbours by the most abusive and aggressive proceedings:

"Persuaded that peace, security, and the wellbeing of their respective nations is impossible whilst the actual Government of Paraguay exists, and that it is an imperious necessity, demanded by the highest interests, that the Government should be changed, preserving the sovereignty, independence, and territorial integrity of the Republic of Paraguay:

"Have resolved, with that object, to enter into a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, and for that purpose have named their Plenipotentiaries, to wit:

"H.E. the Provisional Governor of the Oriental Republic; H.E. Dr. Don Carlos Castro, Minister for Foreign Affairs;* H.M. the Emperor of Brazil; H.E. Dr. Don T. Octaviano de Almeida Rosa, Councillor accredited to the A. G. L.* and officer of the Imperial Order de Rosa; H.E. the President of the Argentine Republic; H.E. Dr. Don Rufino de Elizalde, his Minister-Secretary for Foreign Affairs: Who, having exchanged their respective credentials, and finding them in good and proper form, agree as follows:—

"Art. I. The Oriental Republic of Uruguay, H.M. the Emperor of Brazil, and the Argentine Republic, unite in an alliance offensive and defensive for carrying on the war provoked by the Government of Paraguay.

"Art. II. The Allies will act together with all the forces they can dispose of, by land or on the rivers, as they may find convenient.

"Art. III. The operations of the war, commencing in the territory of the Argentine Republic, or in that part of the Paraguayan territory adjoining the same, the chief command and the direction of the allied forces shall remain in the hands of the President of the Argentine Republic, General-in-Chief of its army, Brigadier General-Don Bartolomè Mitre.

"The naval forces of the Allies will be under the immediate command of the Vice-Admiral Visconde de Tamandaré, Commander-in-Chief of the squadron of H.M. the Emperor of Brazil.

"The land forces of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, one division of the Argentine and another of the Brazilian forces, which shall be designated by the respective commanders, shall form an army under the immediate orders of the Provisional Governor of the Oriental Republic, Brigadier-General Don Venancio Flores.

"The land forces of H.M. the Emperor of Brazil shall form an army under the immediate command of his Commander-in-Chief, Brigadier Manuel Luis Osorio.

* National Legislative Assembly.

"Although the high contracting parties have agreed not to change the seat of war, nevertheless, with the object of preserving the sovereign rights of the three nations, they have agreed from this date in the principle of reciprocation in the chief command, when operations may have to be carried on in Oriental or Brazilian territory.

"Art. IV. The internal military direction and economy of the allied forces shall be directed entirely by their respective commanders.

"The expenses, victualling, munitions of war, arms, clothing, equipage, and means of transport of the allied forces will be at the cost of their respective States.

"Art. V. The high contracting parties will give mutual assistance, or materials which they may have and the others require, as shall be specially stipulated.

"Art. VI. The Allies solemnly bind themselves not to lay down their arms, except by mutual consent, until they shall have destroyed the existing Government of Paraguay, and not to treat separately with the enemy, nor sign any treaty of peace, truce, armistice, or convention of any kind to put an end to, or suspend the war, unless they shall all agree to do so.

"Art. VII. The war not being waged against the people of Paraguay, but against its Government, the Allies can receive a Paraguayan legion formed of any of the citizens of that nation who may wish to unite with them for the purpose of destroying the said Government, and will supply them with all materials they need, in the form and under the conditions to be hereafter established.

"Art. VIII. The Allies engage, moreover, to respect the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of the Republic of Paraguay. Consequently the Paraguayans may elect their own Government, and choose such institutions as may be convenient to themselves, and will not be absorbed; nor will the Allies claim a Protectorate, as a consequence of this war.

"Art. IX. The independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of the Republic of Paraguay shall be guaranteed collectively, in conformity with the preceding article, by the high contracting parties for a period of five years.

"Art. X. It is agreed by the high contracting parties that the exemptions, privileges, or concessions which they may obtain from the Government of Paraguay shall be common and unconditional or compensatingly equal, if conditional.

"Art. XI. When the Government of Paraguay has ceased to exist, the Allies shall proceed to make the necessary arrangements with the constituted authorities, to secure the free navigation of the rivers Paranà and Paraguay, in such a manner that the rules or laws of that Republic shall not obstruct, embarrass, nor impede the transit, nor direct the navigation of trading or war vessels of the Allied States, on the way to their respective territories or dominions which do not belong to Paraguay: and that they shall have due guarantees for the carrying out of these arrangements, on the principle that such rules of riverine police, although made for the two rivers, and also the river Uruguay, shall be established by the common consent of the Allies and the other bordering States, for the ends stipulated, they (*the latter*) accepting the invitation made to them.

"Art. XII. The Allies reserve to themselves (*the right*) to concert the best means of preserving peace with Paraguay after the fall of the existing Government.

"Art. XIII. The Allies will name at the proper time Plenipotentiaries to make the rules, conventions, or treaties with the Government which may be established in Paraguay.

"Art. XIV. The Allies will require from that Government payment of the expenses of the war, which they have been obliged to accept; also, in reparation, indemnity for the injuries and detriment caused to property, public and private, and to the persons of their citizens, without express declaration of war, and for the injuries and damage committed

subsequently in violation of the principles which regulate the laws of war. Likewise the Oriental Republic of Uruguay will claim a proportionate indemnity for the injuries and damage caused by the Government of Paraguay, through the war into which it has been forced to enter in defence of its security, threatened by that Government.

"Art. XV. A special commission shall determine the mode and form of liquidation and payment of the above-named.

"Art. XVI. With the object of avoiding disputes or wars in which the question of limits may involve them, it is established that the Allies shall require from the Government of Paraguay that when treating of limits it shall do so on the following bases:—

"1stly. The Argentine Republic shall be divided from the Republic of Paraguay by the rivers Paranà and Paraguay, until they reach the limits of the Empire of Brazil, such being on the right of the river Paraguay, at Bahia Negra.

"2ndly. The Empire of Brazil shall be divided from the Republic of Paraguay, on the side of the Paranà, by the first river below the cataract of the Seven Falls, which is, according to the recent map of Manchez, the Iguraì, and from the mouth of the Iguraì, following its course, to its source.

"3rdly. On the side of the left bank of the Paraguay by the river Apa, from its mouth to its source.

"4thly. In the interior, from the ridge of the mountains of Maracayù. The slopes on the east shall belong to Brazil, and those on the west to Paraguay, drawing straight lines as near as possible from the said mountains to the streams of the Apa and the Iguraì.

"Art. XVII. The Allies guarantee reciprocally to each other the faithful performance of the arrangements and treaties which they may make with Paraguay, in virtue of which it is agreed that the present treaty of alliance

shall always continue in full force and rigour, to the end that these stipulations shall be respected and executed by the Republic of Paraguay.

"1stly. With the object of obtaining this result, they agree that: In case it is made impossible for one of the high contracting parties to obtain from the Government of Paraguay that which it requires, or that that Government shall seek to annul the conditions adjusted by the Allies, the others shall use their best endeavours to cause them to be respected.

"2ndly. If those endeavours should be useless, the Allies shall unite all their forces, in order that these stipulations shall be effectually carried out.

"Art. XVIII. This treaty shall remain secret until the principal objects of the alliance shall have been obtained.

"Art. XIX. Such stipulations of this treaty as shall require legislative authorization shall begin to have effect as soon as they shall have been approved by the respective Governments, and the others from the exchange of ratifications, which shall be done within the term of forty days, counting from the date of the said treaty, or sooner, if possible, and in the city of Buenos Ayres.

"In testimony of which the undersigned Plenipotentiaries of H.E. the Provisional Governor of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, of H.M. the Emperor of Brazil, and H.E. the President of the Argentine Republic, in virtue of our full powers, sign this treaty, attaching our seals, in the city of Buenos Ayres, the 1st of May, in the year of our Lord, 1865.

(Signed) "Carlos de Castro,
"T. Octaviano da Almeida Rosa.
"Rufino de Elizalde."

PROTOCOL.

"Their Excellencies the Plenipotentiaries of the Argentine Republic, of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, and of

H.M. the Emperor of Brazil, assembled in the Foreign Office, agree:

"1stly. That in fulfilment of the treaty of alliance of this date, the fortifications of Humaitá shall be demolished, and that they will not permit that another or others be constructed to impede the faithful execution of this treaty.

"2ndly. That one of the means of guaranteeing peace with the Government to be established in Paraguay being not leaving it arms or material of war, all that they find shall be divided in equal parts amongst the Allies.

"3rdly. That all trophies and booty taken from the enemy shall be divided amongst the Allies by the captors.

"4thly. That the Generals commanding the allied army shall concert together the best means for carrying these stipulations into effect."

Signed as before.

This treaty having been made public prematurely, at the demand of Her Majesty's Government, produced a storm of indignation throughout the greater part of South America.

It was published in the "Semenario" of the 11th of August, 1866, and did more to strengthen the hands of Lopez than anything his best friends could have devised.

The intention of Brazil to seize Paraguay eventually is transparent enough, although the treaty seems to provide against such a measure. Compare Art. 8th with the 14th, and then with the 1st and 2nd of the Protocol. The Republic is to be free and independent; but, as the Allies are to be repaid all they have spent during the war, and to receive compensation for all public and private injuries, we may be quite sure that some material guarantee will be demanded; for, as Lopez and Mrs. Lynch have grasped nearly every dollar of hard money, and even the rings, chains, and combs of the poor market girls, to say nothing of the valuable property belonging to foreigners abandoned by Mr. Washburn,

and have succeeded in sending away or secreting a great part of it, there is nothing but the soil of Paraguay left as such security. Brazil having already, by readjusting her limits, seized the district of the yerbales—the natural woods of yerba matè, the most valuable by far of the exports of Paraguay—leaves her allies but the sandy plains of the central and the *esteros* of the southern divisions, with the Misiones as a bone of contention.

How can a beaten and weakened people, without arms, without fortifications, hope to hold their own against their turbulent and unscrupulous neighbours to the south, or even against the Indians still inhabiting the wilds on the shores of the Paranà beyond the pathless forests of Caáguazu? Will they not perforce ask Brazil to take the little she has left of their habitable territory, and annex it as the smallest province of the empire?

The 1st article of the Protocol reminds one of the story of another council, that of the mice in the fable; they, also, decided unanimously that their enemy should be no longer formidable: it was easy to carry the motion, but difficult to make the cat carry the bell; and so it has proved with that *bête noir* of Brazil, Lopez and Humaità.

Of the latter the Paraguayans used to say that its very name was enough to throw the "macacos" into a cold perspiration; and they must admit that three years and a half was a long time to take for its demolition, after deciding so unanimously that it should no longer be permitted to exist.

POLICY OF BRAZIL DURING THE WAR.

SINCE sending the body of this work to press, I have seen a gentleman, recently returned from the Plate, who has had unusually good opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the way in which the war was conducted. He is of opinion that the war was intended, from the first, to be one of utter

extermination; that Caxias did blunder most miserably, but also that he intentionally protracted the war in the hope that the unfortunate Paraguayans would die from want and disease; and that Brazil intends to absorb all she has left of the Republic.

NUMBER OF PRISONERS EXECUTED.

THE following is a summary of the official list of those executed "for treason and rebellion," found amongst the papers of Lopez, after his defeat at Lomas Valentinas:—

Foreigners executed	107	
„ died in prison	113	
		220
Paraguayans executed	176	
„ died in prison	88	
		264
Executed August 22, 1868, nationality not being expressed	85	
Died (*i.e.* bayoneted) between San Fernando and Pikysyry	27	
		112
Total deaths up to December, 1868		596

After that date a great number were executed, nearly all, in fact, of those remaining of the original 700 or 800 arrested.

THE "LAMBARÈ."

THIS was a newspaper published by the Government in Guaranì, and interesting as a specimen of that singular language. It was a half demy sheet folded in two, and really got up very well. On the title-page was a rude woodcut, representing el Cacique (Chief) de Lambarè shooting with arrows a triple-headed flying dragon with a balloon at the

point of its tail, typical, of course, of the Triple Alliance. To his left is Mount Lambarè, with a puma seated at its foot, the river seemingly flowing to the top of it, and a steamer running full tilt at its side; perspective was not a strong point with the native artists. In the distance is a railway train, and some wonderful palm trees. The title is "Lambarè. Cuatia ñeè ybety rusu güi osè baè." (Lambarè. A speaking-paper, which comes from his hill).

The greater part of the articles which appeared in it were so ferocious in tone, and full of such gross indecencies, that I cannot attempt to give a version of them here, but I append, as a specimen of the language, a literal translation of a song which appeared in it, Sept. 5th, 1867.

Mburahéi osé bae ybyty rasue güi ("A song which came from the hill").

El Cacique Lambaré	The chief Lambarè
I huy ombohacua,	Sharpens his arrows,
Opáhaguá omondoro	To tear well
Las cambaì rebicua.	The backs of the negroes.
Tounte los camba curu	Let the itching negroes come
Na ne Rétá pota hára.	Who covet our country.
Hebicua rehe oñandu ne	Their backs they will feel
Upe hendy hae overa ba.	Pierced through and through.
Lambaré heta ete oioiái	Lambarè mocks much
Umi camba byroton	These black idiots,
Por que ndo hecha moáiri	Who, though much they wish it,
Oipota ete ba l'Asuncion.	Will never see Asuncion.
Oparupi rei ma oiapi	They run from side to side,
Ndo icuaábei hembiapo rá	They know not what to do.
Icaá pa pota ete maco	Now is nearly finished their food,
Umi aña rembichyra.	And the devil is going to roast them.
Oime oho cu iaicuaà bae	He ran away whom we know,
Mboca rnbicha guazu	The great captain of the guns.
Toiopy que hebi Ynacio	. . . . . Ignacio*
El camba rebicua pucu.	You . . . . . negro.
I mbegüe caraia mbaásy	That sick monkey
Cachimbo hei ba ichupe	Who is called Cachimbo,†
Carumbe hae iatyta	The tortoise and the snail
Ichugui ipyae mibe.	Go faster than he.

* Admiral Ignacio. † The Marquis de Caxias.

Oñgguáhe Curuzugüi	They fled from Curuzu,
Opama ramo opoti	When all . . . . .
Hae tohoque mombyry	Let them all go far away
Umi aña rymba cati,	These stinking beasts of the devil.
Mamo pa oime Caxias	Where is Caxias
I curumbe eta ndibe?	With all his tortoises?
Mbae güi udo ieraiâi	Why does he not approach
I caraiña eta rehebe?	With his troop of monkeys?
Ma pico Bartolo ypi	What has done Bartolo,*
Hae aeo burro monda ete	And that thieving ass
Oiéc ba ichupe Flore	Whom they call Flores,
Umi aña membyre?	Those sons of the devil?
Caraia Peru tuiape	To the old monkey Peter†
Mocòibe oméé oguétá	Both have sold themselves;
Hae ogüeru oincapa etc	And have brought to be killed
Umi hétá ygna cuera etá.	Very many of their countrymen.
Ibyro co umi aña cuera	What fools are these devils!
Umicha gua na ñahendui	Never has been seen their equals,
Ni aipo Neron tuia yma	Nero, of old, such as he was,
Abe pe no momboioiái!	Is not to be compared with them!
Umicha gua mborebi pe	With these (creatures) like tapirs,
Toho ute leon ñaro,	Whom the fierce lion pursues.
Ta hésái ñande Rubicha	Health to our Commander,
Hae icatu bae ña ñoráirò!	And we will go on fighting!

It is worthy of notice that *caraì*, is a man, and *caraia*, a monkey in Guaranì; the latter being a contraction, I expect, of *carai camba*, a black man, or perhaps of *carai aba*, a hairy man, the latter being the most probable. It must be remembered that the South-American Indians are brownish, or dark-olive skinned, and have no hair on their limbs.

NOTE TO PAGE 17.

As an example of the ignorance of the priests I may relate the following anecdote:—

One day Dr. Stewart was talking to Mrs. Lynch, whilst

* Mitre, the President of the Argentine Republic.

† The Emperor of Brazil.

her children were playing with the figures out of a Noah's Ark, when the Bishop (Palacios) joined them, and entered into conversation. At this moment little Horacio commenced crying because he could not find Japheth, and his mother scolded him for losing his toys, and telling him to take more care of his brethren continued her gossip with her guests; when the Bishop turned to her, and said, with an air of paternal correction, and in his blandest tones, "Pardon me, Señora; there could not have been three, for you know that Noah had only two sons, Cain and Abel."

FINIS.

WATSON and HAZELL, Printers, London and Aylesbury.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018